## **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 lews 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.