

FEAR AND MISERY IN THE THIRD REICH



James McCabe

after Brecht

The Faithful

Here come the Brownshirts
Under a swastika sky—
Polished, shaven, like
Boyscouts, but for the jackboots,
But for the odd beer belly.

Pageant

Rome in its glory
Cannot compare with this, our
City floating with
Red flags, flowers on the streets,
Our women dressed for weddings.

The Jewish Wife

Somebody should have
Told him a Jew was no good
For a wife, that they
Nearly always disappeared,
That gentlemen prefer blondes.

Parenthood

One Fatherland, one Leader,
The little children learn to
Look at their parents
In a new light—good or bad
Germans, as the case may be.

Somnambulist

Like a sleepwalker
The Führer arrives, gloves in
Hand, he knows there is
Nothing to wake for,
When dreams come true.

Hitler's Hands

Like little tyrants
They wag an index finger
To call the lackey
Over, or fold in a bored
And impatient *Heil Hitler*.

In the Art Gallery

Connoisseurs of art,
They follow their Leader through
The naked statues
Who have studied the human
Form in all its perfection.

The Facts

History is what
The Party believe in, what
Every Nazi in
The street knows to be true—
All the rest is propaganda.

Settlement

This is without doubt
Our last territorial
Claim—all those lands where
Germans live or have lived or
Want to live in the future.

Lebensraum

In a dream I woke—
Another place, other time—
Everyone was gone
Except for huge black ravens
The bloom of health, sleek, well-fed.

Clean Streets

These are the days when
Crime is a thing of the past,
When you wouldn't see
A scrap of litter, even
The cobblestones are scrubbed clean.

A Critic

There is no such thing
As fear or misery in
Our Third Reich, Herr Brecht.
That is exactly what we
Intend to eradicate.

New Order

I see the future—
A bright, empty autobahn,
A string of dirty
Red cattle trucks heading in
The opposite direction.