

# Goebbels in the Underworld with All His Pretty Ones

*by* Gary Hardaway

The universe extracts no retribution.  
It annihilates without a thought  
of evil/good, sin/virtue. Human need  
for righteous vengeance manufactured Hell  
and all the sorrowful and eternal  
underworlds only imaginations can map.

No Satanic bosom greeted Goebbels  
and the family when the dream  
(his dream) of a blond Reich  
dismembered itself inside the bunker—  
the small, impermanent underworld  
where suffering was brief.

One may take a punitive solace  
knowing he could see and hear  
the kinder shudder, gasp, and hiss their  
final almond-scented breaths as much-fucked  
Magda whimpered and collapsed. In this  
one has at least imagined justice.

