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When I Went to Auschwitz I Was Sitting

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JON OGDEN

when i went to
auschwitz i was sitting

When I went to Auschwitz I was
Sitting. On a couch, lights out,
Surround sound of artillery and kernel shells
Scraping. The hell is many
Skinny limbs and fingertips pricked to
Give life to dead faces nicked, not knowing
If we would breathe without the walls.
In shifts, we shifted our stagnant bodies.
Then a German mauled some maid on the stairs
And the whole of the Holocaust paused.
Lights came on
For a quick debate about pizza toppings.