

## Prague Fugue for A.M. Klein

by Rebecca Papucaru

Captured curating loss:

A fraternity of specialists

In white coats under yellow badges.

Kindlers of ash, they cull husks to be glassed,

Gather bones broken in far-ranging places.

No telling the temperature of their hours,

They have bankers' boxes for pillows,

And a private's rations.

How to keep hands steady while sorting

Jewish motes, indexing echoes?

I picture them, when marble heads are turned, filching

From the relics displayed before us.

A speck from a *silver spice box, unembossed.*

A blue thread dangling from a *prayer shawl*

*For young boy, c. 1811.*

A nail's worth of wax from the dormant

Pit of a *menorah, provenance doubtful.*

Smuggled under the tongue, a dot

Small enough to run any gauntlet

Will harden into new enamel for fissured souls.

But for now, the throbbing toothache of reprieve.

This is Holocaust Industry, this anthem

Composed for typewriter and index card.

*Jews, where are your musicians?*