

# Love and Death in the Poems of LOTTE KRAMER

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Let us begin with some rhetorical questions: Is there a relationship between love and death? Is that relationship a main theme of Lotte Kramer's poetry? Common sense tells us that of course there is a relationship. As to Lotte Kramer's poems, no it is not a main theme of her poems. However, love and death are seen to be side by side in her poems. Sometimes one is central and the other only suggested. One gives weight to the other so the story line, though subtle, can appear clear. This adds to the human drama of the poem making it easier for the reader to participate vicariously.

However, in this paper we will be trying to understand and illustrate the broadness of the spectrum of Lotte Kramer's work. By taking up one theme, which is in and of it self very broad, we hope to suggest that other themes in Lotte Kramer's poetry would also, under similar investigation, be found to bear similar results.

We will be reading a variety of Lotte Kramer's poems that have to do with death and dying. We will be looking at how, when or why love is also present or suggested. We will be considering death in

very broad terms: the passing away of and nostalgia for certain customs or aspects of culture, the “putting away” of a work animal and the accidental death of circus animals. We will be taking up the passing of empires, world hunger, and a small village being bombed in a world war. On a more personal level, we will be reading poems commemorating the death of a friend, elegies signifying respect and love for the departed, and the appearances of a spirit, a friendly ghost, who, contrary to our expectations of what ghosts normally do, is always bumping into doors.

### “I.M. Ritz Cinema”

The Bauhaus Ritz is dead.  
The red-brick elephant  
She sits empty in the city street,  
Her musty smells no longer brush  
The heat of make-belief.  
All’s withered in his dusty plush.

We mourn this loss of meeting place  
That now will turn to concrete, glass,  
To swell the coffers of the town  
And in its icy center holds  
No ivory lights that nightly pass,  
No warmth where queues of arteries cross.<sup>1)</sup>

In the 1920’s and 30’s new theatres for cinema were being built in countries around the world and many of them were named “The

Ritz”. Cinema Treasures web site lists 19 Ritz Cinemas in England alone. Of these, three are still open, seven have been closed and eight have been both closed and demolished.<sup>2)</sup> Remember that this is just counting the cinemas named Ritz! So, yes, this is a general trend. This poem is one of mourning for the custom of seeing cinema in a theatre, which has not completely passed away, but has at least seen the loss of many of its grand old theatres.

There is nostalgia here. People loved this meeting place and mourned its loss. The “red brick”, the “make belief” and the “ivory lights” of the old cinema theatre are pregnant with “color”, “heat” and “warmth”. And what has replaced the beloved “red brick elephant” done in Bauhaus style architecture? This poem suggests that the new town center though “new” was not necessarily an improvement in every aspect.

### **A LYING IN STATE**

In Westminster Hall  
The great hammer-beam roof,  
Survives the death-watch beetle.  
A Lying in State.

Our lives continue  
Little holiday outings,  
Take the boat down the Thames  
To the white elegance of Greenwich,  
The river a big empty mouth  
Broadening each minute,

Learning a new langue:  
The loss of trade.

Lining the route  
Warehouses stand large  
And hollow like unused  
Victorian hospitals,  
No longer bulging  
With cargos from the sea,  
No cranes bending down  
Gratefully. The green slime  
Of the river bank creeps  
On shore where we read  
Funeral names:  
    'Free Trade Wharf,  
    Metropolitan Wharf,  
    Oliver's Wharf'  
Another Lying in State.<sup>3)</sup>

The custom of a “lying in state” differs from country to country, but generally speaking it is the tradition of placing a coffin on view in a principal government building so that the public can pay their respects to the deceased before the funeral. In Britain this honor is afforded to monarchs, and sometimes former prime ministers such as Winston Churchill. The lying in state referred to in this poem is that of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth Queen Mother, the wife of King George VI, and mother of Queen Elizabeth II. As is the tradition, the

lying in state took place in Westminster Hall. The British people are said to have loved their Queen Mother. 200,000 people paid their last respects to her at this time.

