

Letter to Someone Who Said It Was Necessary

The year I was eight, my cousins went

to the stadium

outside Paris, France;

I was at Ebbets Field,

outside New York, America.

I saw the Dodgers.

They got transport: Drancy to Auschwitz.

Train wheels pound the rhythm. Bound. Bound.

The red of their blood sings in my dreams.

America. America.

Years later in a stadium outside Santiago

Reds stood waiting for quicker transport.

But first blue sport. First Victor Jara.

The white hands of Victor Jara

reach out to me across the band of years.

Alone, without their arms, they reach.

At night they reach America. I put them to bed

on my pillow. Now they live in America.

Some nights they play the guitar as they used to
before they were sacrificed.

He sang his hope when they accompanied him

He sang defiance after they were hacked off.

He sang while his time ran out with the blood from his wrists.

He sings to me still, and still.