

Falling glass

Isabel Hughes

A girl,
Outlined against the wooden door,
Crying as her father is dragged down the street,
Forced to parade in silent rows,
As bystanders laugh and scorn.

A boy,
A lonely figure, isolated from the world,
Standing, small, against a playground wall,
Mocked by those he once called friends,
Bullied for something he couldn't change,
Fed lies by those he looked up to.

An old man,
Dark against the raging fire,
Silent as the place that once filled him with hope falls to ashes,
Fragments of glass once a picture of beauty,
Now portray destruction.

A couple,
A silhouette in the evening light,
Surveying their home,
Their safe haven, ruined before their eyes,
Wood, cloth and glass scattered on the bare boards,
Remnants of a life they once had.

A family,
Separated, lost,
crying for each other,
boarded onto trains,
Wondering when they might see each other again,
A clouded future.

Me,
Sitting contemplating,
Thinking of horrors past, knowing it could have been me,
The only difference,
One man's hate and another's fear,
Though history shattered like glass can't be repaired,
Through past mistakes we learn,
Hoping no lives are destroyed like these again.