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# Trying to Hide Treblinka

Jon Silkin

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## Four Poems · *Jon Silkin*

### TRYING TO HIDE TREBLINKA

Blessed is the lupin sown to thwart  
what our soldiers' hands raised to the light:  
a camp with no architectural style,  
with a name like this, Treblinka,  
and the unnameable, blessed be He, God. *Schlaf*,  
as You must, in sleep's grace  
of abandoned bliss. And you, God's sweet.  
Blessed be He.

Maculate flower.

Blessed the lupin, thick snappable haulm  
with innocuous hairs; blessed its noxious seed,  
petals, a bird-shaped milky blue.  
Blessed the lupin, with no mind to choose a soil  
but what sustains it, and what flowers  
its unending ignorance. The animal God,  
this salmon-spawner, blesses.

The camp, a hole in the eye; its zone, the flowers' assart.  
A hill swells with breath and flowers: some blue,  
some faded blood ones, that sink their roots  
in shreds of carbon made visible  
with hours of damp archaeology. Unappeasable  
the claws, as they travail  
that earth their hands trowelled.

At the end of the Second War those who saw to the running of the Camp had a small hill put over it and sowed that with flowering plants.