Reflecting on ‘Return to Belsen’ – a poem

Over 6,500 languages in the world, yet no amount of words could describe Bergen-Belsen

We must not forget

Ten people running towards a single piece of bread, yet we let our food go to waste daily.

We must not forget

Starving men, women and children looking like skeletons, yet we complain that we wish we were skinnier

We must not forget

100 men crammed inside a small hut like sardines, yet we complain of only having one bathroom in our house

We must not forget

Life threatening diseases spread like wildfire, yet we complain when we get a common cold

We must not forget

Straw mattresses shared between dozens, yet we get annoyed when our partner’s leg enters our half of the bed

We must not forget

Potato peels viewed as ambrosia, yet to us we discard them as inedible

We must not forget

Prisoners eating the bark from trees in desperation for their survival, yet we use it for our household furniture

We must not forget

The barbaric actions under the Nazi regime resulted in the direct and indirect murder of over fifty thousand people and the suffering of many thousands more in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp

We will remember

By Ella