1985

Halb-Jude

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Halb-Jude

We used to eat potatoes and were grateful for them. I played in the rubble of the church steeple.

I was urged to keep a low profile: I played soccer with the boys at school.

The British brought fire in navy-grey canisters, which tapped on our roof like heavy rain.

I watched my uncle’s shop burning sunset flames, crumbling to the ground. A crematorium.

I was told to hide in the sewers when their men came for us.

My Grandfather with a knowledgable beard and round glasses was forced to eat black bread and die of malnutrition.

From our fire escape I saw the black Mercedes—I watched them lead my aunt away.
Two priests were laid out
in the city courtyard,
fleshy holes in their white suits.
They spoke for us.

One crazed man
ran through the square,
and a rising cloud of pigeons,
only to be shot.

Kurt Schenk