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12th grade

Mrs. Handrop

Caddo Magnet High School

Marching

Forced out of their homes, thrown onto trains and into vans,

Stripped of their humanity, branded like cattle.

A starving child tugs on the ratted pants pooling around her mother's ankles,

She points to the star on her chest –

It resembles those her mother once saw in her eyes.

The babe clasps her hands together and prays for tomorrow.

The pawns of an appalling and vicious war, shuffled between levels of Hades,

With liberation nearing, they are made to march.

The child clutches her mother's hand but is forced to let go and fall into line.

The dogs bark their orders and the sheep are herded across the countryside.

Through the snow, over all terrain, for miles each day,

They march.

Silent, praying, they march.

Not knowing how long they will have to trudge on, they march.

Hoping to live to see tomorrow, they march.

To save their race, they march.

They march, with stars on their chests,

So one day they may reclaim those stolen from their eyes.

Textbooks slam shut as school bells ring,

Students flood the halls, signs in hand, excited to fall in line.

Leaders bark orders – chants – they all join in.

Thrilled to march, they take to the streets.

To stop the violence against him,

To raise awareness for her,

To stand in solidarity with them.

To elevate the status of us all,

We march.

A young woman marches with stars on her sign – they match those in her eyes.

Knowing the dangers of staying silent in times of uncertainty,

Vowing to never be the victims, praying for our voices to be heard,

Without an end in sight, but with the hope that one day peace will be attained,

We march, today, knowing that if they could,

We can, too.

Bibliography

“Death Marches.” *United States Holocaust Memorial Museum*, United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, www.ushmm.org/wlc/en/article.php?ModuleId=10005162.