

An Historical Perspective

By Lindsay Berdan

“I am certain that after the dust of centuries has passed over our cities; we too, will be remembered not for our victories or defeats in battle or in politics, but for our contribution to the human spirit.” --John F. Kennedy

In the army,
soldiers march in straight lines,
wearing muddy uniforms,
guns upright.

One foggy night,
an alarm sounds throughout town.
“The Nazis are coming,” cries a Jewish boy.
Men and women run into the streets,
crawl into sewer lines, and hide in
dark doorways.

Residents see Nazi soldiers having temper tantrums.
Like children, they break windows,
trash grandfather clocks,
and throw chairs. Unlike children,
lugers take innocent lives.

A woman hides in an alley
and looks across the street.
On the stairs of her synagogue,
lay her friends’ bloody bodies.

The sound of leather boots pass by
along with the echoes of life.
Crumbled newspapers tumble across empty streets.
The town, filled with the lyrics of Sheol’s lullaby.

God’s tears fall from black clouds.
The woman’s mind wanders through

an abyss of darkness.
Sheol whispers in her ear,
she fears to embrace him.

Day breaks.
Through the clouds
shines a strip of sunlight.
A doll lays beside her.
Her withered hands cuddle
the unbroken doll.