

Blood

*They shot us in the neck.
Couldn't stand to look at us as the color faded from our eyes.
Most of our last memories were terror, the sound of a thousand gunshots echoing in our ears.
The first mass murder, but not the last.
Only three left, only three.
304,997 gone, just gone.
We did not walk out of Chelmno, We crawled.
Not like free men, but like dogs, or fugitives with the only crime of being alive.
The blood spilled was a thick red.
Unmistakable, and unavoidable.
Only two left, only two.
We tell our story not for the alive, but for the dead.
Not for sympathy, but for commemoration.
People listen, but we know they don't understand.
They tell others, but slowly a tribulation becomes a horror story.
More fiction to the ear than truth.
The blood slowly fades into the ground, leaving just a slight stain.
Only one left, only one.
People comprehend facts about events, learn about victims.
They know they are real, but they are not real, they can't be.
There is less sobbing, less shock.
Memories of trepidation are slowly covered in ivy of time.
The Nazis were the first to cover up what happened in the camp, now all of humanity.
Blood disappears over the days, there is nothing left, nothing to remember.
But blood will soon be spilled again.
No one left, no one.
No one left to tell our story.*