

*THE HOMELESS MIND SERIES*

# LAST TRAIN TO AUSCHWITZ

*POEMS ON REMAINING HUMAN*



DAVID DEUBELBEISS

# Last Train To Auschwitz

Selected Poems

by  
David Deubelbeiss

Willingly or not we come to terms with power forgetting that we are all in the ghetto, that the ghetto is walled in, that outside the ghetto reign the lords of death and that close by the train is waiting.”

- Primo Levi

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# Forward

“Clearing Command forward!”, “With that we marched into Canada, the commercial heart of Auschwitz, warehouse of the body snatchers where hundreds of prisoners worked frantically to sort, segregate and classify the clothes and the food and the valuables of those whose bodies were still burning, whose ashes would soon be used as fertilizer.”

Rudolf Vrba, Auschwitz survivor,  
The first authentic poet of Canada

“Even in this place one can survive, and therefore one must want to survive, to tell the story, to bear witness; and that to survive we must force ourselves to save at least the skeleton, the scaffolding, the form of civilization. We are slaves, deprived of every right, exposed to every insult, condemned to certain death, but we still possess one power, and we must defend it with all our strength for it is the last — the power to refuse our consent.”

Primo Levi, *Survival In Auschwitz*

"You can't be neutral on a moving train"

Howard Zinn

# About the Author



David Deubelbeiss was born poor in N. Canada and since those days has flitted about the world as a poet, teacher and homeless mind.

He espouses the philosophy of - "live simply, simply live".

## Forward

This book contains a selection of my poetry written over the past 30 + years. Poems that stand as artifacts, fading photographic testaments to my own struggles to understand what we know as the holocaust or "the shoah".

I won't use this space nor your time to share my own take on the horror and violence that flamed at that time. I'll let the poems stand on their own and for the reader to take whatever juice and vitamins remain there. For at the end of the day, we all must (or should) wrestle with the demons of being human and come to our own decisions, of our own accord.

I'm not here to sound wise or learned or holier than thou. I'm here to do what I've always felt poetry calls me to do - speak out and make you, me, him, her ashamed to be human. Ashamed given our capacity to know truth but not act on it.

However, I will say a few personal things. I'm of German descent - my name Deubelbeiss meaning, "devil's bite", was given to my forefathers, Jews without a last name, too poor to afford a nice, clean German name. Think of all the Germans out there - Ostertags (Easter Day), Greenspans (green poison formed on a silver spoon left in mayonnaise), Streisands (the small hairs on a horse's ass). I say this because I've had a personal demon to wrestle when it comes to being "German".

I've traveled and lived in Europe. Tried less to understand than to absorb and listen and grow thus. I've ridden on the same rail lines and stood in the same squares as the horrors happened.

What I'm left with is not just a wish for us to remember, to fight against the buffoons (Levi's term) that arise from time to time and make men take up the final solutions. No, more so a hope that we recognize that deep in our human

ever so human bones is an evil anthropomorphism - a horrible hubris that we humans are superior, better, the only intelligent, crying, creative things that exist. That we are the only animals to slaughter our own kind indiscriminately, that out of Mozart's lofty arias issues our own note of vile evil coating all. We are all guilty.

What I'm trying to say is that it is a very short leap from murdering the planet and all its lifeforms - a short leap from our destruction of the life here on planet earth to the murder and destruction of our own kind. If you turn against mother earth, you can easily turn against your brother. We need to fix that - our greed, our lust to rule the world and tame it and beat our breasts as rulers of the animal kingdom. Our superhero complex. Until we fix that, I expect more holocausts across this beautiful, too beautiful world we are gifted to live on, in time.

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# Acknowledgements:

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Martin Gilbert and his seminal work of fact "The Holocaust". If I had never found his book, I might never have become the man I am.

All those who survived and who continue to remember.

All those who wake up and like Socrates of old, think of "the good"

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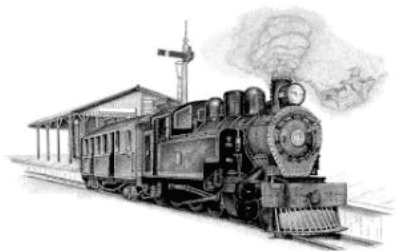
# Train Ride

Suddenly, the movement stops  
and with a hiss and clang  
the doors pull open  
and light  
sears across your face.

Cool air  
fills your lungs  
and thoughts of food  
dance about.  
Isn't this how all journeys  
should be?

Such expectation of arrival  
and desire – just to get off?

Only its death that's  
here to greet you.  
And each dog's bark  
seems to say,  
"Hurry up, you've arrived!  
History wishes to embrace you."



## Recount

I asked her  
in bed  
covered in honesty  
just fed  
by nature's always  
replenishing,  
I asked her  
love lent,  
what the number  
6,000,000 meant?

Looking up  
like a little girl might  
counting stars or sheep  
she said,  
“A large city  
maybe a bank account?”  
Then, closing her eyes  
leaning over,  
she said again,  
“Come here! Give me  
6,000,000 kisses!”

Yes, we are learning  
how to count again.



# Food For Thought

Uncle Jacob  
forty years kneading dough  
after the war,  
told me he had found only  
two ways of making bread;  
the slow bake of philosophy  
the luxury of the rich or high minded,  
for the rest, the quick snatch of wonder  
between the long steady strokes  
of the whip.

Then sternly,  
his strong hand on my shoulder  
He said,  
"Son, always be  
on the other end of the whip,  
for there they eat not bread but cake."

"Living is an affair  
for those who turn on the ovens."

# Esoteric Erotica

I study  
your pendulous breasts  
two suns buoyant  
pointing to fertile orb below.

I enter  
through vallied loins  
both phallus and heart  
magnetized by sensual expectancy.

I leave  
through tangled limbs  
quiet in relief  
washed by the breath of life.

I study  
your twisted reclining mass  
wondering if,  
Joseph Mengele would see the same.

# A Fireside Chat

-- in memory of Georgy Gongadze

They killed him  
again and again.  
One stab, one kick, one grin  
after another, after another, after another  
while the darkness all together smothered  
any heavy breathed fright  
and nervous dogs whelped out of sight.

And I in shock  
by the fire  
in my more than human way  
stood up to say;  
"Stop! Isn't once enough?",  
To which the brightest replied  
(a grinning toddler at his side),  
"For the dead yes, but for the living never!"



# Thanksgiving Day

I remember well  
those bright dead days of autumn,  
how my brother, the great white hunter  
crushed the wee head of the partridge  
he had winged.  
Crushed it slow and rythmically  
with the heel of his heavy boot.

How the farmer, 'cross the road  
filled the burlap sack  
with sure and steady hand.  
Filled it with a litter of pups  
and flung it into the  
cold clear water of the crick.

I remember  
how my grandpa,  
at the dinner table  
sucked and gummed his turkey  
with intense joy and abandon.  
The juices edging out the sides  
of his eager, hungry mouth.

How my young friends and I  
squatted over the chilled stiff fly  
and with the delicate hands of  
surgeons or lovers to be,  
slowly one by one  
pulled each leg out from under  
its soft blue body.

I remember well  
those cool receding  
days of autumn.

I remember so I give my thanks.

My thanks not a sacrifice  
to a glaring Moloch  
but only,  
thanks that I am  
a man  
and not anything else.



# The Broken Fall

I hate the fact that everything breaks  
Hearts and horses, especially plates.  
A man would like to sleep but then awakes  
The weather so sunny shifts, never waits.

Everything breaks, smashed or just a bit  
Buildings crumble, teeth are chipped  
The white shirt gets a spot, a lady takes a fit.  
Morning brings daybreak, the champion is whipped.

Cars stop in the middle of nowhere, for no reason.  
Coffee breaks, cigarettes, tea and cakes  
Broken legs and second acts  
Relationships and broken backs  
Voices and promises and hymens  
Banks and records, even cut diamonds.

It makes you see so clear  
How if nothing ever broke  
Nothing would happen, appear.  
Life, living, just a broken fall  
Before we're returned to the bottom

The unchanging all.



# No Schaudenfreud

The question is –  
why is our happiness  
so conditional on  
our subjective belief  
that we are better than  
someone else?

I mean – holy shit!

