

So here is how it goes

by [Yehiel E. Poupko](#) in the [September 4, 2013](#) issue

I am walking down  
wet and muddy stony  
really stony alleys  
of the Warsaw cemetery  
Jewish that is  
just by the ghetto  
once here and ever,  
reading those stones,  
I guess, of the lucky  
Jew people and persons  
who got to die in their beds  
at home or hospital  
and from the grave beyond  
got someone to put up a marker  
with all kinds of words  
to fix their life in stone,  
and just across the street  
on the now rebuilt Polish city  
once lived and then  
died killed murdered  
some 350,000 Jews,  
so I along with other  
genocide tourists  
am looking  
for some metaphor or simile  
or symbol  
that's it symbol  
to lend grasp and mastery  
even understanding  
by which to memorialize  
that I was here

isn't that what memory  
and metaphor are about  
not them the murdered past  
but me and us  
the here for now  
and narcissistic,  
so this rain is drizzling down on  
my 'take a Ralph  
once Lifshitz now Lauren cap  
it will keep you dry'  
this is great  
I got me  
and us a metaphor,  
it is drizzling rain  
what a God gift  
God Himself  
crying over it all,  
that's me metaphor  
it works doesn't it  
it's raining  
God's tears  
but they are all  
dead and ash