

The house.

The Moses basket
rocks lonely in the
wind. Computer mice
lie upturned, their tiny
red lights flashing warnings
they couldn't understand.
The fruit isn't rotten
yet, but it's not long
now. A rug, made from
what used to be a lamb
gathers dust- if she could
again, I think she'd cry.
Because it's been twelve
days now and the door,
still ajar, lets in a breeze
which gently screams that
they're never coming back.

Soon their pictures will
be gone too. Some other
thing
will cry and laugh and love
into these walls. Walls which
aren't their own. Walls which
would cry back and scream
these monsters gone if their
lungs were big enough. Here
will become someone else's
home. The shaky pencil
trapped behind peeling,
flowery wall paper declaring
who "was here" before will
go unnoticed until it's too late.
They're not coming home,
and even if they did, 'here'
isn't theirs to come home to
anymore. But that won't stop
the flowers wilting, the bricks
crumbling and the curtains
fraying in agony at their loss.

POPPY CROSSLAND
FIRST PRIZE, 2019



www.genocidememorialday.org.uk

© IHRC and the author, 2019