Just think of it.  
Our whole culture one  
piss den of evil ego –  
crabs clamoring over each other  
to get out of the bucket.  
Narcissists anonymouses  
selfish worth  
Dorian touch of gray.  
It's everything. It's everywhere.  
No wonder we don't  
have a word for it.



# God, Power and the Gun

God must have made the gun  
that strong, heaven sending death stick.  
I cannot see man, weak man  
making such a perfect, infallible beast.  
Sticks, stones, knives and rope  
these are different,  
they are not anonymous like a gun or god.

Not all the hymns, from all the lips in  
all the churches the world over will  
make me know different.  
Faith, hope, charity, goodwill  
these are godly things,  
but so too is a gun.

I am sure that if god sits  
on his throne high above,  
he sits with a gun across his lap,  
in fear of those below.  
Those below with many guns  
and  
many heavenly thoughts.

# For My Young Lover Between Berlin and Birkenau

She still believes in love  
for she is young  
and too, carries the white  
all women must:

Never having asked  
how the rabbit got in the hat.

Her stories all end  
in happily ever after  
and the only pain she knows  
comes in the remembrance  
of once upon a time  
the weeds of her imagination.

And I  
always calling  
a spade a spade  
(because I'm afraid),  
will not tell her  
about the bodies  
I've carried  
stuffed in bags,  
their eyes reminding me  
of the marbles  
as a youngster  
I once desired and thumbed,

their stiff limbs  
tangled like  
gathered forest undergrowth  
waiting for the match.

I will not tell her  
how the sound  
of a smashed infant's skull  
cracks in much the same way  
as her knuckles do  
and that the smell  
of burnt flesh  
can too be perfume.

No, not tonight anyways.

Her unwrinkled skin  
a canvas yet painted  
by these hands so human  
they've forgotten  
how many they've hung  
condemned or caressed.

I will let this grass  
always believe it will  
be green  
and let her eyes light  
fires to lead me away  
from myself.

At least for tonight.

I stuff the rabbits  
back into my hat  
and try to smooth  
my spoilt skin  
with this tongue  
that is always  
in search of soup.

Living can't wait.  
There are always tomorrows for the truth.



# After Auschwitz

“After Auschwitz there is no more poetry”

Theodor W. Adorno

These are hard times.

The land frozen under the weight  
of a white littered from above  
The rivers holding their breath  
blue and still in patient repose  
The oceans as always watch in retreat  
to the depths where death is unknown  
Man has tamed nature by distempered dance  
unhinged from himself, the mirror holds his story.

What left to do?  
Pen to paper  
paper to fire  
a little light  
a shadow cast,  
so we may know  
we are still there  
and can be  
scared of ourselves.

# Circumstance

She asks so openly  
as only a woman would;  
why  
my penis, broken out  
like a flower  
hard with sunshine,  
has a head, unhid  
in its bold stance?

So openly she as asked  
so I told her  
“circumstance”.



# **My Grand Inquisitor**

You're the princess  
That tadpoles dream about,  
A nightingale caught  
In life,  
This circus tent  
A flower  
Full bloom, only lent  
To us who spend our days  
In search of beds of straw  
And you,  
A gentle tyrant above the law.

## **Momentary Suicide** (Or, why she walks so gracefully)

Fin *ESSE*



# Letter To a Love Alone

“What is this mystery? This strange power of one man over another. The insane passivity that cannot be overcome?”

- Tadeusz Borowski, Auschwitz, Our Home

I am in a prison I made alone. It is inescapable and reaches everywhere for I made it with the secret of myself and my own means.

Cursed with the freedom you gave me I wander among the crowds an ocean apart and scheme of a return, a way to tunnel out of myself under to you.

Even the moon so full of itself brings no more pleasure as I search in it for the light your eyes touched as you gazed at it over the shoulder of my jailer and handed him the keys.

This flesh coloured cage I carry around pulls at my wings with desires born of you and your caught in the headlight eyes. Love appears only as an apparition, like verse, something I etch upon the wall so I may know that time, the outside exists, ticks.

I'm asking for no pardon.  
I know your executioner and his ways  
and fear most the turn of your head  
and not the thumb screws.

I only ask "How long is my sentence?",  
when will these words end and I may  
crawl out from under  
all the possibilities freedom throws at me  
and walk as in the beginning  
before there were words, wings, wants,  
straight across the ocean's thick, aged skin,  
back to you and  
the start of another sin  
– those involuntary movements  
that always win.



