

(Being) **HITLERS WIFE**

Hands that command a country,  
that sign a death warrant,  
Touch my skin as lovers do.  
I cringe, afraid to refrain from emotion.

I secretly cry in my sleep,  
In the bath tub,  
In my loneliness  
and during intimate moments.

His eyes are bleak,  
dark and stunted.  
I try in my fearful innocence  
to read him,  
but he's hidden behind  
his father country,  
his tainted belief  
and his tolerance of inhumane cruelty.

His lips tremble like a nervous child  
as they touch mine.  
I look for the monster  
but taste only the man.  
He smiles, a human smile  
and I half believe that his blood  
is the same as mine.

I give myself to him,  
not because I want him,  
nothing he can do would create that.  
I give myself to him  
Through stone cold fear.