

AUSCHWITZ CHARLES N WHITTAKER

The semiquaver chugging of the train on the track And the people on board who will never go back And the terror in the eyes of all the young ones to go With no one knowing as the train comes to slow

Those men at the station as the ramps drop down Where humanity lost is the only crippled sound Hope gone for those who stand behind the hard sharp wire And the smoke in the towers rises just a little higher

And the blue ink stabs a little harder in the skin Above the veins of despair where murder let it in And the terror in the eyes of all those about to leave Another train on the track no last minute reprieve

And the slow, cro...chet chugging of the train on the track; And the people on board. Who will ne...ver go.

Back.

To learn more about Holocaust Memorial Day and discover more poetry featuring a variety of experiences of the Holocaust, Nazi persecution and subsequent genocides please visit us online:



