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12th Grade Caddo Magnet High
Teacher: Deborah Morehead
"Of Hate and Evil"

Humans have a way of forgetting what they don't want to remember.

It's uncomfortable.

It's uncomfortable to hear of the

Men ripped from their families and

Stripped naked to work until they are dead

While their children are

Quickly and efficiently

Stacked in a shower and gassed.

And if you hear a holocaust joke

You laugh,

Because that's easier,

More convenient for you,

From where you sit,

Shoving pretzels down your throat

With your feet propped up as you watch Family Guy.

"That was a long time ago,"

You think,

"What does it matter to me?"

Well I'll tell you why it matters.

You've heard of Anne Frank?

"Yeah duh I know about Anne Frank,

Who doesn't?

Simply terrible,"

You say,

As you change the channel.

Okay,

You know Anne Frank

But do you know Zsigmond Adler?

Gassed at seven years old,

Gassed before he had even begun to have a life.

Have you heard of Judith Dichter?

An elderly woman made to march miles to the gas chambers.

Killed quickly because she was too old to work to death.

Ida Edelstein,

Forced to stand naked in a line of women,

Like so many horses,

As Nazis decided whether she was strong enough to scrub sidewalks.

She was not.

Yakav and Chava Biber,

Their two year old son gunned down as they fled the Gestapo.

Killed before their very eyes

And still they had to run.

Countless universes shattered

By murder,

Torture

And rape,

And as you clutch your daughter's ears

To shield her from the fact that I just said rape,

I say

Let her listen.

Let her listen and let her ask why.

Let her ask why and you tell her.

Teach her of hate and evil.

An entire country turned against an entire race.

Let her listen and leave nothing out because if you forget,

It could be her tomorrow.

And I'm sorry if this inconveniences you,

If it makes you shift uncomfortably in your seat,

But you cannot forget.

You cannot forget because somewhere you have children,

Grandchildren,

Nieces,

Nephews,

Friends.

And they deserve to be laid to rest in as
Eight-by-three plot of earth
When God decides that they are good and ready,
Not stacked in a pit like so many pieces of furniture from a burned-out house,
Not even given the dignity of dying with their clothes on,
Because a fuhrer decides that he doesn't like that they greet their friends with
Shalom.

Bibliography

"Holocaust Encyclopedia." *United States Holocaust Memorial Museum*. N.p., n.d. Web.

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