

## FLAT STONES BEG TO BE RECYCLED

We go back, my mother  
and I, back to Zloczow,

where Ukrainian girls  
in red and black em-

broidery sing a song,  
offer us bread and salt,

for we are guests in their  
town, aren't we? But

we look down, clement  
June turns December,

snow begins to fall,  
outline the scratches

in the paving stones  
so they grow into

Hebrew letters. We  
stand in a minefield.

My mother has trouble  
seeing in the snow.