



Holocaust Memorial Day Poetry by Koyenum – Year 10

*We all fear the unknown.
The monsters hidden under the bed;
the storms raging in the blind spots of our eyes.
We curse the unpredictable-
the crashing waves that swallow,
the sickness that cuts deeper than a sword.*

*But perhaps the danger is not in what we cannot see,
but in what is right under our noses.
When normal becomes synonymous
with blood running through the streets
and no one blinks an eye at murder;
When the monster under the bed wears a human face
and the storms are called a gentle breeze;
But it seems like to question it
would be to question life itself.*

*There's a comfort in the ordinary,
An ease in the commonplace-
but at what cost?*