

“April 30th”
by Sophie Katz

Two in the morning:
a cry shattered the night
and his skull

An infant wailing,
shrill and strong and fifty years away—
I am alive!

These first breaths of his enemy
in the arms of parents, also born
from grandparents who fled, who he failed to kill

The Chancellor heard my cry across the years—
I am alive, I am alive!
Ani chai!
and it shattered his skull

He told none what he heard,
not his wife who sat beside him,
not his dog who idolized him;
neither knew how he feared this *I am alive*
that his cyanide was too slow to deafen

Two in the evening:
a gunshot shattered the night
and his skull

And fifty years on, I am born