

# **The Unemployed, Disabled & Insane**

**John Haines**

*after August Sander*

He stands alone at the city corner,  
an old hat crushed in his hands.

There is no hope in those eyes,  
fixed on a scarred and empty street.

On a facing page two blind children  
are holding hands. What they are saying  
to each other we are not told,  
but that they are disabled and insane.

It is 1929. We are waiting for what  
we cannot see and have no name for:  
a booted stride on a street of glass,  
the triumph of a murderous will.

Seventy tormented years have passed.  
The refugees are camped at the end  
of another road to cross the border  
into that same still-haunted age.

The children there are not yet blind;  
they are old enough to see  
where this solitary man is looking at,  
here at the center of an unturned page.