



My father says he is Adam.
Nothing came before him.
No traces of a past life,
his childhood,
the color of his mother's hair,
the color of her hand upon his cheek.
No love and pride reflected in his father's eyes.
No house, no streets, no school.

And I awoke in this life.
My doll house room and modern ways
and knew nothing of his past.
The camps,
the whistle of the trains,
roll call in the snow,
the taste of moldy bread and
watery cabbage soup.

One day
the past began to creep out from his lined face,
his broken heart,
wounded soul,
dead spirit eyes.
Back down the road of bones to find
stories, pictures and traces of ash.
Weave together the pieces that still
leave gaping holes.

I stand behind my father.
Push him back.
Explain the savage scar,
the broken teeth,
the fear of cold,
and loneliness.
Take me to the graves,
down the railroad tracks and into the woods.

CREATION

by Anna T. Eisen

I can no longer hide my eyes as
you hid from our discovery of your truth.
We stumbled into our lives,
unsure how to become honorable sons and fruitful daughters.
Not connected to the generations that came before,
walked the last road,
saw the end coming,
cheated in life.

Let me know they would have loved me.
As I fall upon my knees and weep my grief.
I have room for them in my memories.
I claim them.
They will not be forgotten.
Pass them on to me dear Papa.
I am ready.

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