

WALKING WITH GRANNY M.  
*Transported to Latvia, January 1942*

At times I dream I'm there  
with you. We hear singing.  
A song thrush? I ask. You take my hand,  
saying you can't be sure  
of anything anymore.

The guards yell *Ge Schnell!*  
as we shuffle into a dark forest.  
You wonder if we're back in Prague  
in the canopied cemetery  
where they buried your husband.

I tell you a tree's sprouted between  
your long-gone parents' graves. You say *Ano*.  
Yes. Your sons offered to pull it out  
before they left. You refused.  
The dead sleep well among trees.

You would like to sleep  
but a tune's in your head –  
a tune heard in Terezin?  
A piece your cellist son once played?  
You will write to ask him. Safe in London.

A mist descends, ghosting  
the Latvian woods. I can't see you  
anymore. But I still hear - shovels,  
gunfire, someone singing  
a lullaby. Is it you?

Tony Horitz