Remembering the Past

Abandoned streets paved with
Gravestones, blood, and tears.
The distant winds of the past
Rolling ash and dust over
What once was.

Faint whispers and pleas
Of the dead still linger.
That memory being
Carried by those who
Survived the ordeal.

The scars burned
Into their minds,
And into their history.

They are left with
The burden of those memories,
And the task to
Pass down the small flame to
The next generation.
So that one doesn’t forget
What happened,
And that the world shall
Never go silent.

Because when we forget
The enemy shall triumph
Over the Innocent,
Over Good,
And over those who survived.

We must continue to carry on the torch.
For the children,
Separated from their mothers and fathers.
For the people who rebelled.
Those who were brave enough to speak out,
And stand up for what is right.
For Everyone.

Let them be remembered.