

## GARY PACERNICK

*Elie Wiesel*

I sat in the dark watching this man  
who had survived the death camps  
speak of undying Jews who gave history  
to the world light streaming from his eyes  
his words small white birds with bloody  
wings hovering in the sacred house above  
the ark his bony fingers point to memories  
of what men had done to men in the  
name of one sick man we Jews have never  
inflicted our suffering on others but we have  
made something of it hope promise a chant  
when I despair I turn to history  
and I find not yesterday but today men and  
women of today Cain and Abel of today  
Joseph of today Job of today they are  
my friends he speaks out of darkness  
this frail man words that light the mind  
WE JEWS ARE ONE.

## NANCY JO RINEHART

*Smoke*

The smoke from the prison towers  
Carried you to me  
With all your frustrations  
And hopes,  
And I felt the letter  
Burn in my pocket.  
The towers have frightened me  
Always,  
As the thought of you  
Frightens me  
Now.