

## Race

Karen Gershon

When I returned to my home town  
believing that no one would care  
who I was and what I thought  
it was as if the people caught  
an echo of me everywhere  
they knew my story by my face  
and I who am always alone  
became a symbol of my race  
Like every living Jew I have  
in imagination seen  
the gas-chamber the mass-grave  
the unknown body which was mine  
and found in every German face  
behind the mask the mark of Cain  
I will not make their thoughts my own  
by hating people for their race.

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