

A Memento

Word Count: 445

## A Memento

A boy with a sparkle in his eye wakes from his bed one morning  
And eats breakfast with his mother and father  
And he smiles, knowing the world is full of adventure.  
His hopes for the future are forever drawn in color-  
For him to dream, and his family to prepare him for  
Wrapped in the warmth of home, he slumbers.

A boy with tears in his eyes is dragged from bed one morning  
And clutches the hands of his mother and father  
And he shivers, feeling the stark winter wind pierce his ragged clothes.  
His hopes for the future are the same as his parents' -  
For him to live, and see his family again  
Packed in a cattle cart, naked with strangers, he slumbers.

A boy with fear in his eyes is forced from a cart one morning  
And looks around for any familiar faces  
And he despairs, knowing no one is there.  
His hopes for the future are cloudy-  
For there is no future he can see, past the stacks of smoke  
Choked by the odor of death, he slumbers.

A boy with dirt in his eyes is disturbed from his shelf one morning

And gathers with others for his daily rations  
And he consumes them, savoring every last bit.  
His hopes for the future are simple-  
For food and water, and the will to wake up tomorrow morning  
Exhausted by the labor, he collapses and slumbers.

A boy with blood in his eyes is beaten in his sleep one morning  
And loses the food he had been storing away  
And he scars, bleeding and bruising near his malnourished chest.  
His hopes for the future are morbid-  
For swift death, and a way to escape  
Mugged by his neighbors, his only friends now, he faints and slumbers.

A boy with a dead look in his eyes is carried away from his cot one morning  
And musters up enough emotion to cry  
And he does, realizing what freedom is once more.  
His hopes for the future are reborn-  
For reunion, and a new life  
Settled in a hospital, he feels the comfort of a bed and slumbers.

A man with a scar on his chest tells his story one morning  
And speaks with a grim tone of real evils in the world  
And he silently laments, never finding the family he was looking for.

His hopes for the future are uncertain-

For something that will restore normality, but still to be heard

Never forgotten are the hardships of his people-

A real tragedy and memento of the evils of the world;

Yet he lives, he survives.

Remembered by the world as he should be, he slumbers.