## Dance Macabre

Six million hearts gone up the chimney in smoke  
Our small lies today my love we can revoke  
Let's dance with the town folk around the fountain  
Let's smile, let's joke...

I love you.

Love is hate and hate, it's love  
We're going to the wedding  
    the coach man's whip cracking up above  
You, in your red velvet top  
    you glow just like Eva did  
and Mary  
today, they are coming for me.

My children they, they can tell  
    they look at me as if I smell  
The third eye, a cavity that cries, tears well  
Quietly God'd gotten drunk  
    on cheap Balkan booze  
and now he's passed out.

Otherwise – it's all a ruse  
    We all lose.



# Modern Hygiene

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

Choose a spot  
break the earth  
dig and dig and dig  
jump in  
dig and dig and dig  
cold splashes on the face  
bailing water  
from the always giving  
taking earth.

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

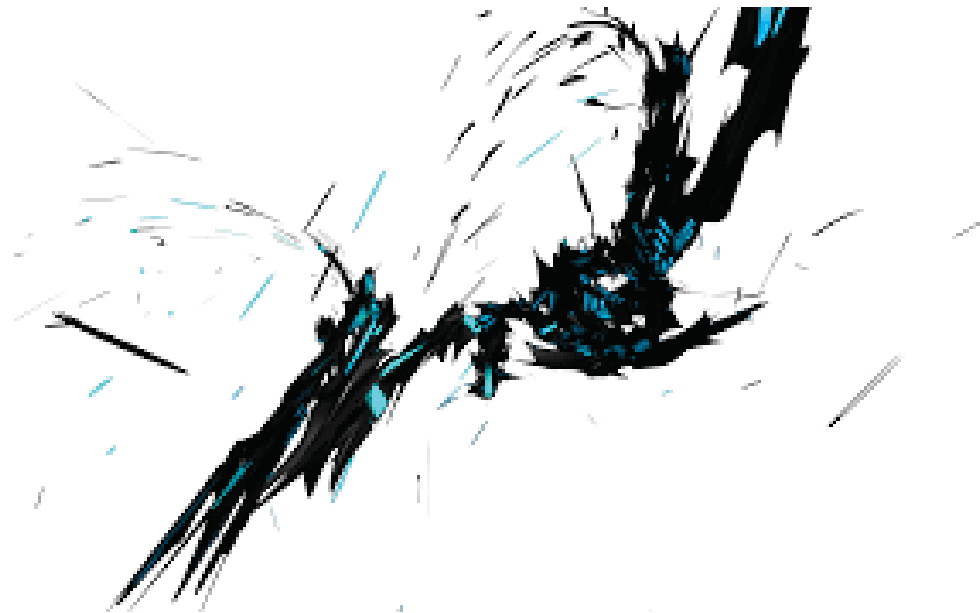
Then, feeling the arms light  
hearing the smuck  
as the body lands and settles  
seeing how the first shovel full  
lands and  
illuminates the face  
for a moment  
though the earth abideth forever.

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

Digging, digging, digging  
then, a few stones on top  
a few quiet thoughts and  
the wiping of the brow  
the sun on the damp soil  
finally, the back turned.

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

The day is coming  
when this will be deemed a talent.



# Dance

Dance my love  
Dance before my eyes  
Dance and weave  
your knife into my back.

Drop your dress my love  
Drop your dress onto the floor  
Drop your dress my love  
Let me guess no more.

Dance like  
    they do around the fire  
Dance  
    like a boat on the water  
Dance  
    like the sun on oranges  
Dance  
    then come, come.

Put your palm my love  
Put one on my breast  
Put them hot  
    on my chest.  
Embrace me my love  
Embrace me pale white  
Embrace me so tight  
and be mine.

