

*Blood runs across the floor. Blood on the wall.
The bar-room rabble-rousers run amok
Reeking of onion and hard alcohol.
Boots kick my body aside, helpless. Head gushing,
I plead in vain with thugs of the pogrom
To hoots of*

*"Smash the fucking kikes! Save Russia!"
And some grain-seller beats and rapes my mom.
My People! Russian nation!*

*I know,
you*

*Are internationalist at the core,
But men with filthy hands too often boomed
Your clean sweet name into a jingo roar.
I know the good, the kindness of your land.
How vile it is*

*that, with no pinch of scruple,
those pompous antisemites tried to brand
themselves a "Union of the Russian People."
To me it's as if I am*

Anne Frank

Transparent

as a fragile April branch.

And I love.

And I need no puffy phrase.

I need for us

to meet each other's gaze.

So little we can see or smell,

we who

Have been denied the sky,

denied the leaves.

But we can do so much:

to tenderly

Embrace each other in a darkened room.

"They're coming!"

"Don't be scared.

That's just the clamor

of early spring.

It is spring coming here!

Come here.

Give me a kiss, quick."

