

One Day in the Life of

There were six, all girls,
 Leningrad students,
 spread on their little table; mackintoshes swinging
 posh suitcases life
 All clear for them. We talked and
 drank
 They asked me what I was. I told the
 truth. "I'm special girls, heading straight for death".

They gasped and moaned
 And covered me

all the way to Novosibirsk.

*

at night, through the back garden
 my brother with me.

Nothing to give
 him nothing for myself. In Frunze some

road workers
 take my little brother
 Teach him how to live

through

even this

Michele Seminara

* an erasure poem sourced from two paragraphs of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, by *Alexander Solzhenitsyn*

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