

Where is God

These lines were written after reading "Shadows of Auschwitz: A Christian response to the Holocaust" by Harry James Cargas.

I look at the photographs
in silence,
deep, deep silence.
One question rises
imperiously:
Where is God?

Bodies are carted into
the inextinguishable blaze
of gaping ovens;
human bones piled in little hills
waiting to be turned into fertilizer,
macabre transubstantiation;
Where is God?

Three corpses hang limply from a gibbet,
swollen tongues loll heavily,
a soldier poses for a snapshot
beneath this grim calvary
proud, it seems, of his part
in blasphemy;
Where is God?

Cadavers strewn at random
in a common grave
big as a football field;
featureless bodies who
once were men and women
boys and girls
made for life and love;
Where is God?

Human hair made into rugs
flesh turned into soap
skin into lampstands
gold fillings extracted
melted down.
Nothing wasted;
nothing lost;
Where is God?

In a world like this
where is God?
In the world you made,
Where are you God?

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