

Don't forget your keys

As the pitiless night enveloped the horizon
Devouring the sunlight
They came.
Demanding...
I remembered to fetch my keys

I was reduced to helplessness
Trembling hands gathered 'necessities'
A photograph. A comb. A wallet.
None of which could save me

A change of clothes but not a change of faith
Not a change of heart or a change of fate
But most importantly, my keys.

Clustered into a swarm of slimy pale bodies
All as desperate as I
That train consumed people like me
All stamped and branded with that yellow star
The only star to be seen in the suffocating darkness
That choking silence

At least I have my keys

The train meandered through the labyrinthine tracks
The wheels wailed out like a banshee
The engine sighing. Moaning.
Time is an enemy for the anticipating.

Motionless
I watched my lifeless soul line up
A conveyer belt of groceries
Counted like cattle
Awaiting judgement for this is our purgatory

He who plays God is unmerciful
He who issues the sentence that was never his to decide
But he decides

The insignificant hand signals left or right
Automatic and tedious
Work or exile

It was at that critical moment of immeasurable terror
When one is as desperate and helpless
As the melting snowflake
Does true tranquillity succeed
Human fear crumbles and hopes astray

Death is inescapable – for both, my murderers and I

I glanced at the colourless sky
I listened to that deafening silence
For the last time

My fate was unavoidable
But my lack of fear would be my defiance

The wind pierced the trail of absentees
As my hands clenched fiercely onto my keys

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