

THE HOMELESS MIND SERIES

LAST TRAIN TO AUSCHWITZ

POEMS ON REMAINING HUMAN



DAVID DEUBELBEISS

Last Train To Auschwitz

Selected Poems

by
David Deubelbeiss

Willingly or not we come to terms with
power forgetting that we are all in the ghetto,
that the ghetto is walled in, that outside the
ghetto reign the lords of death and that close
by the train is waiting.”

- Primo Levi

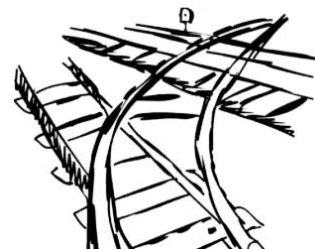
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Forward

“Clearing Command forward!”, “With that we marched into Canada, the commercial heart of Auschwitz, warehouse of the body snatchers where hundreds of prisoners worked frantically to sort, segregate and classify the clothes and the food and the valuables of those whose bodies were still burning, whose ashes would soon be used as fertilizer.”

Rudolf Vrba, Auschwitz survivor,
The first authentic poet of Canada

“Even in this place one can survive, and therefore one must want to survive, to tell the story, to bear witness; and that to survive we must force ourselves to save at least the skeleton, the scaffolding, the form of civilization. We are slaves, deprived of every right, exposed to every insult, condemned to certain death, but we still possess one power, and we must defend it with all our strength for it is the last — the power to refuse our consent.”

Primo Levi, *Survival In Auschwitz*

"You can't be neutral on a moving train"

Howard Zinn

About the Author



David Deubelbeiss was born poor in N. Canada and since those days has flitted about the world as a poet, teacher and homeless mind.

He espouses the philosophy of - "live simply, simply live".

Forward

This book contains a selection of my poetry written over the past 30 + years. Poems that stand as artifacts, fading photographic testaments to my own struggles to understand what we know as the holocaust or "the shoah".

I won't use this space nor your time to share my own take on the horror and violence that flamed at that time. I'll let the poems stand on their own and for the reader to take whatever juice and vitamins remain there. For at the end of the day, we all must (or should) wrestle with the demons of being human and come to our own decisions, of our own accord.

I'm not here to sound wise or learned or holier than thou. I'm here to do what I've always felt poetry calls me to do - speak out and make you, me, him, her ashamed to be human. Ashamed given our capacity to know truth but not act on it.

However, I will say a few personal things. I'm of German descent - my name Deubelbeiss meaning, "devil's bite", was given to my forefathers, Jews without a last name, too poor to afford a nice, clean German name. Think of all the Germans out there - Ostertags (Easter Day), Greenspans (green poison formed on a silver spoon left in mayonnaise), Streisands (the small hairs on a horse's ass). I say this because I've had a personal demon to wrestle when it comes to being "German".

I've traveled and lived in Europe. Tried less to understand than to absorb and listen and grow thus. I've ridden on the same rail lines and stood in the same squares as the horrors happened.

What I'm left with is not just a wish for us to remember, to fight against the buffoons (Levi's term) that arise from time to time and make men take up the final solutions. No, more so a hope that we recognize that deep in our human

ever so human bones is an evil anthropomorphism - a horrible hubris that we humans are superior, better, the only intelligent, crying, creative things that exist. That we are the only animals to slaughter our own kind indiscriminately, that out of Mozart's lofty arias issues our own note of vile evil coating all. We are all guilty.

What I'm trying to say is that it is a very short leap from murdering the planet and all its lifeforms - a short leap from our destruction of the life here on planet earth to the murder and destruction of our own kind. If you turn against mother earth, you can easily turn against your brother. We need to fix that - our greed, our lust to rule the world and tame it and beat our breasts as rulers of the animal kingdom. Our superhero complex. Until we fix that, I expect more holocausts across this beautiful, too beautiful world we are gifted to live on, in time.

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Martin Gilbert and his seminal work of fact "The Holocaust". If I had never found his book, I might never have become the man I am.

