

*For me, Ukraine was a graveyard.
The massacres of Jews in Ukraine in 1648-49.
The mass slaughter of Ukrainian Jews in 1919.
The best we can do . . . is help other people stay alive.*

Gershom Gorenberg, 2022

Dear Wednesday in the middle of this month,

In this year of our sadness, tell me, where is when? My clocks keep changing the time. Are you there? Dear middle of this day in this forsaken land, dear invisible feet shuffling past this middle, dear voices singing out our old Yiddish goodbyes, *zei gezunt*, are you why? Dear words sitting stubborn in your chairs. Or is it chains? Stars, maybe, the connection keeps breaking up. Dear violin tuning out the moans of the hollow in the middle, dear un-lived Wednesday of my father & my brother & my mother, all buried in this hollow, in this middle, in this sadness in our middle, dear Wednesday of ashes, you're cutting in & out, dearest Wednesday, *zog nit keyn mol*

Nasogastric tubes.
Foley catheter kits.
Hydrogel anti-burn bandages.
Transfusion bags.
Heparin, atropine, tramadol.

Medical supplies needed in Ukraine,
Dr Leo J. Wolansky, February 28, 2022

Butterflies

In the before days, lavender grew in Ukraine & if you grew there, too, if you walked softly enough in early morning or in the calm before night, if you breathed quietly enough, if the light held long enough, a cloud might open itself to you, open its black & white leopard striped wings, you might see those wings beat & fly & someone might tell you they were swallowtails, the most celebrated of butterflies in a land of celebrated butterflies & even in these days of bombs & sorrows, especially in these days, what's left of these days, children still look, in the mud & concrete still they search for butterflies & sometimes find a familiar-looking fan, muddied but still clinging to a rotting trunk, a dying branch, whatever might be left of a tree & someone might tell you children can reach out, taking care not to crush the wings, in these days of sorrows, yes, children can reach out, gently reach out, not knowing how a butterfly bomb can explode in their hands.