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Untitled

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I leave today for reasons of yesterday,
The man working at the fence post plant called,
And I returned his call,
For the rest of the day, I don't eat.

Off to the side of my mind I remember something about farming,
Fence posts are very important, and need to be put up father and son,
Father and son,
Going with this thought, I pack a meal for Warner, the German I know
will
be there, and drive.

Thoughts of the Germans that dad got from the POW office,
how glad they were to work for my family, as mom killed two chickens
everyday for lunch and set a place for all eight at the table.
Only if they knew we were Jewish. Jewish tobacco farmers.

They were glad to be here, instead of home. At least for now.
Sie Frei, Wir Frei.* They liked the fried chicken.

Chains and bald heads, make me think prisoners, happy prisoners.
I decide not to work today, but I do drop off lunch for Warner.

*You free, we free

Brian Wills