

## memorial day

“i’ll tell you when you’re older,”  
said dad,  
when i asked him how he’d gotten  
the nazi machine-gun sabre  
he’d held in his teeth  
in a black-and-white photo.

he said this again when he gave me a lieutenant’s swastika armband—  
later stolen from me by an angry jew.

while examining his eyes, however,  
the army had detected my dad, a great marksman,  
was no killer.

it made him a seargent, but,  
alongside his automatic,  
handed him a spatula,  
and sent him into Germany  
as a cook.