

## MY HAUNT

The photos saved from the attic. A man  
and a waking child, framed in a patch  
of stark sun, the door opening.

His case of drafting instruments,  
the field-worn lid. His fingers  
snapping the case shut.  
His hand on the compasses.

In my brain, the neurons  
that once remembered how  
he patted my head in early 1943.

The identity card that says "The Jew,  
Hilel Safran, employed by Radebeule GmbH.  
should be allowed to pass."  
Signed: Gauleiter K. Muller.

In the labor camp he wrote long notes  
in Polish on a semipopular book  
on relativity theory.

Someone must know where  
in Zloczow they heaved his body.

His eyes in a photograph.  
My eyes, my childrens'.