

Completion

A life time ago

On Klatovy station

Sitting on a swing

Hearing the old joke

“Your Aunty Rudolph and Uncle Else are coming”

Small uncle and tall aunt arriving

Bringing amazing gifts from distant Berlin

A round doll’s house with street lights at its centre,

A huge rocking horse with thick mane and proud tail

A red car to sit, to pedal and drive.

Sitting on a sad train full of children,

Parents last seen shut off behind barriers.

Suddenly in the corridor, Uncle Rudolph, Aunt Else

Riding through Germany from border to border,

Magically familiar, laughing and joking,

Their presence here the best gift of all.

Yesterday

Making a long postponed phone call,

Giving names, dates of birth, last known address,

Hearing

2nd March 1943

Uncle Rudolph, Aunt Else

Deported to Auschwitz.

No one left to remember them

Just me

Finally, able to mourn.