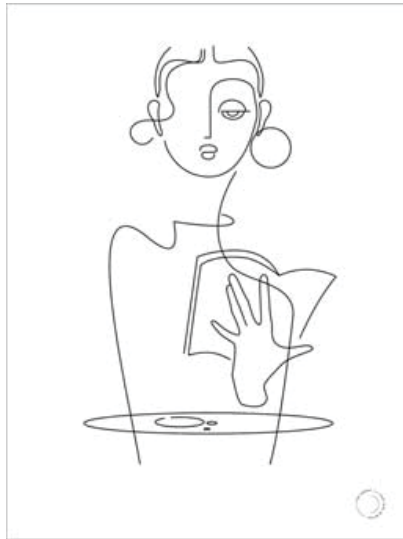
Dance like  
they do around the fire.

Before the new day begins  
My love, before the fall

Before the new day begins  
Let us do it all.

Dance my love  
for my longing eyes  
Dance there lies  
what I will play  
for you.

Dance like  
they do around the fire.



# Eternal Recurrence

“How can both God and I exist?”

- Fredrich Nietsche.

Somewhere  
In Poland  
There is a tomato patch  
Where grows  
Fat red fruit  
Tributes rendered unto Caesar  
From air, water and sucking root.

Only through nitrogen is life fixed.  
Otherwise  
Only the remains  
Of those who lived  
When hell rose to earth  
And god looked the other way  
And life was without a precious element.



# On Difficulty

this attempt

to tell us

what we already

know

hidden deep

in the 'morrow

of the bone.

“The horror, the horror!”

the real, the real

Kurtz, didn't he steal

a look?

Rational Hegel too

might wail,

isn't that why

Celine threw

himself in, in in in

and in

the deception

we all feel

nothing can heal

once just once

the wound's been wed  
with sound ground down  
    down  
        down  
            down  
until one note  
lies on our lap  
    like this, says it all  
'nd then, 'nd then  
something less  
like the pain smothered  
in a caress  
the attempt to address  
the naked self  
the horror, the fall  
We    I    You            -  
a crack in an  
unlooked upon wall  
something never meant to be  
but is  
a revolt, against nothing – like this scrawl.

Sept. 14th, 1998.

Outside Lyon, while stuck in traffic and looking into  
the dark grey waters of the Rhone.

## To A Forgotten Czech Jew, 1936.

*"I do not find a way to reach the hearts of men."*

- suicide note, Stefan Lux

It was over so quick.  
One bang!  
Forgotten so quick  
just another event  
in the League of Nations,  
the next day  
after the blood had been  
mopped away .....  
they went on amending  
stupending, pretending  
to be building  
a better world  
mindless of the message  
you hurled  
among their well-fed midst.

Stefan. Let me say  
that at least I  
a bastard Jew  
so far away  
in time and place

still see that bright light  
shining.  
There was no waste.  
The torch of those who care  
burns on  
though the pigs at the trough  
plod on  
this alone matters ---  
to see what is coming  
and to scream  
though the whole world believes  
the wolf has no teeth  
to yell with the desire of David  
crazed at the indifference  
of middle class  
who now can only hate  
those who look just enough  
like them.

Stefan. Know I  
will too one day burn  
like that bush  
those eyes of Moses ....  
burn to warn - seeing  
as I do the swarm  
the glint here in all  
their eyes - I a spy  
trodding the beastly heart  
of man, governed man  
knowing well  
their refining ways  
as they build a better world  
sugared just right to swallow,  
a better world, meaning  
a better way to do away  
with  
the Other  
those who look just enough like them.



# The Scream

We must in all ways struggle  
a bug on a beach  
to be free  
caught as we are  
midway, oneway between  
memory and the dream  
heaven and sea  
wondering what makes this be  
'til a bird we remember  
swallows us  
like a king taking tea  
and our dream is all it seems  
but it's too late then  
to scream.



## To The Last

I have just lit my last cigarette.  
A last mouthful of cold coffee  
sits in the cup.  
It is snowing ice.  
Grey dust seeps through  
my cracked windows.  
I have two choices for dinner:  
cheap vodka or nothing.

My love a light swan  
flew south with my last  
stale bread crusts in her beautiful beak  
(I haven't written a poem in a week).  
The bed next door creaks a last  
sad song of neighborly passion  
(love is so unequally rationed).

Trains rumble by outside  
to imaginary Auschwitzes,  
shaking me out of dreams  
(I hear the crosses scream).

