

1974

Resolutions

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RESOLUTIONS

January burst out like a prison-break
with resolutions to go straight
if I'm not caught.
Hard work, a touch of grace,
and a guard sleeping in his high house
have given me time.
But the sirens are winding up my thread.
They know who I am
and, familiar with my history,
where I might be found.

SENTENCE

This poem was written after a visit to Lohmai Haghetaot, the
Ghetto Fighters Museum near Acre, Israel

My reflection in the glass
of a photograph of children
of the Ghetto of Lodz
in nineteen hundred forty-three
when yellow stars
spoke from a wary sky
and dragged space after
leaving room for blood to pour
and nothing poured but
heels on cobblestone
and No's slapped on windows
faces, orders
the new ordering of stars
not the glowing bear, the hunter
or the dog, but the true
line of yellow stars
the fine chaos of perfection
and my bodiless reflection
surprised in the sun's corner
like a god among stars
ducking back
and passing on.