

# The Weight of Memories

To forget them is to bury them again,  
To let their names and memories slip through the cracks in time,  
To turn away from the silent bitterness  
That once swallowed their voices.

They stood in lines that seemed to stretch for miles,  
With children clutching their parents' hands,  
Men with emotionless, hollowed faces,  
Brothers and sisters whispering the names of the parents they had already lost.  
The air was thick not only with dirt but with prayers  
That sadly went unanswered.

To forget, in a sense, is to forget their suffering,  
To let their stories almost run away from our time,  
To pretend they did not carry the weight of the world for their lives  
As they slowly marched to what would be the end.

However, memory is a duty,  
Like a promise made to the past,  
So the future would not struggle on so blindly  
Into the same grave we had once dug.

We remember everything they gave as a warning for the future,  
So the marks and scars remain visible,  
So the memories, so heavy, press us against a wall  
Every time hate, prejudice, and injustice occur.

We shall carry their stories not because they are pleasant,  
Not because they're easy to endure,  
But because they have to be told,  
Over and over and over again,  
Until the world no longer needs reminding.  
Then they may rest easy.