

“Darkness,” from *The Unveiling* by Linda Ayres-Frederick

Shmuel: Male 40-50, Eastern European Jew.

During the war while working in the underground, he and his brother mistakenly blew up trains one of which was filled with Jews they mistook for Nazi supplies and soldiers

No, I don't forgive myself. I don't know who to ask for such forgiveness. But not human being, and not god I don't believe in who lets such crime to all of us happen and so I don't ask anymore for forgiveness from you or god I don't believe in and it sits there, this, this... unnamable, unforgiving of myself like a darkness inside me that grows into something that eats me maybe. But I don't look at it. I don't look because then all the day is darkness and I can't live this way. I can't. I don't know why you think you need to tell your darkness to everyone. Perhaps you think it be better but you look at their faces and you know, it just make worse your day and all our days but now you can't take back, no? It out in light and you can't take back. Like feather pillow ripped open, the feathers, they fly and is impossible to put feathers all back in.