

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## *What do you know?*

By Richard Fein

(1979)

In Cracow, the official tourist agency  
referred me to Mrs. Poliakoff, who'd  
hidden in the forest during the war.  
"You can speak to her. She knows Yahdish."  
She showed me the streets of Kuzhmir.  
She opened the lock on the synagogue  
door and quickly informed me, "Repairs  
are all being done under the authority  
of the Polish government, with advisers."  
"And how many Jews are there to attend?"  
She blanched, stepped back and shrilled,  
questioning all that I grasped,  
*Vos? Vos kent ihr? Vos kent ihr?*