

Holocaust

Smoke.

Billowing out of the tower
the screams of the half dead
still raging through me.

Bones.

Being dragged out of the hell hole
by loved ones, friends, comrades
praying to run away.

Dust.

The only thing that survives
we long to travel far away with it
and fly off to Neverland

Now.

We remember the names of the dead
and pray for them each night
that it shall never happen again.

EMILY GADD
WINNER, 2020



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