Lamp Shade

They do not know its’ tale—–  
one Fraulein ancestry bequeathed  
& only slightly yellowing  
through years of different homes  
voyaging in fields, German-emerald.

What blood still feeds  
those waving blades?  
What face, Marguerite,  
this light bulb glows from,  
with a being luminous still  
as your hands of silk  
turning the sheet music,  
taper-fingers bright  
on clef lines?

Most days were so studious,  
a young promise cashmere kept  
the lamb of: supple, pink,  
with kid gloves at night  
after the lotion went on.

During recitals  
just a little lipstick  
was the one treat  
& butterfly barrettes  
pinning the neat brown hair.

Workers shaved that first,  
ignoring stories  
of how she was courageous  
in the train, whispering  
“Don’t worry little one”,  
to her brother, age four.

Gold star to gold star,  
she held him so close  
& then screamed “Bastards!”  
when the rip-away came.

Later other laborers  
marveled at how pliant she was,  
the skin’s elastic stretch,  
its milk-pure hue  
so snug on the rods,  
another product well-done  
from the factory of Mein Kampf  
manufacturing these Jews  
to useful household accessories.