

Sunday, June 14, 1942

 Birthday gifts
 chocolates, a puzzle, a broach
 the greatest of all—a diary
 Days to come,
 your life is a semi-sweet puzzle
 your diary books your passage to sanity.
 A plaid lifeguard.

monday, June 15, 1942

Thoughts included friends,
a movie called "The Lighthouse Keeper"
with Rin Tin Tin.
Lighthouses, a source of light and direction
worth barking about.
Your own quiet strength
to surge forth as a beacon
with no barking but carefully murmured whispers.

Saturday, June 20, 1942

Patient paper,
point well taken
as words join hands and
lie flat on paper.
Paper lies patiently,
not moving, not arching eyebrows
or impatient hand gestures
to speed a conversation.

“Kitty” you called it.
Like investing funds in a kitty,
you invested your inner guts and soul.

Your dark haired roots
of family tree crowned
with yellow stars
stood strong in spite of
poisoned soil all around.

Saturday, June 20, 1942

An ice cream Oasis
like ping pong balls atop a cone,
you raised a racket
among buddies.
Sweat dripped fast as ice cream.

Bike spokes spun round
spoken words from hopeful beaus
either returned by your racket
or ignored,
out of court,
out of mind.

Sunday, June 21, 1942

Hedging bets,
pruned and sheered by odds.
Worried eyebrows knitting sweaters,
pass or fail and who?

Nine teachers doing balancing acts,
juggling grades,
silencing students, including you-
Chatterbox.

Same name.
You, a forced report,
a failed goal by
math master
for your mouth
rambled on...
like a babbling brook.
“Quack, quack, quack.”

The new assigned paper,
one you couldn't duck,
ghostwritten in rhyme
enjoyed by all.

Freedom to speak
words, spontaneous verbiage
gushing among sitting ducks.



Wednesday, June 24, 1942

The dentist drilled teeth,
the government drilled rules.
Trams, a forbidden luxury,
aware of a stolen bike,
you had long walks and a long face.
Longing always for new friends,
then, a new face
handsome and sixteen,
wanted to come along.
You said "Yes."
Who needs trams anyway?



Tuesday, June 30, 1942

Gentle and quiet,
a tranquilizer
she was.

Fanny—your competition
but Harry found you more
exciting.

He found Zionists
his rebellion.

Etched in your memory
as were other boys.
A fickle pickle of sorts.

Friday, July 3, 1942

Fickle faded.
Shades of love and
sweet eats.
Like hot cross buns,
a hot cross Daddy.
Out too late,
curfewed too soon.
Ten minutes
more or less.
Less time,
more freedom,
a soul confides
you're the one.
Fitting remark
following the
parental intro.
Love shaded by
blindness of
sweet biscuits of youth
and sweet times.



Sunday, July 5, 1942

Evidence of skill—
family grades.
Parents were A+,
life given a good score
and your outlook positive...
though anxious.
Hushed words of hiding,
hidden words
though meaning revealed.
Visions of good days
frozen in mental freeze frames.
Hopes that clocks would
stop with happy faces.

Wednesday, July 8, 1942

Pounding heart,
a pound on the door.

A call-up
who?

Daddy?

Mummy?

Margot? No.

This can't be.

Plans fall into place
like the outer
rim of a puzzle.

The inner rim of family
contrasts the center.

Interlocking,
entwined
layered with clothes
and strength.

You slipped away
Goodbye, Moortje.



Thursday, July 9, 1942

Yellow stars
in heavy rain.
Shades of joy
and a secret passage
to a new life.
Plain grey door
to a plain grey life.
Colored by hope
that the Secret Annexe
wouldn't be forever.