

Poem D

Auschwitz, I heard that you're in style.
Nice men talk about you with respect.
A little more, and you will be so swaddled
In paper leaves
That you will crunch like driven snow.
Everything will be whitest white, but for the printed letters
Sieg-heiling goose-stepping battalions.

Poem E

I saw them, three baby-faced Germans
Nestling in a Cafe in Notre Dame,
So fresh upon the morning
Three baby-faced Germans,
Their hair the smell of the field,
Their faces unshod.

The rain came down on town and the Seine,
Flushing paved streets
Stale spit and yesterday's headlines
Down gutters,
Beating on Notre Dame and Seine,
Dripping down lashes of passers-by
Who glided like weeping columns
In windowpanes on squeaking hinges,
Facing them, the baby-faced Germans.