

Dead Corpses in Train

Being corpses, of course
they're dead. Long dead,
recently dead, but always
very much
dead.

They lived, they died
and now
they are all
all of them
dead.

Who knows until they have nodded off with exhaustion only
to shudder awake with the shunting upon those rails—
dead might not be so bad after all, particularly
under the circumstances, particularly
considering the alternatives.

Regardless they were forced to climb
into those boxcars and forever haunt them
with their anguish.

Sooner or later they were all rounded up
no matter where they came from
they were all selectively acquired:
a rich euphony of names destined
to become numbers a single hand
could effortlessly erase from a ledger.

There was never any choice
in the matter, they were herded onto
the trains that birthed those corpses
never to get off again,
the pregnant wagons still reeking
with their silence.

But it's the getting there
on those trains
that is really
something
else.

Like eating rock, I suppose,
bitter hard to swallow
and impossible
to digest.

No matter how long those corpses
remain dead in the train.

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