

Short Poem - Iris Tillman

Child of the Dniester

*I was trying to cross the Dniester . . . I saw hundreds and hundreds of
bodies floating in the water. Children mostly.
Witness Testimony, Session 62, Adolf Eichmann Trial*

At a finger's touch my skin hurt,
One day my bones turned into pearls.
Fire blossomed in my body.
It was the day we marched
to their trucks with promises
of transport to Zion.
When the doors opened
we fell into a forest
and stumbled toward Paradise.
It was good to fall into the Dniester.
In the river of forgetfulness
my shadow disappeared with the wind.