

The Ugly Poem

By Sonia Schreiber Weitz (1984)

AH, MY PRETTY FRAULEIN
YOU ARE PALE WITH DISBELIEF
DID THE PICTURE ON YOU 'TELLY'
TURN YOUR BELLY INDSIDE OUT?

SEE THE LAMPSHADE ON YOUR LAMP?
NOW YOUR HANDS ARE CLAMMY DAMP.
HEY, DON'T TELL ME TO GO TO HELL,
YOU KNOW WELL THAT I'M YOUR CONSCIENCE
YOUR PAPA HAD NONE... AND NOW HE'S GONE
TO ARGENTINA, YOU KNOW.
SO.....

GO,
GET A BREATH OF AIR,
BUT DON'T YOU DARE CHOKE,
WHEN YOUR NOSTRILS FILL WITH SMOKE...
IT'S BEEN THERE IN THE AIR,
ALL THESE YEARS. YOU DIDN'T CARE,
TO LOOK, TO SMELL
OH WELL...

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?
LUSH WITH FRUIT AND FLOWERS?
AND WHAT DID FRAU BRAUERS
USE TO FERTILIZE...
(THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK)
YOU REALLY LOOK SICK.

AH, THE JEWS, THE VERDAMTE JEWS
HOW THEY COME TO HAUNT...
JUST WHAT DO THEY WANT?
AND YOU, YOU NEVER EVEN KNEW
A JEW...

COME ON 'LIEBCHEN' DON'T DESPAIR,
WHY DO YOU STARE AT THE GROUND?
WHAT IS IT YOU FOUND? THERE'S A GLIMMER,
NO, IT ISN'T HOPE- YOU DOPE,
IT'S A GOLD TOOTH...

YOUR VISION GROWS DIMMER
AND YOUR MOUTH TASTES SOUR,
YOU TRAMPLE THE FLOWERS...
YOU SLAM THE DOORS WITH FORCE
AND WITHOUT GRACE...
THEN YOU WASH YOUR FACE.
THE WATER FEELS SOOTHING, COOL.
BUT LIKE A FOOL YOU GROPE
FOR A PIECE OF SOAP...
AND YOU SCREAM.

YET, IN MY DREAM,
I BARELY HEAR YOU MOAN,
... I HAVE MY OWN
NIGHTMARES.