

## *Hitler Stamp*

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I traded ten triangular  
Mongolian stamps for Hitler,  
Hitler who killed my father's  
whole family.

My father hated Hitler.  
He refused to say Hitler's name.  
He refused to let anyone say it  
under his roof. He refused

to speak a word of German  
after 1945. I hated  
Hitler, too. But I loved  
my Hitler stamp.

I loved taking him out  
of the wax-paper sleeve  
in my stamp collecting book  
and holding him in my hand

under the light. And what  
would my father have said if he knew  
I was up there in my room  
under his roof, hoarding Hitler,  
  
harboring Hitler, holding Hitler up  
to the light?