Sacco, Vanzetti

Gerald Stern

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6033
GERALD STERN

Sacco, Vanzetti

I have asked ten Italians at my beloved’s father’s and mother’s fiftieth wedding anniversary at the Rainbow Room and not one of the ten knew though it was the moment of Italian triumph greater than Toscanini, greater than LaGuardia; and I have a personal hero, Judge Musmanno, who spent twenty years proving their innocence, a good shoe maker and a poor fish peddler, never dreaming to steal, never to assassinate, for whom I fight back tears and quanch my heart, trobling to my throat to not weep before them, whom I do love and who I would have marched for, who tought me for to talk to scorning men in rooms the size of bathrooms or small stadiums, trobling to my own bosses and even friends, since spit came first and drops of learning too like slow-falling snow the day before spring seventy-seven years later for whom not a stamp, not a square, not a statue, anywhere to behold, nor a text, nor a wall of labored steel for to remember our helpless shame, their murder, tenors, sopranos.