

Four Poems · *Jon Silkin*

TRYING TO HIDE TREBLINKA

Blessed is the lupin sown to thwart
what our soldiers' hands raised to the light:
a camp with no architectural style,
with a name like this, Treblinka,
and the unnameable, blessed be He, God. *Schlaf*,
as You must, in sleep's grace
of abandoned bliss. And you, God's sweet.
Blessed be He.

Maculate flower.
Blessed the lupin, thick snappable haulm
with innocuous hairs; blessed its noxious seed,
petals, a bird-shaped milky blue.
Blessed the lupin, with no mind to choose a soil
but what sustains it, and what flowers
its unending ignorance. The animal God,
this salmon-spawner, blesses.

The camp, a hole in the eye; its zone, the flowers' assart.
A hill swells with breath and flowers: some blue,
some faded blood ones, that sink their roots
in shreds of carbon made visible
with hours of damp archaeology. Unappeasable
the claws, as they travail
that earth their hands trowelled.

At the end of the Second War those who saw to the running of the Camp had a small
hill put over it and sowed that with flowering plants.