

The Shoes

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Night's shadow screams.

Crowded bodies float from  
picture to picture.

Carcass mounds gasping  
for air.

Testament breathes from  
the room of shoes.

The shoes had witnessed  
the whole thing.

Hollow freight cars once  
travelled.

Bunks crammed filthy with  
disease, soiled bedding,  
infested raw wounds.

Seized from their bodies.

To be left in mounds  
after the air had come  
clean.