
Remember
chaos, planes bore down
and placed under
yellow, red, green, blue
woke I was in a white
wondered if I had lost them
for myself, hours passed,
I was strapped to the bed
"Why have you done this to me?
myself, I asked her to free me
hurt myself, I begged her to free me
promised, she apologized and touched
they gave me injections and bandaged
that saved my life. In the days and weeks
my parents and for Anna and for you.
one in the rubble of every building, bu
I found our old house, the door was still
our belongings survived, the typewriter
214
Does
from Simon Gold-
from there they
hell. It was a
not be ex-
that
Dear Thomas Schell, It
For reasons that need not be
on me. It is my great hope that
will cross again. Until that day, I
difficult times. Yours most sincerely,
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