All those who survived and who continue to remember.

All those who wake up and like Socrates of old, think of "the good"

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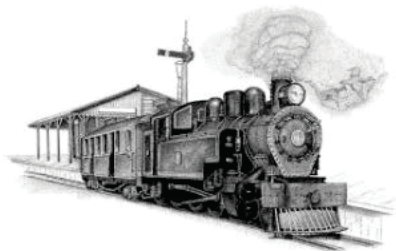
Train Ride

Suddenly, the movement stops
and with a hiss and clang
the doors pull open
and light
sears across your face.

Cool air
fills your lungs
and thoughts of food
dance about.
Isn't this how all journeys
should be?

Such expectation of arrival
and desire – just to get off?

Only its death that's
here to greet you.
And each dog's bark
seems to say,
“Hurry up, you've arrived!
History wishes to embrace you.”



Recount

I asked her
in bed
covered in honesty
just fed
by nature's always
replenishing,
I asked her
love lent,
what the number
6,000,000 meant?

Looking up
like a little girl might
counting stars or sheep
she said,
"A large city
maybe a bank account?"
Then, closing her eyes
leaning over,
she said again,
"Come here! Give me
6,000,000 kisses!"

Yes, we are learning
how to count again.



Food For Thought

Uncle Jacob
forty years kneading dough
after the war,
told me he had found only
two ways of making bread;
the slow bake of philosophy
the luxury of the rich or high minded,
for the rest, the quick snatch of wonder
between the long steady strokes
of the whip.

Then sternly,
his strong hand on my shoulder
He said,
"Son, always be
on the other end of the whip,
for there they eat not bread but cake."

"Living is an affair
for those who turn on the ovens."

Esoteric Erotica

I study
your pendulous breasts
two suns buoyant
pointing to fertile orb below.

I enter
through vallied loins
both phallus and heart
magnetized by sensual expectancy.

I leave
through tangled limbs
quiet in relief
washed by the breath of life.

I study
your twisted reclining mass
wondering if,
Joseph Mengele would see the same.

A Fireside Chat

-- in memory of Georgy Gongadze

They killed him
again and again.
One stab, one kick, one grin
after another, after another, after another
while the darkness all together smothered
any heavy breathed fright
and nervous dogs whelped out of sight.

And I in shock
by the fire
in my more than human way
stood up to say;
"Stop! Isn't once enough?",
To which the brightest replied
(a grinning toddler at his side),
"For the dead yes, but for the living never!"



Thanksgiving Day

I remember well
those bright dead days of autumn,
how my brother, the great white hunter
crushed the wee head of the partridge
he had winged.
Crushed it slow and rythmically
with the heel of his heavy boot.

How the farmer, 'cross the road
filled the burlap sack
with sure and steady hand.
Filled it with a litter of pups
and flung it into the
cold clear water of the crick.

I remember
how my grandpa,
at the dinner table
sucked and gummed his turkey
with intense joy and abandon.
The juices edging out the sides
of his eager, hungering mouth.

How my young friends and I
squatted over the chilled stiff fly
and with the delicate hands of
surgeons or lovers to be,
slowly one by one
pulled each leg out from under
its soft blue body.

I remember well
those cool receding
days of autumn.

I remember so I give my thanks.

My thanks not a sacrifice
to a glaring Moloch
but only,
thanks that I am
a man
and not anything else.



The Broken Fall

I hate the fact that everything breaks
Hearts and horses, especially plates.
A man would like to sleep but then awakes
The weather so sunny shifts, never waits.

Everything breaks, smashed or just a bit
Buildings crumble, teeth are chipped
The white shirt gets a spot, a lady takes a fit.
Morning brings daybreak, the champion is whipped.

Cars stop in the middle of nowhere, for no reason.
Coffee breaks, cigarettes, tea and cakes
Broken legs and second acts
Relationships and broken backs
Voices and promises and hymens
Banks and records, even cut diamonds.