The Queen Mother was born in 1900 and died in 2002 at the age of 101, making her the longest-lived monarch in British history at the time of her death. This means she would have been alive in 1910 when the death-watch beetle caused much dry rot in “the great hammer-beam roof” of Westminster Hall. It had to be repaired at great expense only to undergo attack by incendiary bombs in 1941. But “the great hammer-beam roof” survived, as has the royal family.

However, the Empire “on which the sun never set” has not survived. Trade is not as successful as it used to be when the Queen Mother was young and Britain was experiencing its “imperial century”.<sup>4)</sup>

The ceremony of a lying in state is a time for the people of a nation to come together, to feel a common identity, and to grieve a common loss. In the poem “Lying in State”, of course, there is that intent. But the reader is also given to understand that, in the past hundred years, not only have monarchs passed away, but that there has been a “loss of trade” and the demise of an empire.

## **EQUUS POWER**

Lorries torturing the tarmac  
Intent on discharging  
Their dubious commodities

Remind me of that hot day

When arriving home from school  
I met a dark mass of horse

Spread-eagled in the yard's doorway.  
His sad eye in his half-turned head,  
His collapsed rump damp on cobbles,

The cart across the pavement  
Stacked tall with crates and bottles  
That have nowhere to go.

Men tried to lift him up  
But sent me away—  
Not to hear or witness

That mutual futility  
Pointing the afternoon  
To a bullet's answer.<sup>5)</sup>

Animals die. Adults know this...have accepted it and learned to consider it at least inevitable and often convenient or necessary. But what about children? When do they learn about this? How do they feel about it? In the poem "Equus Power" the death of a horse is described from a child's view point. Presumably the child is the poet herself. If so she is writing about an incident that probably occurred some sixty years previously. She would have been about ten years old at the time. Yet it is so vividly described it reads as if

it could have happened yesterday. The reader is drawn into it, perhaps identifying with the child, perhaps with the men who decide on the expedient “bullet” as a terminal solution to the problem of a huge animal blocking the thoroughfare. They are putting the horse “out of its misery” as well as doing the public the service of clearing up the street.

But how does the young girl react to the sight of the sick... therefore useless...therefore expendable horse? Was she shocked? Was she sad? Did tears well up in her eyes? How did she interpret the fact that the men “sent (her) away.../ Not to hear or witness that mutual futility?” Does she think they were doing it because they wanted to shield and protect her from seeing the horse die? On the other hand, was it perhaps that didn’t want her witnessing them kill it?

This part of the story is not elaborated on in the poem. This is a writing technique that could be called the technique of omission. It might be a skillful and deliberate omission or a subconscious one, but that doesn’t matter. What does matter is that the reader will be drawn into the story and will, thereupon, try to imagine or figure out what has been left unsaid. This resulting audience participation is not always possible to achieve, but when it does happen, it often leads to greater appreciation of the poem.

### **CIRCUS FIRE**

Only a bus-full  
Of wire and mud,

Singed blackness  
Where hair and skin

Had housed flesh,  
Blood and bones.

The rhythm of beaks,  
Of quick-eyed feathers

A teaspoon of cinders;  
Serpentine reptiles

A chaos of cogwheels.  
But unprepared

For human eyes:  
In pairs, embracing,

The remnants of apes.<sup>6)</sup>

Everyone loves a circus. But the circus has burnt down. The animals recently alive are now dead! So how is the poet reacting to this? And how do we, the readers react to this description of it in verse? And what is our reaction to the human-like apes, which, in death, are “in pairs embracing”?

A first reaction might be one of horror or disgust leading to an attempt at denial: “Oh, I don’t want to think about this!”

