





We are the lost.
No one knows our pain-
The agony to be heard
That we won't be broken again
But we are.

No one sees the scars
That mar our times.
Our lines have been spoken,
Now only silence
And occasionally an echo.



We once lived,
Bearing our hopes in our children
For a future.
But we were ripped apart
Poured into the gutter
To splutter
Snuffed out by the dark.

We will not go quietly into the night
We had a right, we have a right to be
heard
Why must we be shadows fading?

We are the lost, the ones without
hope.
Our agony – to die without
recognition,
Without memory.
To be the silence of history.
Will no one hear us one last time?



We are the lost ones of history.
We want our voices heard
But they are fading.
We have held on to hope –
The hope that we would be heard.
But only the echoes remain
And they are coming back to us
Less and less.

Our names are known to you –
Mainz, Rumbola, Armenia, Pontus,
Auschwitz, Ruanda
So why won't you listen?



Must our pain be an unmarked
grave

Our grief unseen,
Our hopes dried up like twigs
And burnt?

We are victims.
chewed and spewed out.

These voices are all we have left.
And our energy is fading,
Our courage draining away
Can you not hear us for one
more time?



No.
We cannot listen.
We cannot let the sickness
which broke you break us as
well.

We feel your pain, but you
only offer hate.
And hate breeds hate.

We don't want our children on
the funeral pyre
That burnt you.



Into this agony, a heart breaks again.

“Better blood.
You need the better blood which
stems all hate
And extinguishes flames
With unadulterated love.”

Where?

A blood soaked man
Lies broken on a hill
Broken for love
And healing
He has a hope
“Live again in me.”