It makes you see so clear
How if nothing ever broke
Nothing would happen, appear.
Life, living, just a broken fall
Before we're returned to the bottom

The unchanging all.

No Schaudenfreud

The question is –
why is our happiness
so conditional on
our subjective belief
that we are better than
someone else?

I mean – holy shit!

Just think of it.
Our whole culture one
piss den of evil ego –
crabs clamoring over each other
to get out of the bucket.
Narcissists anonymouses
selfish worth
Dorian touch of gray.
It's everything. It's everywhere.
No wonder we don't
have a word for it.



God, Power and the Gun

God must have made the gun
that strong, heaven sending death stick.
I cannot see man, weak man
making such a perfect, infallible beast.
Sticks, stones, knives and rope
these are different,
they are not anonymous like a gun or god.

Not all the hymns, from all the lips in
all the churches the world over will
make me know different.
Faith, hope, charity, goodwill
these are godly things,
but so too is a gun.

I am sure that if god sits
on his throne high above,
he sits with a gun across his lap,
in fear of those below.
Those below with many guns
and
many heavenly thoughts.

For My Young Lover Between Berlin and Birkenau

She still believes in love
for she is young
and too, carries the white
all women must:

Never having asked
how the rabbit got in the hat.

Her stories all end
in happily ever after
and the only pain she knows
comes in the remembrance
of once upon a time
the weeds of her imagination.

And I
always calling
a spade a spade
(because I'm afraid),
will not tell her
about the bodies
I've carried
stuffed in bags,
their eyes reminding me
of the marbles
as a youngster
I once desired and thumbed,

their stiff limbs
tangled like
gathered forest undergrowth
waiting for the match.

I will not tell her
how the sound
of a smashed infant's skull
cracks in much the same way
as her knuckles do
and that the smell
of burnt flesh
can too be perfume.

No, not tonight anyways.

Her unwrinkled skin
a canvas yet painted
by these hands so human
they've forgotten
how many they've hung
condemned or caressed.

I will let this grass
always believe it will
be green
and let her eyes light
fires to lead me away
from myself.

At least for tonight.

I stuff the rabbits
back into my hat
and try to smooth
my spoilt skin
with this tongue
that is always
in search of soup.

Living can't wait.
There are always tomorrows for the truth.



After Auschwitz

“After Aushwitz there is no more poetry”

Theodor W. Adorno

These are hard times.

The land frozen under the weight
of a white littered from above
The rivers holding their breath
blue and still in patient repose
The oceans as always watch in retreat
to the depths where death is unknown
Man has tamed nature by distempered dance
unhinged from himself, the mirror holds his story.

What left to do?
Pen to paper
paper to fire
a little light
a shadow cast,
so we may know
we are still there
and can be
scared of ourselves.

Circumstance

She asks so openly
as only a woman would;
why
my penis, broken out
like a flower
hard with sunshine,
has a head, unhid
in its bold stance?

So openly she as asked
so I told her
“circumstance”.



My Grand Inquisitor

You're the princess
That tadpoles dream about,
A nightingale caught
In life,
This circus tent
A flower
Full bloom, only lent
To us who spend our days
In search of beds of straw
And you,
A gentle tyrant above the law.

Momentary Suicide (Or, why she walks so gracefully)

Fin *ESSE*

Letter To a Love Alone

“What is this mystery? This strange power of one man over another. The insane passivity that cannot be overcome?”

- Tadeusz Borowski, Auschwitz, Our Home

I am in a prison I made alone. It is inescapable and reaches everywhere for I made it with the secret of myself and my own means.

Cursed with the freedom you gave me I wander among the crowds an ocean apart and scheme of a return, a way to tunnel out of myself under to you.

Even the moon so full of itself brings no more pleasure as I search in it for the light your eyes touched as you gazed at it over the shoulder of my jailer and handed him the keys.

This flesh coloured cage I carry around pulls at my wings with desires born of you and your caught in the headlight eyes. Love appears only as an apparition, like verse, something I etch upon the wall so I may know that time, the outside exists, ticks.

