I Have

Have you heard the sound of Nazi artillery outside your bedroom window?

The window that’s always covered.

Have you sat in silence, afraid of what lies beyond your prison of fear?

The prison you have been sentenced to for life.

I have.

Have you ever desperately wished you had been born into a free world?

A world you can thrive in.

Have you ever been forced to pass by your neighbours, stamped like a lamb to the slaughter?

The neighbours that see you as nothing more than a star you don.

I have.

Have you been told to hide from the monsters that infiltrate your nightmares?

The nightmares that give you a break from a much scarier reality.

Have you stopped breathing as soon as those pounding footsteps found you?

The footsteps that make your mother’s body tremble.

I have.

Have you sat in deafening silence wondering which family friend betrayed you?

The family friends that you trusted with your life.

Have you witnessed your household being shipped off to god knows where?

A god you pray to for help.

I have.

Have you longed for the simpler times you spent alone with a diary?

A diary that will tell your story for generations.

A diary that will inform.

A diary that will bring pain.

A diary that will change history books.

A diary that will make people know your name.

The diary of Anne Frank.

Bruna