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Black and White

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from **I Am German**

BLACK AND WHITE

“I am German.” When Gray opens his chest’s
Skin-flap, he can watch his heart’s black
Gears grasp: no problem,
All’s forgotten—what is German
Surrounds him with its

Fuzzy dusk rolling up a flag. Car lights
Cut across the whole
Plaza. He is German: black
Iron skillet burnt blacker from grease, two
Sharp white collar-points

Aimed like two knives straight at his stomach. German,
German: black tree trunks holding back
A river, the worn
Terminus of brick buildings, lodged
In his throat, city

Carved from a stone tear. A photo dissolves, fire’s sucked
Back into a house. Between teeth, memory’s stuck.