I'm asking for no pardon.
I know your executioner and his ways
and fear most the turn of your head
and not the thumb screws.

I only ask "How long is my sentence?",
when will these words end and I may
crawl out from under
all the possibilities freedom throws at me
and walk as in the beginning
before there were words, wings, wants,
straight across the ocean's thick, aged skin,
back to you and
the start of another sin
– those involuntary movements
that always win.



Dance Macabre

Six million hearts gone up the chimney in smoke
Our small lies today my love we can revoke
Let's dance with the town folk around the fountain
Let's smile, let's joke...

I love you.

Love is hate and hate, it's love
We're going to the wedding
the coach man's whip cracking up above
You, in your red velvet top
you glow just like Eva did
and Mary
today, they are coming for me.

My children they, they can tell
they look at me as if I smell
The third eye, a cavity that cries, tears well
Quietly God'd gotten drunk
on cheap Balkan booze
and now he's passed out.

Otherwise – it's all a ruse
We all lose.



Modern Hygiene

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

Choose a spot
break the earth
dig and dig and dig
jump in
dig and dig and dig
cold splashes on the face
bailing water
from the always giving
taking earth.

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

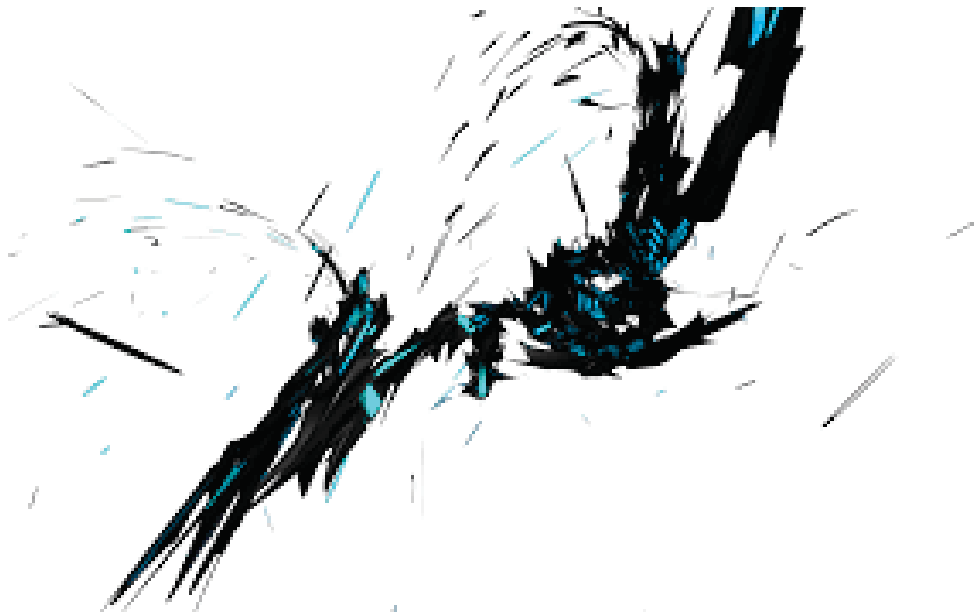
Then, feeling the arms light
hearing the smuck
as the body lands and settles
seeing how the first shovel full
lands and
illuminates the face
for a moment
though the earth abideth forever.

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

Digging, digging, digging
then, a few stones on top
a few quiet thoughts and
the wiping of the brow
the sun on the damp soil
finally, the back turned.

Everyone should have to dig a grave.

The day is coming
when this will be deemed a talent.



Dance

Dance my love
Dance before my eyes
Dance and weave
your knife into my back.

Drop your dress my love
Drop your dress onto the floor
Drop your dress my love
Let me guess no more.

Dance like
 they do around the fire
Dance
 like a boat on the water
Dance
 like the sun on oranges
Dance
 then come, come.

Put your palm my love
Put one on my breast
Put them hot
 on my chest.
Embrace me my love
Embrace me pale white
Embrace me so tight
and be mine.