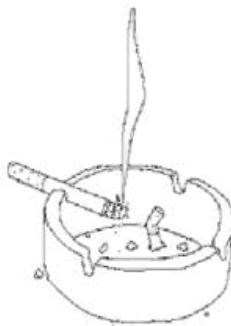
The church across the street  
fills this Sunday  
with hunched over creatures  
tired from the morning's marketing  
(the sky is slowly darkening).

Alone, even death refuses  
to greet me, to come down  
from the hills where it  
waits among the well spaced pines.

Empty at last, I wait.  
One thing is sure – the show goes on.  
My responsibility?  
To last, to get my work done.

I put out my cigarette and  
pick up my last working pen.  
Now it is time to think.  
Poetry hidden, is what lasts  
- life insurance.  
All genius genetic, a question of endurance.

Feb. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1995  
Karlovy Vary





# **I am unreconciled with life**

There is only one truth  
                            firm for it will be.  
And not all that lies before  
                            our impassive eyes  
Shall drag it through mud  
                            into only possibility  
Nor deny her bottomed, hip based  
                            authentic cries.

What is it that turns this world, if not pain?  
And from where does  
this life and light burst?  
It spills pushed by the power  
                            of all that does wain.  
That all that is, will be a was  
                            – even beauty so cursed.

I look at an old woman's thighs  
                            bellicosed and flaccid  
and remember their strong days  
                            of push and passion.  
I count the hands that climbed them  
                            so timid  
and which now grope other fruits,  
                            other fashions.

I cry this truth, this pain, like only  
a dying man could.  
We will all be not,  
like a butterfly crushed  
slowly underfoot.

May 9, 1995  
Prague



# A Day In The Life Of .....

Aug. 23<sup>rd</sup>

Wiping the stickly sweat  
from my handsome brow,  
I kicked the cat across the room  
and took a sup of tea.

I sat down  
and planned my weekly  
abortion schedule  
then sent a check  
for my new lambskin gloves  
to Stanley  
who runs my growing  
funeral parlour business.

I called my neighbor  
with the fridge full of body parts  
and asked him to send me  
the copyright agreement  
so I could sign the movie deal.

I kicked the cat again,  
started a bath, poured a cocktail  
and waited  
for something to happen

## **These days such as they always are**

You my love are a memory  
I wear on my sleeve.  
A yellow star of David  
confirming my inability  
to hide in the shadows  
that grow in anticipation of darkness  
these days such as they are.

You my love are a thought  
I wear around my neck.  
A rosary  
that I count upon  
each bead a sin and love  
somewhere sent  
so to sin and love again  
these days such as they always are.

You my love are a dream  
I wear about my head.  
Phylacteries wound tight  
wounding this mortal into blind devotion  
and blissful prayer to something  
on the fringe  
that I can know nothing about  
these days such as they always are.

You my love are a sickness  
I wear within.  
An abscess I bite down upon  
and whose poisons return to a source  
which is myself  
I inside both the cured and cursed  
these days such as they are.



# Atropy

Nothing endures; All fades  
    Photographs yellow, stars burst  
Even my lovers pearly whites  
Seem to be vulnerable to cavities.

Only those minute bacteria,  
those earth turners  
that hold the world on their shoulders  
seem to have learned to be.

They die over and over, thus live forever.  
They have learned that  
the laws of our universe,  
do not apply to the insignificant.



# Spring Message

Spring has sprung.

The graves grow up  
in color  
and it is even as if  
the days are longer  
so light they step.

Even Mr. Berkowitz  
standing out  
in the morning sun  
and bird song,  
has a slight smile  
as he leans on his cane,  
all that remains  
of his father's sturdiness.

Spring has sprung.  
The parks are full  
of hopping, hungry birds  
baby carriages  
and it is even as if  
the monuments of the long dead  
were about to step off  
the pedestal, we've put them on  
and live.

Even Mr. Berkowitz  
like the weather itself,  
has something to say  
about being alive, green, wet.  
“Thank God it’s spring.”  
he says,  
“and I can forget”.

April 10, 2001  
Kyiv, Ukraine





# The Fall of Winter

Here it is halfway through winter  
and I have yet to find  
a way to your heart before  
the snow piles up so high against the door  
that I cannot get out from myself.

Yet the sun shines  
through the window, through my eyes,  
through my mind, through to you  
yet not your heart  
which escapes in the shadows never  
to find my door and dig me out.