A second reaction would be to try to relate it to previous experience or knowledge. About the time I first read this poem I had been reading the book Ishmael by Daniel Quinn which is the story of a very intelligent gorilla who has escaped from a zoo and is seeking a (human) pupil who “must have an earnest desire to save the world”. So...my second reaction was that we humans should not look down on apes as being all that different from us. I thought that this might be the point the poet was making. You see, we can only interpret things based on what we have experienced or in connection with what we might have been reading or perhaps seeing on T.V.

But then, a few months later, I had a third reaction. As I was watching the film “Amen” directed by Constantine Costa-Gavras<sup>7</sup>, I had a new reaction to the poem “Circus Fire”. It could very well be that I was reading things into this poem that were not intended by the poet. Be that as it may, I had now seen it from a different angle.

“Amen.” is the story of a German university professor of chemistry who has been delivered into the ranks of the SS by his patriotic father. The SS want to make use of his knowledge of chemistry in general and of the gas sarin in particular. At one point in the story, this SS Lieutenant Kurt Gerstein is trying to convince the papal nuncio in Berlin to send word to the pope in Rome about what is happening in the death camps in Poland, in the hopes that the Holy Father will be able to let the truth be known to the whole world and eventually stop the horror. The following are the lines spoken by SS Lieutenant Gerstein to the papal nuncio:

What I saw haunts me day and night. Even in death we

can recognize a family. They die clinging to each other. Naked mothers clasp their infants to their breast.

I was told that after death they can't be pried apart...not even with oxen.<sup>8)</sup>

So, in literature as well as in life, how we see something depends on our vantage point. Broadly speaking there are two vantage points: observer and participant. The switch from one to the other can come in a flash. The change of heart would be from one of sympathy for the apes to one of empathy for human beings.

### **A PAIR OF SPECTACLES**

He sent his spectacles without a word.  
His farewell letter, silent, unexplained.  
Just safely padded and the gilt frame shone  
Round eyeless lenses. So much care had gone  
Into this packaging. Two women held  
The glass and metal in their hands and wept

Grief on this morning proof. For days they'd kept  
On hoping he'd come home. They'd been told  
Of some discrepancy at work, finance  
He'd dealt with. Not like him to bank on chance.  
No swindler he—a decent Catholic  
Who loved his life, his family, liked a drink

And music, played the organ in the church—  
The postman brought a shame they could not touch.<sup>9)</sup>

In a poem that tells a story, basic questions to be answered are: What happened? Who done it? And why? In this poem none of these points are clear. Rather the poet has described the emotions of the two women who have been left alone. The man is no longer with them. He has departed “without a word. His farewell letter, silent unexplained.” Emotions ranging from love to hope to denial to grief to shame are the elements of this poem. So the “what, when, where, and why” are of secondary importance or perhaps of no importance at all. A police detective would probably feel some frustration with this poem. But this poem isn’t really about the disappeared man. It is about the two women he left behind. It is about how they are coping with the world as it is left for them. Perhaps the poet’s skill is precisely in *not* giving us all the “facts”. We seem to have been placed in suspension...the better to feel the uncertainty and anxiety the two women must have been experiencing.

### USELESS

While mothers wail, the children starve and die,  
The wheat lies useless on the surplus hill  
Because there is no gold in their young cry.

Now is the time of beet-smoke in the sky  
And blanket-heavy hangs that malted smell  
While mothers wail, the children starve and die.

We coddle cats and dogs and wonder why  
Some lie spread-eagled in the road, quite still,  
Because there is no gold in their young cry.

To save our men from heart disease we try  
To follow doctor's anti-butter drill  
While mothers wail, the children starve and die.

The cattle vanish as the milk runs dry;  
Our dust bins reek with wasted food and spill;  
There is no gold in those young children's cry.