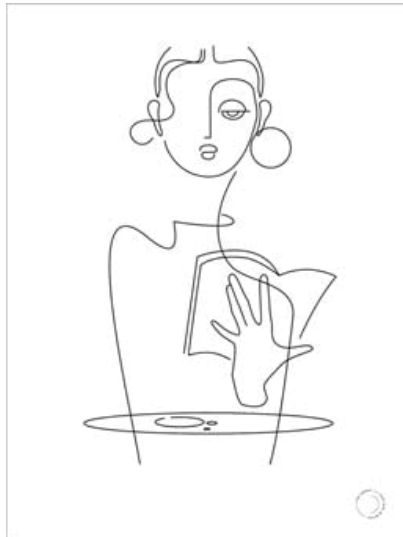
Dance like
they do around the fire.

Before the new day begins
My love, before the fall

Before the new day begins
Let us do it all.

Dance my love
for my longing eyes
Dance there lies
what I will play
for you.

Dance like
they do around the fire.



Eternal Recurrence

“How can both God and I exist?”

- Fredrich Nietsche.

Somewhere
In Poland
There is a tomato patch
Where grows
Fat red fruit
Tributes rendered unto Caesar
From air, water and sucking root.

Only through nitrogen is life fixed.
Otherwise
Only the remains
Of those who lived
When hell rose to earth
And god looked the other way
And life was without a precious element.

On Difficulty

this attempt
to tell us
 what we already
 know
 hidden deep
 in the ‘morrow
 of the bone.
“The horror, the horror!”
the real, the real
Kurtz, didn’t he steal
a look?
Rational Hegel too
might wail,
isn’t that why
 Celine threw
 himself in, in in in
and in
the deception
we all feel
 nothing can heal
once just once

the wound's been wed
with sound ground down
 down
 down
 down

until one note
lies on our lap
 like this, says it all
'nd then, 'nd then
something less
like the pain smothered
in a caress
the attempt to address
the naked self
the horror, the fall
We I You -
a crack in an
unlooked upon wall
something never meant to be
but is
a revolt, against nothing – like this scrawl.

Sept. 14th, 1998.

Outside Lyon, while stuck in traffic and looking into
the dark grey waters of the Rhone.

To A Forgotten Czech Jew, 1936.

"I do not find a way to reach the hearts of men."

- suicide note, Stefan Lux

It was over so quick.
One bang!
Forgotten so quick
just another event
in the League of Nations,
the next day
after the blood had been
mopped away
they went on amending
stupending, pretending
to be building
a better world
mindless of the message
you hurled
among their well-fed midst.

Stefan. Let me say
that at least I
a bastard Jew
so far away
in time and place

still see that bright light
shining.
There was no waste.
The torch of those who care
burns on
though the pigs at the trough
plod on
this alone matters ---
to see what is coming
and to scream
though the whole world believes
the wolf has no teeth
to yell with the desire of David
crazed at the indifference
of middle class
who now can only hate
those who look just enough
like them.

Stefan. Know I
will too one day burn
like that bush
those eyes of Moses
burn to warn - seeing
as I do the swarm
the glint here in all
their eyes - I a spy
trodding the beastly heart
of man, governed man
knowing well
their refining ways
as they build a better world
sugared just right to swallow,
a better world, meaning
a better way to do away
with
the Other
those who look just enough like them.



The Scream

We must in all ways struggle
a bug on a beach
to be free
caught as we are
midway, oneway between
memory and the dream
heaven and sea
wondering what makes this be
'til a bird we remember
swallows us
like a king taking tea
and our dream is all it seems
but it's too late then
to scream.



To The Last

I have just lit my last cigarette.
A last mouthful of cold coffee
sits in the cup.
It is snowing ice.
Grey dust seeps through
my cracked windows.
I have two choices for dinner:
cheap vodka or nothing.

My love a light swan
flew south with my last
stale bread crusts in her beautiful beak
(I haven't written a poem in a week).
The bed next door creaks a last
sad song of neighborly passion
(love is so unequally rationed).

