

Marcia Menter

Six-Pointed Star

My father's mother never said:
'Here's the thing that got us killed—
a yellow badge that says Jew.'
The star she gave me was gold.
Hers had diamonds—I was young for those,
but not too young to wear the brand.
(Branding meant something different then.)

A mutterer, she didn't say:
'This isn't a badge of faith, or pride.
It's just what we wear on the outside.'
And I didn't answer: 'Are you *mad*?'
Why—if there's any earthly way
to hide it—why would you let it show?
All she said was: 'Vear it vell.'
I was a child. I didn't say no.

The Tunnel

You changed shape, but you were always You
who heard my thoughts. I spoke them for you,
rewrote them for you. Was naked for you. Had
no nakedness without you.

Loving God must feel like this, I thought,
but you weren't God. You were those shining people,
some living, some dead, who called and transfixed me.
Who ran me through.

I ran through half a century like this:
Presenting myself. Being found wanting. Wanting
the You of the moment. You—the word 'You'—
that sound was a tunnel uniting us.

You're gone now. And the tunnel's gone. Now
there's just one pair of ears that hear,
just one pair of eyes that see.
Those are mine. They belong to me.