The four winds gather substance for each lie,  
The spokesmen eat their words against their will  
While mothers wail, the children starve and die  
Because there is no gold in their young cry.<sup>10</sup>

Poetry is often about very personal experiences, but not always. This poem undertakes the description of a worldwide economic problem and yet somehow manages to put it on the human level. Poverty and death by starvation are not your ordinary-run-of-the-mill poetry themes. Moreover, in this poem the economic rationale for this state of world affairs is also stated: "There is no gold in those young children's cry." People with no money are non-persons in a market economy. They can not affect how the market moves. They have no voice. "The wheat lies useless on the surplus hill," but how can we get it to them? In the "overweight" countries of the

world we worry about “heart disease” that comes from eating too much “butter”. “Our dustbins reek with wasted food and spill”.

This entire poem is a description of the gap between the poor and the rich, but it is also an unstated question: Why has this continued for so long and what can be done about it? Lotte Kramer undoubtedly has a deep sense of world social justice. The Nobel laureates Mother Teresa<sup>11)</sup> and Muhammad Yunus<sup>12)</sup> were/are interested in precisely the kinds of problems she writes about in this poem. Perhaps it can be said that writing about this problem as a poet is Lotte’s small way of contributing to the solution.

### EXPLAIN REVENGE

“Why did they bomb our village, what have we done?  
My face is raining tears all day and night,  
My husband and two children dead and gone.”

She cannot understand this latest sign  
Of terror language and the deed of hate:  
Why did they bomb our village, what have we done?

The mutilation of her tiny world, the plan  
To starve her people in their homeless plight,  
“My husband and two children dead and gone,”

Explain revenge for towers falling down,  
For broken messages, love contact lost-  
“Why did they bomb our village, what have we done?”

For bodies jumping, plunging under stone  
Fire and dust, for creeds that cannot last-  
“My husband and two children dead and gone.”

We saw the view some years ago, had dinner, fun,  
My New-York cousin proudly showed the sight.  
“Why did they bomb our village, what have we done?  
My husband and two children dead and gone.”<sup>13)</sup>

The twin towers of the World Trade Center in New York were attacked on 9/11 of 2001. In October of 2001 the United States invaded the country of Afghanistan. In March 2003 a U.S. led invasion of neighboring Iraq began. This poem was written about the widows in Afghanistan or the ones in Iraq, or both.

*My husband and two children are dead and gone.  
Why did they bomb our village, what have we done?*

The plight of women in war is the topic of this poem. According to Haifa Zangana’s book, City of Widows,<sup>14)</sup> there are 300,000 widows in the city of Baghdad alone and another million across the country. The war in Afghanistan was shorter, so presumably there were fewer widows there.

The simple question: “*What have we done?*” supposes that there should be a just reason for war. To initiate a war of aggression is, according to the Nuremberg Charter, the supreme international crime. World leaders have seemed to support the war, while the

majority of their constituents have been against it. The war in Iraq has now lasted longer than WWII.

So, of course, the face of the widow “is raining tears all day and night...She cannot understand this latest sign of terror language and the deed of hate.” She says: “Why do they bomb our villages? What have we done?” She is speaking not just for herself, but for war widows around the world. She has probably never read the Nuremberg Charter or the UN Convention on Genocide, but she knows the simple truth. She knows that this war is not just, that the killing of her people is not just.

Lotte Kramer chose to title her poem: “Explain Revenge”. Ironically, of course, this is precisely what the widow, will never understand. Widows usually don’t understand revenge wrought upon innocent husbands, be they in Kabul, Baghdad, or New York. The widows of 9/11 have been featured in the American media, but not much attention has been given in the Western media to the widows of Afghanistan or Iraq.<sup>15)</sup> The widows ask: *Why?...What have we done?*”

## THE ELEGIES

Lotte Kramer’s elegies are poems that show sadness, loss, longing and nostalgia. Some may be called funeral elegies or eulogies. They may have been read at funerals or published in poetry magazines after the death of a person the poet knew, loved or respected. They are treasures of the heart and as such were probably much appreciated by the friends and families of the deceased. The death of loved ones is part of the human experience and embedded in our

mass consciousness. The majority of Lotte Kramer's reading public will not have personally known the deceased she writes about, but nonetheless, because she is able to touch the common human condition, her elegies can be moving. (See list of elegies below.<sup>16</sup>)

### **AFTER THE WAKE**

We walk away from the wake  
Huddled in our pain,  
Your presence all around us.

