

the Berlin boys

What are the Berlin boys doing now?
The one who used to walk with a dog
alongside the train corridors?
the one, who held my passport,
standing rigid, his legs spread apart?
and the one who aimed his
machine gun at me from up high?
What are they doing now, when the folk
from all sides walk scot-free
on the platforms of East Berlin?
Have they hired themselves at removing locks?
or keep busy assembling a wall street?

Poem from ***Stained Glass*** by Joanna Kurowska
eLectio Publishing 2015 (forthcoming)
©2015 by Joanna Kurowska