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D.P. (Displaced Person)

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D.P. (DISPLACED PERSON)

Viewing the world through boxcar slats steaming screaming toward unknown place
privacy erased the past a trace of sooty grime on forlorn face captives hoarded on board
powerous big people over people too little to the D.P. camp dark damp alone in this
crowd hold on tight to the children's hands don't loose the tether that holds the family
together endless barracks stretch wires surround catch surreal sounds squabble scramble
for a bed a blanket a bowl from the communal soup pot the communal work pool
flashbacks in dead of night Nazi war crimes husband conscripted farm confiscated
memory baited in the dead of night four years pass behind the fence forest dense until
liberation freedom deliberation sprung hold your papers with the stamp move up the
ramp to uniform and shiny badge where do you want to go lady you with the three kids
and the granny in tow speak up no English why do you want to go to America do you
know anyone there how do you dare as a woman with no man go back to Poland go back
damn the little mother made a stand saying four words of great worth "I-go-to-America."

— *Patricia L. Karwatowicz*