

I Don't Know What to Say
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What must I say?

I don't know how to write about what happened to her,
and what she experienced
when I do it will sound contrived
How can I write about that earthly hell?
I can't it will never do her justice
How can I write about her suffering? By smoothing and slapping it into a rhyme?
Presenting it on beautiful paper, itching for a big gold star?
I cannot
I will not attempt to put salve on wounds too deep for me to comprehend,
too wide for me to fathom

What can I say, as she describes children in cattle trucks rolling away...?
Rolling away over the hill and waving to their mothers,
What can I say?

What should I write?
Should I write that her experiences will never be forgotten,
that such hatred will never happen again?
But that would be a lie wouldn't it?
Because it happens every day, every minute of every day, in every heart and mind,
Mine included

I can say all the words,
"There were showers of bedbugs
Dysentery,
Ghettos, camps and gas chambers"
But what does that do to me? Does it penetrate my heart at all?
Is it internalized? Can it be?
What do those words mean?

I don't know what to say except,
"Please G-d may I never feel that pain"
I don't know what to write or how to write it,
or even whether it should be written

I have no words
They slipped out from under me,
and crushed me with their heavy hollowness,
and bound my tongue and choked my heart,
Because of this, this single harrowing experience out of millions of similar ones,
I am shocked into silence.
I no longer know what to say.