**Wilhelm Weiss**

Melissa Spohr Weiss

I speak my great-grandfather’s name

aloud. Taste its girth, the sharp German

W’s, guttural H that sticks in my throat.

I take my time. Sink my gums into

the letters. Grind my teeth into each

syllable. I swallow the name buried

in Siberian snow. One of fifty thousand.

Memorize the way it bends my jaw. Listen

as I breathe it from my mouth, bring it back

into the world.