You always listened by looking  
And would have been amused to watch  
This conglomerate of family and friends

From different departments of your life,  
All getting to know each other,  
Being led by you through this grief,

This maze of apposite mourning,  
Old rivals embracing, now safe,  
No longer competing for your time,

Unable to grasp their loss.  
And presiding, your only brother  
Left from seven siblings,

Regal, a sad King Lear,

Donating his last praises  
For you who was without equal:

Lover, brother, friend.<sup>17)</sup>

When loved ones pass away we are often "*Huddled in our pain*". Other mourners are also "*unable to grasp their loss*". In this poem Lotte Kramer is trying to express in words the emotions that she knows are being felt by her fellow mourners. She speaks of the "*lover, brother, friend*" as "*old rivals embracing, now safe, no longer competing for (the) time*" of the deceased. The brother is described as a "*regal, sad King Lear.*" Readers of Shakespeare often notice that *King Lear* is a play of paradoxes. Gloucester seems to gain insight in blindness, whereas Lear attains wisdom in madness. If we look for a paradox in this poem, it is perhaps that the departed person is the one who is now able to lead his "*lover, brother, friend*" "*through this grief*" so that now the old rivals are embracing. The paradox would be to say that the deceased person is alive, but this would not necessarily be false. The love the mourners felt for the deceased is now turned, perhaps searchingly, towards each other. The deceased is said to be leading them. They are willing to get to know each other. Grief becomes a shared experience. One might say that grief needs to be shared.

## BY THE CLIFFS

By the cliffs  
On this salt-washed path,

Littered with sea-weed and pebles,  
You walk with us.

We watch surreal landscapes  
Of glacier rocks  
As the tide goes out  
Only to return with foam and fury.

We hear your praises  
Of the astonishing horizon  
Changing with colour and light  
To another aspect

Of the constant world  
Still housing your spirit  
In water and wind  
And its mysteries.<sup>18)</sup>

Notice that in this poem, Nature being described is “salt-washed”, “surreal” and filled with “foam and fury”. The reader will perhaps associate death and dying with these aspects of Nature.

Note also that the departed had praised “*the astonishing horizon*” which would imply a sensitivity to the beauties of Nature.

Finally, please note that the person has passed away and has now become part of this Nature...part “*of the constant world still housing your spirit*”. The departed is not said to have gone to a far-off heaven to be with a God or god or gods. He/she (?) is still housed “*in*

*water and wind and its mysteries.*” For the bereaved this is a beautiful and reassuring thought. It implies that the deceased is still present.

Readers who never knew the deceased might perhaps experience the feeling of spontaneous and benign envy, wishing that when they died someone would write something of this quality for them. So it is possible to imagine that any community which is lucky enough to have a poet in residence would surely value and request such poetic contributions.

### SPIRIT

You come to me at night  
In my dreams,  
Making coffee on the kitchen table.

‘Too many doors in this house’  
You said again  
As you bumped into each in turn.

Your presence the usual delight  
And assurance,  
Something I lack in my waking hours.

Now that I can not see the world  
Through your eyes  
I miss the extra dimension you gave it.

Why are you here so vividly,  
A spirit only,  
When morning intrudes and demands?<sup>19)</sup>

This poem was written about an intimate person. It might have been a deceased family member, perhaps even the poet's mother. (?) On the other hand, it could have been Lena, the maid. (See "Coffee Grinding"<sup>20)</sup> The smell of the coffee, dreamt or real, is causing a flash back at just the point "*when morning intrudes and demands.*" This early morning "*spirit*" is no longer a part of Lotte Kramer's daily life but has not been forgotten. Dreams are real in that one's subconscious is real, though it is not concrete. The past is real in that it played a part in forming the present.

