

Lest We Forget....

Poems by Denise G. Planchet

Lest We Forget

By Denise Planchet

Always remember, the lining of your coat
May have traces of Zyclon-B wrapped around the hairs
Like silent phantoms.
Remember the silk of your tie was woven by a child
In China.
You cannot wash your hands of the Sin,
The monster and the victim are both your
Brothers,
And you are your brother's keeper.
The shriek may come from
Another continent,
In another era,
But it comes from the lips of your child.
Your ivory bracelet
Is another man's manacle
And your silence
Leaves him enslaved.

Pyre

By Denise Planchet

The fire has feasted well tonight
It has drunk freely of the blood
Of oaks and maples
Belching smoke after each sip
The coals chuckling, smoldering
The fire relishes in dying embers
A rich dessert
And now it sleeps among ashes
Oak blood drips from its lips as it snores
The fire has feasted well tonight
On the gaunt, hairless corpses
That pile in pits
Dug by others who will be ashes tomorrow
Nameless and now faceless
Withered branches
Of someone's family tree

The Rape of Europa

By Denise Planchet

When did it start?
The Mediterranean licked at my boot, and there was
Talk of trains running on time,
But it was not He who affected me most
It was The Other.
This He seduced me,
His influence caressed my snowcapped
Breasts
And then, he forced Himself into my fertile womb,
My sacred womb, which birthed
Mozart, Beethoven, Einstein.
He defiled me with His
Nationalist seed,
Impregnating my people with thoughts of
Blood and Burning.
He ravished me, from foot to head,
To West, to East
America must have heard my screams,
Carried across the fickle tides,
But no one came
No one, except Him.
They swore He'd pull out,
But he didn't
I wept
I bled
Finally they came
And He killed Himself, rather than be defeated
Over six million of my children were
Slaughtered
It was then I realized,
My belly was swollen
With child
And soon, I gave birth
To my sacred daughter.
She is daughter to Ishmael, and Issac
And I call Her
Israel