

## **The Incident**

The fourth of August, nineteen forty-four  
Was the most beautiful day.

Years later, someone remembered  
How the dog on the houseboat barked  
And the passers-by, with their shopping bags,  
Stopped and stared, as if at an accident,  
Then drifted away, shaking their heads.

The sky was the same oblivious blue.  
The dog lapped from a bucket.  
It had to go on being Friday  
And there was plenty to do.

Women of Amsterdam went on making jam.

Decades later, there would be time enough  
To remember and to make a shrine.