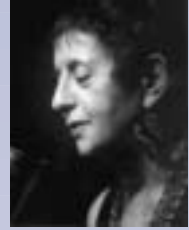


Ruth Weiss, geboren 1929
in Wien, konnte 1939 mit
dem letzten Flüchtlings-
zug Österreich verlassen.
Sie lebt seither in den
USA und ist einer der
bekanntesten
Jazz-Poetristinnen



Her number was not called

her number was not called
her number was not called
she was not there
to be given a number
she was 10

she sails away
her doll's head breaks in the storm
as it crashes to the floor

salt oft the sea
mixes with tears
that do not return

she is 20
lives in a room she painted black
vomits daily for 20 years
shaves her head
does not know why she is alive
does not know the source oft her pain

she is 65
a light beams the tunnel
she freezes in panic

a voice with questions
a voice from her heart
we are her to gather the stories
from the HOLOCAUST

my story?
my number was not called

i was not there
to be given a number
i have no tattoo to show you

but you are here

yes i am here
i left with mother & father ---
all the others ---
cousins, aunt, uncle
the mother of my mother ---
all the others ---
into gas & smoke

a light at the end of the tunnel

ALL THE NUMBERS
BECOME LETTERS OF GOLD

honor the memory
then let go off the pain
to keep it from happening
again & again

THIS IS THE BEGINNING

ruth weiss