

Holocaust Poetry

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COMPILED AND INTRODUCED BY HILDA SCHIFF

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Draft of a Reparations Agreement

All right, gentlemen who cry blue murder as always,
nagging miracle-makers,
quiet!

Everything will be returned to its place,
paragraph after paragraph.

The scream back into the throat.

The gold teeth back to the gums.

The terror.

The smoke back to the tin chimney and further on and inside
back to the hollow of the bones,
and already you will be covered with skin and sinews and you
will live,

look, you will have your lives back,
sit in the living room, read the evening paper.

Here you are. Nothing is too late.

As to the yellow star: immediately
it will be torn from your chest
and will emigrate
to the sky.

Dan Pagis
(Translated by Stephen Mitchell)

Written In Pencil in the Sealed Freightcar

Here in this carload
I am Eve
With my son Abel
If you see my older boy
Cain son of Adam
Tell him that I

Dan Pagis
(Translated Stephen Mitchell)