

## **Inked**

*For Holocaust Memorial Day  
27 January 2018, whose theme was:  
"The Power of Words"*

This tattoo is not:  
a souvenir of a drunken night in Malaga  
a Maori tribal pattern  
a symbol from Lord of The Rings  
an inspiring quote  
her horoscope sign  
the names of her dead children.

This tattoo is not:  
the winning numbers on her lottery ticket

although these numbers, crudely inked  
on the outside of her thin ageing left forearm,  
did signify the allocation to slave labour  
rather than the gas chamber which meant –  
for a few at least – a random chance of survival.

This tattoo is:  
a bar-code that sought to reduce her to *ein Stück*.

Please write about me, about us, she asks,  
the few who survived and the many who didn't:

historical revisionism  
anti-Semitism  
competing forms of genocide  
the passage of time  
fake news –  
all erode our story  
seek to rub us out.

And so I ink the page:  
her story their story our story –  
indelible.

*ein Stück: "a thing", used by the Nazis to refer  
to the women in the camps.*

**Christine Vial**

## **Cranes in the Snow Country**

It has to be white, the paper,  
for how else would you see the loneliness  
of house and fence and tree

or the red caps of the cranes  
who dance their stately dance  
deep in the Snow Country?

There they spread mulberry fibres  
on bleaching fields for the ultraviolet  
and ozone of snowmelt,  
harvesting the weather's gift  
so that what blanks out thought  
(the sliding doors my father opened  
upon a pure wall of white)  
can be overwritten  
with what we can speak of –

the man with the plastic bucket  
who tramps out every day to throw  
handfuls of grain,  
or my father tunnelling  
towards the light.

**Dorothy Yamamoto**

## **Loving the Scars**

In the art of kintsugi  
nothing is really broken

the shattered pot  
is not discarded

nor its cracks  
invisibly mended

its brokenness  
is honoured

bandaged  
with gold

**Kathryn Southworth**