

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 2 | 1993

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CHECK-IN AT NURNBERG

He's back, liebchen, just like you always imagined it, checked in to the penthouse suite at the Bavarian Hilton. He's not in his room; maybe he's down at the pool. If you climb up to the roof and press your nose to the window, you can see that the place is filled almost to the ceiling with a vast assortment of electronic gear, piles of suitcases, wardrobes full of clothes, stacks of new purchases still in their store wrappings, and a few floral arrangements and fruit baskets that look like gifts. I wonder how much he tipped the bellboy?

All this seems to be in order. There is, to be sure, one odd thing: a cheap transistor radio, perhaps Japanese from the fifties, set like an afterthought on top of a thick, wet bath towel, and playing cheesy accordian versions of the Horst Wessel Lied and "I Had A Comrade." But our guy's casual—none of that Thousand Year Reich stuff this time, he's probably downstairs working on his Aryan tan and taking calls before his shot, next week, on "Nightline."

He's even left his sliding glass door open, proving he's got nothing to fear from anyone. Why don't you slip in right now and snag the radio—it was obviously intended for you, anyway—and carry it down to the pool, letting the last, feeble strains of "Deutschland Awake" be drowned out by the elevator's new-age muzak. Sure, he may pretend to be shocked at first, but then he'll laugh his inimitable laugh; and who knows, with luck, the two of you might really hit it off.