Spring 1986

For the Bones of Josef Mengele, Disinterred June 1985

Robert Bringhurst
For the Bones of Josef Mengele, Disinterred June 1985

Master of Auschwitz, angel of death, murderer, deep in Brazil they are breaking your bones — or somebody’s bones: my bones, your bones, his bones, whose bones does not matter. Deep in Brazil they are breaking bones like loaves of old bread. The angel of death is not drowning but eating.

Speak! they are saying. Speak! speak! If you don’t speak we will open and read you! Somethng you too might have said in your time. Are these bones guilty? they say. And the bones are already talking. The bones, with guns to their heads, are already saying, Yes! Yes! It is true, we are guilty!

Butcher, baker, lampshade and candlestick maker: yes, it is true. But the bones? The bones, earth, metals, teeth, the body? These are not guilty. The minds of the dead are not to be found in the bones of the dead. The minds of the dead are not anywhere to be found, outside the minds of the living.