

As the bells sound; the skulls mold,
The trains come; and the camps unfold,
Gas chambers spray while the people scream,
Moms cry, while their babies die in the cold,
Making the mom dread tears forming a stream.
Vulnerable situations of death and life,
Have played a game with the Germans and Jews,
While Jewish husbands lose their wife,
For the population was now left at a few.
A Shakespeare tragedy could not tell the tale of those in pain,
As even dads have suffered in losing their loved ones,
Those that truly mattered are now in piles,
While moms and dads lie miles in wait of beauty and smiles.
To know that a parents love is not a lie,
Many have followed their children to die,
To only show the love of moms and dads,
We sit here today honoring all of those who have died this day.
Although we didn't witness this ourselves,
All tales of love and loss have been placed on our shelves.
Leaving us at purple flowers and honor,
To those who have died of grief, yet in such a wonder.
Coming back to the word parent,
Is a true story of love and loss,

That all will never deny the blessings of their parent,
For many at this time have faced their parents inheritance,
Yet only to again find themselves back into the story of love and loss.
Why must they suffer,
We ask ourselves, just to be denied of the true and only answer,
What a pity many would say,
Yet, sacrifice is the only thing the parent is able to do,
To protect the ones they even wished to be themselves.

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