Auschwitz

into sunset
she screeches,
pants and strains
bellowing forth ashes
that descend like stars,
like manna on pale faces
who plead for water, for air

angels unseal train after train after train,
tangled, steaming ghosts vomit, weave
and heave every recess, every dream
until nothing remains, not even a quiver
in remembrance of what is, what was

a burnt offering, a holocaust
unconsecrated

His brothers, His sisters weep
and cry out in the wilderness
their anguish, their tears
condense on the rails,
double steel rails
extend, blend
into forest