

### **Survivor**

I remember the smoke,  
the faces of those who disappeared.  
The sound of silence in that camp,  
where hope was nothing but a whisper.  
We stood in line,  
not knowing if we'd see another dawn.  
Fighting hunger, fear, and loss,  
the memory of those who were taken,  
still carved in my heart.

The world must know,  
the names, the stories, the truth.  
For to forget is to let them die,  
and I will not be the one to silence their cries.  
In every step I take,  
in every breath I draw,  
I carry them.  
Their voices will not be lost to time.

### **Guardian**

I locked the doors, but terror crept in,  
slipping through the cracks like winter's chill.  
Their whispers filled my walls,  
their fear settled in my bones.

I could not save them all,  
only offer hollow comfort.  
A crust of bread, a hushed prayer,  
a promise I wasn't sure I could keep.

When boots thunderd down the street,  
I pressed my hand to their trembling shoulders.  
Begging the silence to hold,  
my own breath felt like betrayal.

Some we saved. Some we lost.  
Their names linger in the dust,  
their absence echoes in empty rooms.  
I am still hiding them, even now,  
carrying their ghosts in my heart.

## **Coward**

I stood among them, uniform stiff on my shoulders,  
a puppet in a play written by monsters.  
Orders barked, boots matching in unison,  
my heart pounded out of step.

I saw their hands clutch one another,  
a father shielding his child.  
A mother whispering a final prayer,  
as if god still lived in this place.

I wanted to look away,  
to unsee the fear, the grief, the silent pleas.  
But i did nothing,  
cowrdice disguised as duty.

The smoke rose, the world turned.  
And I? I stood in line,  
a man who knew the truth,  
and still did nothing,