

3-28-2018

Horror of My Life

Trishal Varma

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>



Part of the [English Language and Literature Commons](#), and the [Photography Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Varma, Trishal (2018) "Horror of My Life," *Forces*: Vol. 2018 , Article 31.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2018/iss1/31>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

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.

HORROR OF MY LIFE

Trishal Varma

Knock Knock
 Who is there?
 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's 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