

## RESOLUTIONS

January burst out like a prison-break  
with resolutions to go straight  
if I'm not caught.  
Hard work, a touch of grace,  
and a guard sleeping in his high house  
have given me time.  
But the sirens are winding up my thread.  
They know who I am  
and, familiar with my history,  
where I might be found.

## SENTENCE

This poem was written after a visit to Lohmai Haghettaot, the  
Ghetto Fighters Museum near Acre, Israel

My reflection in the glass  
of a photograph of children  
of the Ghetto of Lodz  
in nineteen hundred forty-three  
when yellow stars  
spoke from a wary sky  
and dragged space after  
leaving room for blood to pour  
and nothing poured but  
heels on cobblestone  
and No's slapped on windows  
faces, orders  
the new ordering of stars  
not the glowing bear, the hunter  
or the dog, but the true  
line of yellow stars  
the fine chaos of perfection  
and my bodiless reflection  
surprised in the sun's corner  
like a god among stars  
ducking back  
and passing on.