Trains rumble by outside
to imaginary Auschwitzes,
shaking me out of dreams
(I hear the crosses scream).

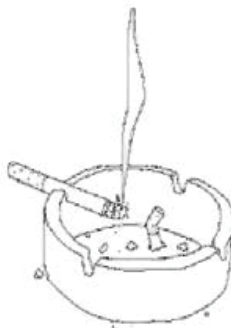
The church across the street
fills this Sunday
with hunched over creatures
tired from the morning's marketing
(the sky is slowly darkening).

Alone, even death refuses
to greet me, to come down
from the hills where it
waits among the well spaced pines.

Empty at last, I wait.
One thing is sure – the show goes on.
My responsibility?
To last, to get my work done.

I put out my cigarette and
pick up my last working pen.
Now it is time to think.
Poetry hidden, is what lasts
- life insurance.
All genius genetic, a question of endurance.

Feb. 20th, 1995
Karlov Vary



I am unreconciled with life

There is only one truth
firm for it will be.
And not all that lies before
our impassive eyes
Shall drag it through mud
into only possibility
Nor deny her bottomed, hip based
authentic cries.

What is it that turns this world, if not pain?
And from where does
this life and light burst?
It spills pushed by the power
of all that does wain.
That all that is, will be a was
– even beauty so cursed.

I look at an old woman's thighs
bellicosed and flaccid
and remember their strong days
of push and passion.
I count the hands that climbed them
so timid
and which now grope other fruits,
other fashions.

I cry this truth, this pain, like only
a dying man could.
We will all be not,
like a butterfly crushed
slowly underfoot.

May 9, 1995
Prague



A Day In The Life Of

Aug. 23rd

Wiping the stickly sweat
from my handsome brow,
I kicked the cat across the room
and took a sup of tea.

I sat down
and planned my weekly
abortion schedule
then sent a check
for my new lambskin gloves
to Stanley
who runs my growing
funeral parlour business.

I called my neighbor
with the fridge full of body parts
and asked him to send me
the copyright agreement
so I could sign the movie deal.

I kicked the cat again,
started a bath, poured a cocktail
and waited
for something to happen

These days such as they always are

You my love are a memory
I wear on my sleeve.
A yellow star of David
confirming my inability
to hide in the shadows
that grow in anticipation of darkness
these days such as they are.

You my love are a thought
I wear around my neck.
A rosary
that I count upon
each bead a sin and love
somewhere sent
so to sin and love again
these days such as they always are.

You my love are a dream
I wear about my head.
Phylacteries wound tight
wounding this mortal into blind devotion
and blissful prayer to something
on the fringe
that I can know nothing about
these days such as they always are.

You my love are a sickness
I wear within.
An abscess I bite down upon
and whose poisons return to a source
which is myself
I inside both the cured and cursed
these days such as they are.



Atropy

Nothing endures; All fades
Photographs yellow, stars burst
Even my lovers pearly whites
Seem to be vulnerable to cavities.

Only those minute bacteria,
those earth turners
that hold the world on their shoulders
seem to have learned to be.

They die over and over, thus live forever.
They have learned that
the laws of our universe,
do not apply to the insignificant.



Spring Message

Spring has sprung.

The graves grow up
in color
and it is even as if
the days are longer
so light they step.

Even Mr. Berkowitz
standing out
in the morning sun
and bird song,
has a slight smile
as he leans on his cane,
all that remains
of his father's sturdiness.

Spring has sprung.
The parks are full
of hopping, hungry birds
baby carriages
and it is even as if
the monuments of the long dead
were about to step off
the pedestal, we've put them on
and live.

Even Mr. Berkowitz
like the weather itself,
has something to say
about being alive, green, wet.
“Thank God it’s spring.”
he says,
“and I can forget”.

April 10, 2001
Kyiv, Ukraine



The Fall of Winter

Here it is halfway through winter
and I have yet to find
a way to your heart before
the snow piles up so high against the door
that I cannot get out from myself.

