1986

Mengele

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3315
Mengele · *Michael Dennis Browne*

Don’t tell me about the bones of Mengele,  
the bones are alive and well.  
Don’t think to thrill me with tales  
of the drowned bones uncovered,  
the bones are alive and well  
inside the sleeves of a suit this day  
and carving out the figures of a fat check  
or severing a ribbon with the ceremonial scissors  
or holding the head of a child;  
I tell you, the bones are alive and well.

Don’t expect me to get excited  
concerning the skull of Mengele,  
the skull is alive and well,  
the skull is asquirm with schemes this day  
and low words are leaving it at this moment  
and other skulls are nodding at what they hear,  
seated about the world table;  
I tell you, the skull is alive and well.

Don’t bother showing me pictures  
of the remains of Mengele,  
the remains are alive and well  
and simmering in our rivers  
or climbing into our houses out of the ground  
where they will not be confined  
or sliding inside the rain out of the summer air,  
oh yes, the remains are even there, I tell you,  
are alive, are well, are everywhere.