

Deconstructing “Gulliver’s Travels”

While driving, getting blitzed sipping coffee
And listening to jazz on cassette
To mask voices from the past yet pursuing him,
He progresses his mission to Terra Incognita
In quest of Gulliverian survivors
From the shipwreck that stranded him, too,
Along with captain and crew,
On the sands of a strange Germanic land,
His hands, legs, and tongue tied to a nightmare
From which, despite eventually exiting,
He will never escape.

Today, his trip takes him from St. Louis,
Not Redriff, to Auschwitz, not Lilliput,
To pick up victims, or their ghosts,
Who still might wish to piss on the queen’s castle,
Extinguish its Hitlerian firestorm,
And achieve at least symbolic vindication,
If not lasting satisfaction,
For actually having been burned alive
In that conflagration.
Cruising in a caffeine-crazed daze,
He suddenly undiscovers his location in the universe.

LOUIS DANIEL BRODSKY