Yet the sun shines
through the window, through my eyes,
through my mind, through to you
yet not your heart
which escapes in the shadows never
to find my door and dig me out.

This winter half empty
and I can't wait for spring, the filling
where the only shadows are those I cast,
the only heart I can't find, God's.
But first I must drink up the winter
and find myself in good Canadian whiskey
and the warmth of a well insulated house
that keeps me from you.

Authority

Would a king have our obedience
without his overlooking crown?

Could a judge pass sentence
without the bidding of his robe?

Would a priest have our confession
without his choking white collar?

Would you elect a politician
who campaigned without pleading jowls?

Would young men goose step in proud unison
without well pressed uniforms and shiny boots?

Could one love a dog that didn't have
the panting, happy faced look of a slave?



Ode to Insignificance

He had a tombstone.
He had a grave.
What more to ask
from a life well behaved.

The tombstone was only a marker.
The grave just a hold in the ground.
What more to ask
from a life lived uninspired,
gagged and bound.

I don't want to end up just six feet under.
Nor have my name in future ages read.
I just want a life filled with
awe and wonder.
After which I'd be content
lying among the dead.

Come Walk The Streets With Me

(to the 6 billion without AIDS)

If I were the Messiah,
I would walk the streets
sandled, bearded, thin as they
who hiding in the dark spaces,
dispirited and deserted
await the gathering light.
I would find these,
the last of this world
and with my warm touch
I would offer them immunity from
the harsh glare of the masses.

I would not sit in my white house
with one hand waving
my clitoral smelling finger,
the other hand
wiping, white knuckled
my plastic wrapped toilet seat.

I understand the apprehension.
Yahweh still speaks to us.
Hide your children, your first born!
Look above!
The sky is black with
locusts, flies and frogs.
The rumors persist;
Who now is poisoning our wells?
The lepers are marching on the town.
Our neighbors are kissing
Lucifer's white buns.

Yes. Fear, death, retribution —
they plague us.
But the rats know the truth.

So now we lock our bedroom doors and condemn.
Tiptoeing around in our smoking jackets
we kneel down and scour the carpet
in search of a stone to cast.
But we find no stone,
only our own dirt and the message that

We are all guilty.

Science cannot cure us of this.

It cannot come to our aid.

Forgiveness is the only serum.

Love the only needle.

Come walk the streets with me.



Now

It's hard.

Not knowing what will happen.

Not remembering what did happen.

It's hard.

This swamp water of flesh and time
we wade through.

Paper clips, candy wrappers
receipts, car fumes, hotel rooms
. We get lost in the little things.

There is no map.

There is no mama to kiss you goodbye.

There is no mama to return to.

There are no witnesses.

I've been trying to find
the door handle
to let myself out
but maybe I should be
looking for a latch.

It s hard.
amn impossible
.

I sit in the disapointment
between what was and will be
hoping that one day
I will know what it is all about.

I sit.

But it's hard
not to just put a bullet
in my head
and find out now.



A Trip To Germany

I see in every broom stroke
so many swept away.

I see in the punctual train's departure
lines of my people leaving.

I see in the shiny steel garbage bins
each ghetto's new built wall.

I see in the precisely parked cars
rows of people frozen at roll call.

I see in the cold church's grandeur
those strict edicts and purity laws.

I see in the clapping hands, oompapas
the silence of people, obedient hems and haws.

I see in every recycling plant's chimney
the last breath of Eva and Miriam too.

I see in the garden's nice set rows
ashes once so brightly painted toes.

I see in every well cut hedge
the rows of bodies found in the sun of May.

To The Children Of The Shetls

Where did all the children go?
Fallen like wet snow
onto the black gloves
of those who would seem
to know.

Where did all the children go?

One cuts a tree
near the roots
but a people
are pulled out like weeds
while little shoots
before they can even grow.

Where did all the children go?

Gone, gone, gone vanished,
a never sung song.
Mother's tears
falling on and on ...
Nothing more left to show but
a question, old photos
the falling snow.

And me here asking, living ...
Where did all the children go?

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