

So here is how it goes

by [Yehiel E. Poupko](#) in the [September 4, 2013](#) issue

I am walking down
wet and muddy stony
really stony alleys
of the Warsaw cemetery
Jewish that is
just by the ghetto
once here and ever,
reading those stones,
I guess, of the lucky
Jew people and persons
who got to die in their beds
at home or hospital
and from the grave beyond
got someone to put up a marker
with all kinds of words
to fix their life in stone,
and just across the street
on the now rebuilt Polish city
once lived and then
died killed murdered
some 350,000 Jews,
so I along with other
genocide tourists
am looking
for some metaphor or simile
or symbol
that's it symbol
to lend grasp and mastery
even understanding
by which to memorialize
that I was here

isn't that what memory
and metaphor are about
not them the murdered past
but me and us
the here for now
and narcissistic,
so this rain is drizzling down on
my 'take a Ralph
once Lifshitz now Lauren cap
it will keep you dry'
this is great
I got me
and us a metaphor,
it is drizzling rain
what a God gift
God Himself
crying over it all,
that's me metaphor
it works doesn't it
it's raining
God's tears
but they are all
dead and ash