

The Lost, the Found and the Future – Bronwyn Kruger

THE LOST SOULS

I am a wild-growing
flower
with deep roots of hope.
I am ruined by storms
and
blown away
but my children disperse;
and rise on spindly green legs
(growing)
they carry my soul
- generations form their skin
and they ensure my life
my life
will never fade
away.
they are stronger, than any storm,
stronger
- than you.

THE JEWISH CHILD

I see you
and I feel
...small

my solidity is unjustified
I feel
while yours
was stolen -

stolen from a broken world
that had no right
and had no reason

yet you live

cradled in my veins
cocooned -
by my thoughts
always

/alive

THE NEW NATION

Before,
I used to think
that if I understood the facts
and learnt all the figures;
I would understand you

but I didn't.

I thought the past could be categorized:
dividing stories and emotions into a
one-size-fits-all
experience

but it can't.

I thought I would learn about
your lives
and then forget,
as I moved onto new work

but I won't.

I refuse to forget
because you deserve to be
remembered,
not anonymously shrouded in the destruction of the past.

You are the faceless victims
and nameless heroes who
created
my heritage;
and these words are my tribute,

my tribute to you:

to the breath you used to speak out
against injustice,
the bodies you needed to keep on fighting,
the tears you shed in
desperation
and the lives you lost
in an unfair battle.

Human nature dictates it will happen
again
but now I fight,
fight in your memory and fight to ensure that
your blood
splattered across Europe
will be the last to fall
in this battle of hatred.