Note that this is a recurring dream: "*Your presence the usual delight*". The spirit was an important person whose presence gave Lotte "*assurance*" and gave "*extra dimension*" to her world. (See "Waving"<sup>21)</sup>, also "Lena Our Maid"<sup>22)</sup>)

Dreams are often a mixture of things present and past. Perhaps something happened recently that made the poet wish she had a reliable person with which to discuss some minor problem or major event: "*Now that I can not see the world through your eyes, I miss the extra dimension you gave it.*"

The rhetorical question: "*Why are you here so vividly*" is at once a mild reproach of the *spirit*, but also an expression of longing for someone or some period of the past. The poet would like to continue this dream, but must now get up and begin another day.

The thing that makes this spirit seem alive and loveable and

different from stereotyped ghosts is that (she?) keeps bumping into doors. This leads the reader to conclude, or at least be willing to believe, that this must be a real spirit, not a fictionalized one. This poem sounds like a true story.

## IN CONCLUSION

The above poems are only a few of the numerous ones Lotte Kramer has written that are concerned with death and dying of cherished institutions, customs and people. (see footnote # 16) Her scope is broad. She brings us a cinema that is a red brick elephant, *“funeral names”* of wharfs, *“the collapsed rump”* of a horse *“damp on cobbles”*, a circus fire, spectacles that are *“round eyeless lenses”*, wheat that *“lies useless on the surplus hill”*, a widow’s face that *“is raining tears all day and night”*, *“old rivals embracing”*, a *“salt-washed path”* and a lovable spirit that keeps bumping into doors. Her scope is broad and she is a poet. The images she creates stay with you.

It is believed in some cultures that the dead are never really dead until no one left alive remembers them. In such cultures it often becomes the role or even duty of some of the members of the community to remember the deceased in songs, poems, stories, biographies or T. V. specials. The people who do this can be artists, historians, journalists, clerics or parents of the next generation. Perhaps it can be said that to be any good at treating the subject of death and dying one would have to be a little bit of all of the above.

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- 1) Kramer, Lotte, The Desecration of Trees, Hippopotamus Press, Frome, 1994, p. 57.
- 2) <http://cinematreasures.org/search/query=ritz+cinema&search>
- 3) Kramer, Lotte, Black Over Red, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts., 2005, p. 47.
- 4) The imperial century was from 1815 to 1914 when the British Empire was at its peak. After WWII the British Empire was gradually dismantled.
- 5) Kramer, Lotte, The Desecration of Trees, Hippopotamus Press, Frome, 1994, p. 18.
- 6) Kramer, Lotte, The Shoemaker's Wife, Hippopotamus Press, Frome, 1987, p. 39, also Selected and New Poems 1980-1997, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts., 1994, p. 69.
- 7) Director: Constantin Costa-Gavras made the film "Amen." in 2002. It was based on the play "Der Stellvertreter" by Rolf Hochhuth which is known in English as "The Deputy, a Christian Tragedy", also known as "The Representative". It is a 1963 drama that has been translated into more than twenty languages and which indicts Pope Pius XII for his failure to take action to speak out against the Holocaust.
- 8) "Amen." Film directed by Costa-Gavras
- 9) Kramer, Lotte, Earthquake and Other Poems, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts.
- 10) Kramer, Lotte, The Shoemaker's Wife, Hippopotamus Press, Frome, 1987, p. 49, also Selected and New Poems 1980-1997, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts., 1994, p. 72.
- 11) Mother Teresa ministered to the poor, the sick, the dying as well as to the orphaned for over forty years in India. Won Nobel Peace Prize in 1979.

