

## Susan Sklan – Two Poems

### Crossroads

As we came closer to his death  
I confessed I did not know  
how I should be  
in the next part of the journey.  
He told me of an image  
from Tagore's epic poem *Gitangali*.  
It is of a parent and child,  
the parent throwing a child  
up in the air  
and then catching him.  
It is like that, he told me.  
Throw your love up in the air  
and let go with joy.

\*Rabinderoth Tagore's *Gitangali*.

### Letter to my grandmother

Warsaw Ghetto, 1941

*My beloved child,*

*I forget my longing and the pain I carry in my heart and am glad that you were given the possibility to save and form your life.*

*Loving greetings and kisses from your Mama*

Cambridge, MA 2016

My Dear Grandmother,  
This morning I walked my grandchildren to school.  
Police were guarding the front entrance  
as there was a threat of gun violence.  
The hallways were filled today.  
So many parents together with their children,  
as if parents could shield their children  
with their own bodies.  
I thought of you.  
Thank you for my father's life.

**Susan Sklan** is an Australian now living in the Boston area. She is a social worker whose poems have appeared in *Polis*, *The Centennial Review*, *Kalliope*, *Folio*, *Gulf Stream*, *Jam Today*, *Pleiades*, *Sandscript*, *Sing Heavenly Muse!*, *Sojourner*, *Lilith*, *Journal of Progressive Human Services*, *Soundings East*, *The Worcester Review* and other journals. In 2018 her poem “On passing an old lover’s address” was selected by the Cambridge, MA Sidewalk Poetry program and is now installed on a city sidewalk.