One Day in the Life of

There were six, all girls,
Leningrad students,
spread on their little table; mackintoshes swinging
posh suitcases life
All clear for them. We talked and drank
They asked me what I was. I told the truth. "I'm special girls, heading straight for death".

They gasped and moaned
And covered me

all the way to Novosibirsk.

* at night, through the back garden
my brother with me.

Nothing to give
him nothing for myself. In Frunze some
road workers
take my little brother
Teach him how to live

through

even this

Michele Seminara

* an erasure poem sourced from two paragraphs of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Michele Seminara. ‘One Day in the Life of’, *Transnational Literature* Vol. 8 no. 1, November 2015.