

A Creative Force in the World ...



...Ellen Gezork

*A composite of her poetry and sketches with special photos for Ellen's friends and family.*

**Echoes**

I cannot tear the echoes from my mind.  
drums rumble to a measured beat  
and heathen crosses, black on white  
sway with the banner's bloody red,  
as marching boots pound in my head.

The crowd breaks into rhythmic, frantic shout,  
"Heil Hitler!" arms like semaphores stretch high,  
as he, "Der Fuhrer," lean and straight.  
In simple khaki passes,  
while boots drone through my head.

Choirs of voices rise in exaltation.  
faces are lifted, bathed in adoration,  
"Heil, Heil, Heil Hitler!" roars the crowd.  
I stand apart within a void of isolation,  
as boots snap to attention all about.

"Peace, Peace!" he shouts above a million faces,  
"Peace!" sighs the mass of converts to the cause,  
but I see corpses strewn across the nation  
and blood is dripping from the pagan cross,  
while boots stand poised to spread salvation.

I am a stranger in my land,  
where Goethe welded words to depth of knowing  
and Kant played chess with aeons of the mind,  
where Barlach wrestled stone to life  
and altar-triptychs bleed with Christ,  
boots soon will thunder into strife.

Today around my home, destroyed and gone,  
the lilac stretches fragrant to the sky  
and finches greet the day with song.  
Bold buildings rise from desolation,  
huge generators power-pulse the nation,  
the righteous back in conquest over wrong.  
But I forever hear  
the marching boots.

- Ellen Gezork