- ( See 2003 biographical film “Mother Teresa” starring Olivia Hussey, directed by Fabrizio Costa )
- 12) Muhammad Yunus is a Bangladeshi banker and economist, founded the Grameen Bank, won the Nobel Peace Prize in 2006. Wrote the books: *Banker to the Poor: Micro-lending and the Battle Against Poverty*, *Creating a World Without Poverty: Social Business and the Future of Capitalism*.
- 13) Kramer, Lotte, Black Over Red, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts., 2005, p. 20–21.
- 14) Haifa Zangana is and an Iraqi novelist and former prisoner of Saddam Hussein’s regime. She writes a weekly column for *al-Quds* newspaper as well as being a political commentator for the *Guardian*, *Red Pepper*, and *al-Ahram Weekly*. She lives in London.
- 15) Exceptions do exist in independent media. See April 11, 2008 podcast interview of Yanar Mohammed by Amy Goodman at [democracynow.com](http://democracynow.com)  
 Yanar Mohammed is the co-founder of the Organization for Women’s freedom in Iraq.
- 16) The following are examples of elegies and other pertinent poems:

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poem title	book title, publisher, date	theme
Final Solution	<u>Ice-Break</u> , Annakim, 1980.	mowing down the wild grasses
The Red Cross Telegram	<u>Family Arrivals</u> , Poet and Printer, 1981 & 1992.	death of poet’s parents
Jewish Cemetery in Prague	<i>ibid.</i>	roots, ancestors, for Rabbi Lov
Stone-setting	<i>ibid.</i>	parents’ nameless graves
Hospital Visit	<u>A Lifelong House</u> , Hippopotamus Press, 1983.	grief, children, unhealed wounds

For a Friend's Threnody at the Death of his Father	<i>ibid.</i>	"His joy was life"
The Last of Winter	<u>A Lifelong House</u> , Hippopotamus Press, 1983. Also <u>Selected and New Poems 1980-1997</u> , Rocking- ham Press, 1997 & 2005.	a letter telling of the death of an 85 year old acquaint- ance
Memoire	<u>The Shoe-makers Wife</u> , Hippopotamus Press, 1987.	for teacher and rescuer, Sophie Cahn
For Friedrich Sandels	<i>ibid.</i>	death of teacher, "the day of the burning of the school"
Visit	<i>ibid.</i>	"the steep hour of her dying"
Twice Bereaved	<i>ibid.</i>	"he talked of God, not of the Jesus..."
Death in Ocotber	<i>ibid.</i>	"She carried her sen- tences like a flag"
Lament and Celebration	<u>The Desecration of Trees</u> , Hippopotamus Press, 1994.	<i>i.m.</i> Gretta Berdolt
Pieta	<i>ibid.</i>	for Kathrine, trying to understand death
Post Mortem	<i>ibid.</i>	of a pet dog
Fire Blight	<i>ibid.</i>	old giant tree
The Sound of Roots	<u>Earthquake and other Poems</u> , Rockingham Press, 1994.	ancestors in Mainz
Dirge	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>i.m.</i> Karen Gershon, kindertransport poet
Instinct	<i>ibid.</i>	baby birds in heat of summer
At a Quaker Funeral	<u>The Phantom Lane</u> , Rockingham Press, 2000.	<i>i.m.</i> S.B.
A Translation	<i>ibid.</i>	"When he was alive..."
Spirit	<u>Black Over Red</u> , Rockingham Press, 2005.	"You come to me at night...making coffee"

17) Kramer, Lotte, Black Over Red, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts.,

- 2005, p. 52.
- 18) *ibid.* p. 52-53.
- 19) *ibid.* p. 51.
- 20) Kramer, Lotte, The Desecration of Trees, Hippopotamus Press, Frome, 1994, p. ??.  
also Selected and New Poems 1980-1997, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts., 1994, p. 93.
- 21) Kramer, Lotte, Family Arrivals, Poet and Printer, London, 1981 & 1992.  
also Selected and New Poems 1980-1997, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts., 1994, p. 21.
- 22) Kramer, Lotte, The Desecration of Trees, Hippopotamus Press, Frome, 1994, p. 19.  
also Selected and New Poems 1980-1997, Rockingham Press, Ware, Herts., 1994, p. 94-95.