

AND THE SNOW STILL FALLS

ELIZABETH MARCUS

An unknown future lay ahead, a bare path,
Those who knew prodded us along,
Indiscriminately with guns,
No longer treated as people, but as beasts,
Taken from home, to ghetto, to camp,
Onward we marched,
And the snow fell rightfully, unbiased, unprejudiced.

Herded like cattle, forced to march,
Icy ground rough on our feet,
Several fall, succumbing to despair,
Death ahead, drawing nearer as we walk forward,
Less and less are left, ourselves, our heritage, our people,
Yet onwards we march, toward the thinning mass ahead,
And the snow falls indifferently, without mercy, without pity.

Settling gently atop threadbare garments,
Each flake doubling my burden,
Consciousness numb as body, mind fatigued as muscles,
I see, but don't believe, hear, but can't conceive,
But onwards we're marching, towards the broad horizon,
And the snow's still falling, objectively, honestly, impartially.

Years will pass, times will change,
Hope still for better days to come,
Life will go on, it always does,
Learn from the past, act in the present, affect the future,
Learn to forgive, but never forget,
Onwards we will march, and the snow will still fall.