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BROKEN GLASS, 1992

Ice crashed inside glass tumblers
as I cocktailed drinks to descendants
of Nazis who thrust through a crowded
bar like genetically modified bulldozers,

their sharp blond laughter drunk
with stories of their grandfathers
and Kristallnacht. I kept my Jew face
down, close to the cavity of my chest

where my grandmother's blood was
stored for safekeeping. A quiet couple,
regulars, he, dark like flint, she, tall
with golden hair that glistened

like the last drops of oil burning
in a synagogue, their love was one breath
with two faces, a mismatch, an insult
too intimate for these men to bear.

And we saw them coming with fists,
coming to mix his blood with their sacral
ash. They lifted him off the barstool,
and slammed him onto the pavement,

smearing a red X across the window
like an answer to a plague. I remember
broken capillaries crisscrossing