

weaponry. My grandfather died even after the war, at least the second big war. My grandfather died after he was released from a concentration camp, in a war that only he knew about, a war with himself. I am more proud of his death than I am of her husband's because for my grandfather, I do not have to feel any guilt.

But yet, he is a stranger to me. He is another stranger who died for me in the war.

How many strangers have died for me? Too many, I think, and I would prefer that they remain anonymous. I do not want the guilt of someone's death on my head.

I could be like my grandfather. I could emulate that thing about him of which I am most proud. I could risk something in my words. I could tell her about my grandfather. I could say, "A blue-eyed Nazi died for me," but I don't. We both know her husband too well.

I'd rather assume part of the guilty pride of her husband's death and stay in her secret society.

A Blade

by Laura Philon

I am the vegetable fur
of the earth;
I am abused.
My life is cut short.
I am crowded.
I am stifled.
I am walked upon.
And spat upon.
There is no love for me.
There is no shelter.
There'd be no warmth either
If it weren't for the sun
and the cigarette burns.
People don't notice me.
I have no friends
Save the beasts
And the worms.