

## **Beautiful Face**

~Inspired by Alice Masters and her journey on the *Kindertransport*

Gleaming eyes of black and white,  
Pastel dolls in charcoal coating,  
Clasped embraces do ignite,  
Chiseled hearts of ignorant loathing.

Beautiful face

Of sun, of faded,

Webbed in tangles, tangling lies,  
Emerald eyes, translucent, jaded,  
Metal glares of rust despise.

Beautiful face

Illusion's courage,

Heaving loads of shattering shells,

Beautiful face

Courage's breath,

Decaying hope, a smile repels.

Beautiful face

I dare not call you,

For it brings forth a hint of truth,

Innocent grace I dare not name you,

I dare not rob you of porcelain youth.

From dreaming eyes the lashes fall,

A wish for every lash is made,

Beautiful face

Memories crawl,

No longer black and white...

But jade.

~**Julia Kolchinsky**

**July 27, 2005**

## **Quilt**

~Tortures of the Holocaust

I sew a quilt in ashes,  
Fingers splintered black,  
Legs and arms for sashes,  
Needles of teeth and back.  
Skulls for color splendid,  
Strings of vibrant veins,  
Beauty... break it - bend it,  
Garters of barbed wire chains.  
Weaving through expression,  
Of skin and blood and bones,  
Mania, fear, depression,  
As shrieking scratching drones.  
Denial and faith and muscle,  
Cartilages for fringe,  
Nails caress and rustle,  
A scratch of scarlet cringe.  
I sew a quilt in grains,  
Of salts and sweat and waste.  
A pail for crimson rains,  
A spoon for agony's taste.  
Hair and brows and fragments,  
Unite in honest heat,  
Colors, vibrant, stagnant,  
Woven incomplete.

~Julia Kolchinsky  
July 27, 2005

## **I wish it were Friday**

~Inspired by and dedicated to Leo Bretholz

you spoke on a Monday  
and as you spoke  
I penetrated  
and as you moved  
I leapt  
and as I absorbed  
your yellow star  
burned  
into my iris  
I'd never felt the weight of  
yellow  
before  
and as I embraced  
I wished it were  
Friday

a wrinkle on your right cheek  
and confident stance  
your hand shaking  
or  
was it mine  
or  
your passion  
you swam through the  
'Sauer' stream  
and I  
love the taste of  
lemons  
love the taste of  
yellow  
I seem to love the flavor of  
pain  
'Enemy Alien'  
you say  
enemy to ignorance  
alien to comfort, salvation, sanity...  
freedom?  
'Krystall Nacht' reflects the  
burning of  
innocence  
you say  
your eyes reflect  
its life

I say  
a German Shepard  
kept you from the light  
you say  
my 90lb protector  
keeps the darkness away  
contrast I say  
and wish it were  
Friday

specs on a page  
splatters on the pupil  
and the memory  
letters signifying souls  
one soul left  
un-dotted  
one soul not  
noted  
the one soul who  
survived  
the one soul who  
touched  
who touches  
and I wish it were  
Friday

attacks came on  
Friday  
advances towards paralyzed  
bodies  
towards frozen minds  
burning  
yellow hearts  
1 bucket for 50 rags  
and shit to a 1,000 necks  
one blink for a pair of eyes  
one instance  
silence...  
dead...  
white sheets for  
dirtied eyes  
pure hearts  
beautiful souls  
and I wish I saw them  
on a Friday

"Never forget who you are"  
your mom would say  
and my limbs  
echo  
my beats pulse  
and I say  
I wish I knew  
I wish I dropped saline  
I long for a swim  
in your  
memoir  
for a dip in  
Friday

for a taste of candle light  
and  
a black shawl  
on a Friday

But today is Monday...  
I catch a glimpse of your  
gold wedding band  
the gold glimmer in  
your eyes  
the essence to  
life  
wrapped in a  
syllable  
the yellow heat of  
Love  
and I wish it were a  
Friday

~Julia Kolchinsky  
July 25, 2005