

# The Angle

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## Halb-Jude

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## Halb-Jude

### Cover Page Footnote

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## Halb-Jude

We used to eat potatoes  
and were grateful for them.  
I played in the rubble  
of the church steeple.

I was urged to keep  
a low profile:  
I played soccer with  
the boys at school.

The British brought fire  
in navy-grey canisters,  
which tapped on our roof  
like heavy rain.

I watched my uncle's shop  
burning sunset flames,  
crumbling to the ground.  
A crematorium.

I was told to hide  
in the sewers  
when their men  
came for us.

My Grandfather with  
a knowledgeable beard and round glasses  
was forced to eat black bread  
and die of malnutrition.

From our fire escape  
I saw the black Mercedes—  
I watched them  
lead my aunt away.

Two priests were laid out  
in the city courtyard,  
fleshy holes in their white suits.  
They spoke for us.

One crazed man  
ran through the square,  
and a rising cloud of pigeons,  
only to be shot.

Kurt Schenk