This winter half empty  
and I can't wait for spring, the filling  
where the only shadows are those I cast,  
the only heart I can't find, God's.  
But first I must drink up the winter  
and find myself in good Canadian whiskey  
and the warmth of a well insulated house  
that keeps me from you.

# Authority

Would a king have our obedience  
without his overlooking crown?

Could a judge pass sentence  
without the bidding of his robe?

Would a priest have our confession  
without his choking white collar?

Would you elect a politician  
who campaigned without pleading jowls?

Would young men goose step in proud unison  
without well pressed uniforms and shiny boots?

Could one love a dog that didn't have  
the panting, happy faced look of a slave?



# Ode to Insignificance

He had a tombstone.  
He had a grave.  
What more to ask  
from a life well behaved.

The tombstone was only a marker.  
The grave just a hold in the ground.  
What more to ask  
from a life lived uninspired,  
gagged and bound.

I don't want to end up just six feet under.  
Nor have my name in future ages read.  
I just want a life filled with  
awe and wonder.  
After which I'd be content  
lying among the dead.

# Come Walk The Streets With Me

(to the 6 billion without AIDS)

If I were the Messiah,  
I would walk the streets  
sandled, bearded, thin as they  
who hiding in the dark spaces,  
dispirited and deserted  
await the gathering light.  
I would find these,  
the last of this world  
and with my warm touch  
I would offer them immunity from  
the harsh glare of the masses.

I would not sit in my white house  
with one hand waving  
my clitoral smelling finger,  
the other hand  
wiping, white knuckled  
my plastic wrapped toilet seat.

I understand the apprehension.  
Yahweh still speaks to us.  
Hide your children, your first born!  
Look above!  
The sky is black with  
locusts, flies and frogs.  
The rumors persist;  
Who now is poisoning our wells?  
The lepers are marching on the town.  
Our neighbors are kissing  
Lucifer's white buns.

Yes. Fear, death, retribution —  
they plague us.  
But the rats know the truth.

So now we lock our bedroom doors and condemn.  
Tiptoeing around in our smoking jackets  
we kneel down and scour the carpet  
in search of a stone to cast.  
But we find no stone,  
only our own dirt and the message that

We are all guilty.

Science cannot cure us of this.

It cannot come to our aid.

Forgiveness is the only serum.

Love the only needle.

Come walk the streets with me.



# Now

It's hard.

Not knowing what will happen.

Not remembering what did happen.

It's hard.

This swamp water of flesh and time  
we wade through.

Paper clips, candy wrappers  
receipts, car fumes, hotel rooms  
. We get lost in the little things.

There is no map.

There is no mama to kiss you goodbye.

There is no mama to return to.

There are no witnesses.

I've been trying to find  
the door handle  
to let myself out  
but maybe I should be  
looking for a latch.

It s hard.  
amn impossible

.  
I sit in the disapointment  
between what was and will be  
hoping that one day  
I will know what it is all about.

I sit.

But it's hard  
not to just put a bullet  
in my head  
and find out now.





# A Trip To Germany

I see in every broom stroke  
so many swept away.

I see in the punctual train's departure  
lines of my people leaving.

I see in the shiny steel garbage bins  
each ghetto's new built wall.

I see in the precisely parked cars  
rows of people frozen at roll call.

I see in the cold church's grandeur  
those strict edicts and purity laws.

I see in the clapping hands, oompapas  
the silence of people, obedient hems and haws.

I see in every recycling plant's chimney  
the last breath of Eva and Miriam too.

I see in the garden's nice set rows  
ashes once so brightly painted toes.

I see in every well cut hedge  
the rows of bodies found in the sun of May.

# To The Children Of The Shetls

Where did all the children go?  
Fallen like wet snow  
onto the black gloves  
of those who would seem  
to know.

Where did all the children go?

One cuts a tree  
near the roots  
but a people  
are pulled out like weeds  
while little shoots  
before they can even grow.

Where did all the children go?

Gone, gone, gone vanished,  
a never sung song.  
Mother's tears  
falling on and on ...  
Nothing more left to show but  
a question, old photos  
the falling snow.

And me here asking, living ...  
Where did all the children go?

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