

shades of memory

Life is beautiful
says the pianist
as his broken fingers
and burned eyes
strain to remember the music.

People are really good at heart
says the writer
as her beaten down mind
and beaten up body
try in vain to hide her diary.

Sweet dreams
says the boy in the striped pajamas
as the ashy screams
swallow up his tiny frame,
too young to understand falling asleep...

Everything will be okay
promises the fresh widow
arms spread open wide
in fear, welcoming
the thought of seeing her family again.