

*The child who didn't know*

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It started with silence.  
Nothing but silence.  
How could I explain  
to a boy  
as young as ten  
what the holocaust was.  
But that's how it started  
with hatred  
and violence.  
That image alone makes you think...  
Why?  
But even if he does understand,  
what it actually means  
do you also  
in that moment  
tell him  
that he too  
is a Jew.

Or should he not be told...  
So that he  
doesn't know,  
can't be upset,  
not lose any sleep,  
can LIVE!

But what is sleep?  
when faced with death,  
maybe death will be a greater gift.  
Perhaps they're both the same;  
we don't know yet  
but by the fading light of day  
we will know  
the chambers are not far away.

"To die...  
To sleep...  
...sleep...  
A moment to dream"