

LETTER TO A PRISONER OF WAR (dated May 20, 1946)

Your letter convinces me:
You are the dreamer
of night stars
even now.

Stop this tale
of coming home;
at this moment
I hate talk

of future
and promise.

I am surrounded
by storied grave stones
and blown-up houses.
There is nothing

but hunger

that speaks
to me.

The doctor, one-legged
but otherwise perfect,
cut our son today.
The old problem.
He's well now -
and the girls are fine.

That rich hypocrite
down the street

said openly

that war was better
than this nightmarish hunger.

What does he know?

He runs the black market
in this ruined city.

How dare he speak
of hunger.

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