

A SIMPLE BOWL OF SOUP

(Italian sonnet)

It was an empty place—a ragged camp,
a thieving place, to blacken sense and soul,
an empty belly place, an empty bowl,
thin of bone, the Fuhrer's iron clamp
fenced in fury—icy, rotten, damp.

How many years in this infested hole
will be enough? How much will take its toll
of spirit, etch and, carving, leave its stamp?

They found an inmate, Szymon, after the war,
escorted him with wounded walking-stoop
to chair. His silence never broke, except
at table. Though it seemed a simple store,
they placed before him a simple bowl of soup.
He broke his silence, hung his head and wept.

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