

To Rabbi Eliyahu Mendelstein
Keeper of the Western Archives of Witness
WARSAW

28th of Tammuz, Anno Mundi 5703
In the 1873rd year after the Second Destruction of Jerusalem

Rabbi Mendelstein,

I do not know if you still live. I write this for the scrolls.

This morning, at roll call, as we stood barefoot in rows made for death, I looked up and saw the sun.

There was a blemish upon it—round, black, still. Not the smoke from the crematoria. Not a cloud. A wound in the heart of light. A silence that did not speak—but inverted.

I thought it the eye of Amalek, or a letter from heaven written backwards.

I closed my eyes and thought of Sinai. Of the pillars of fire. Of the voice from the mountain that said, *Thou shalt not murder*. And then I opened them again—and the sun still held that black letter. A commandment crossed out.

Weiss 22893 is what they call me here. But I am still a rabbi. I remember the names. I remember the structure. But here, structure is twisted. Order made into cruelty. It is not chaos. It is perversion. And that spot in the sun?

It was precise.

This is not the silence of Job. It is not the withdrawal of the *tzimtzum*. This is God's grammar turned against itself. A divine sentence recited in reverse.

You taught me that suffering bears witness to something higher. But this—this place—does not ascend. It loops, devours, inverts. The commandments do not echo here. They weep.

The boys in the barracks drew the black sun in charcoal on the wall. One of them called it “the god that forgot.” I think he was right, but I will not let him be the last voice.

Let it be known:

In the twenty-eighth day of Tammuz, Anno Mundi 5703, when the black seal marred the sun above the camps, Menachem Weiss, prisoner of silence, scrawled the forgetting of covenant into the ash of the Shoah.

You are receiving this not because I believe this letter will survive. But because you must.

Seal it beside the shattered Sefer Torah if you find it. If you ever leave this place, let it say: *a rabbi saw the sun carry a black mark as his people burned, and he wrote not to question God—but to remember that even sky bore witness.*

And still I pray.

In smoke and vow,
Menachem Weiss
Rabbi, Witness, Number
CAMP UNKNOWN, SOMEWHERE IN EASTERN EUROPE