

ALEXA LUBORSKY

ACCRETION

for Krikor Z. Yeghoyan, for Morris Bitterman

the quick and the dead shared
I would see a cart full of bodies
in my dream Koulou still exists
a common grave Sakhors
they didn't even bother covering it
the wells remain in tact
at night they piled up the bodies
we were working late at night
the barley still grows plenty
and set fire to them Adzig
after a whole day's work and so guards
here there was no death
in order to clean out the streets
the head of pack said "Don't you want to
here there was no great grandmother
they brought some garbage trucks and
stabbed 27 times who did not die where
loaded them in the back
Either she was supposed to here my genes were
of the boys orphanage where
not turned on by famine or a blade of
so we worked with all our strength
there was a ditch ready
which was that was not mine anymore
and I survived this too
I fixed a place under the floor
there wasn't a day we were not killed
a subterranean hole hard enough
it was quite fast that they came
I could not eat on floorboards at burying myself alive
almost the same evening
I was more dead than alive
they came into town with tanks
seven weeks went by
beneath a staircase as my father is shot
it was August Oukvik
I am of a family— we were ten
here I am not good at serving a woman
the foul air, the fleas, the lice
and until the war of 1939
dressed in my dead mother's clothing
I decide life was not worth living
they— we were all together
here I am not good at jumping into wells
I had reconciled the idea of death
everybody was in good health
to avoid being beaten to death here I do
I felt I could welcome death in any form
shabbat meal was certainly very warm
not hate potato skins here I am not
than live in the miserable rat-hole
warm [PAUSES & SECONDS]
coming across fogged men as I walk
started their romance here
when we got free from fasting here they do not use the
this sheriff's target was the priest
to the hospital because I was seven eggs
the lynching, the pillaging of nails
and was too fat
the scaring his tongue with a hot poker
after two weeks of hospital
he wants to put a kind of like a stand of language here I
I weighed 45 kilos
as soon as they get a near well
if the war would have taken
he throws himself down
agonies here I am not a mechanized
drawing
the last Jew that survived here I am not
Koulou had lots of wells
I would not have made it
asking amha?
performance of violence
(that is where it delimits name)