

their faces, the screaming, the romantic

lighting, the sirens, some random drunk
pulling a puff, my ears closed to the shattering
glass like those in 1938. I was frozen
like my ancestors walking without shoes

in snow. I was frozen by the memory
of my grandmother fleeing her house reduced
to a barn, horses shitting in her bed, copper
pots buried, hiding. My courage pulverized

by the memory of goose steps on gravel.
The light from her menorah in me shuddering,
a flicker in a storm, me serving cocktails,
unwilling to risk my life for a loaf of bread.