

The Nazi

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I can't remember who played the Nazi
But his face thrummed like glass in summer sun.
He was a dreamer who listened to Chopin and Schumann.
He tossed his close-cropped head from side to side
Distractedly as melody ravished him.
Then he was marching down screaming avenues.
Tromp tromp tromp – the boots routed empathy.

It frightened me, how history had come along
And shook him by his thin, pensive shoulders.
People seemed like leaves falling from trees
Who didn't know the ground from the sky, spring
From autumn, day from night.

Later in my susceptible life
I ran down granite-lined Pennsylvania Avenue,
My face distended by moral agony,
An anti who freely shouted "Fascist,"
At those who appalled me. The slapping sound
My sneakers made was thin and evanescent
As a righteous sentiment.

Now I avoid movies.

The darkness and the distance are unwholesome.

The absolution they proffer is specious.

The camera is a giddy manipulator.

I have consumed enough visual confections for a lifetime.

I would rather stroll and loiter in the various light

That glints and winks and streams and shows me

The earth that impersonates no one and absorbs humanity.