Horror of My Life

Trishal Varma

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Horror of My Life

Cover Page Footnote
‘Horror of my Life’ was written by Trishal Varma in 2010, seven years before the submission. Inspired by stories heard growing up in a very Jewish community in New Jersey, the author wrote in perspective of a Jewish teenage boy who saw the horrors in front of his eyes.

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HORROR OF MY LIFE
Trishal Varma

Knock Knock
Who isthere?
Thy neighbor
Thy neighbor who?
Thy neighbor says leave this country
Bid adieu

I refuse
I will not be abused
This is my country
And I am its people too

Knock Knock
Who is there?
Concussion
Concussion who?
I don’t remember

Train stopped
Brakes screeched
My hands slid
Across her feet
Cold blood everywhere
Not mine,
Not hers.
Everyone’s

Coming to a stop
After a hundred mile dart
Weeks apart
Who’ stop?
Not mine
Not yours
But their stop

S.S
Whack! Whack!
Blood gushed everywhere
Not mine
Not yours
But Ours

Push Shove
Fall out of love
Deutschland
I called it home
Not mine
Not yours
But Our home

Sister
Mother
Father
Brother
OUR people

Smell in the air
Zyklon B?
I guess they lost the Roman Church key
I bruised my knee
Holding my dad
They dragged him to hot hell
Or an oven of heavy swell

Fire there was,
That consumed us all
Yes people burned
Never to be returned
Frail parents they were
Not mine
Not yours
OURS