

Pat Robinson
New Ipswich, N.H.03071

The Camp

We walked down the quiet road, my hand in his calloused warm fingers. I watched the eyes look to the displays of evil, and the hand closed around mine. Buildings made of stone, a bleak almost empty road, and the sky one color. My red plaid against the blue of his uniform, stood out. The blond man seemed overwhelmed as he spoke to no one. "It is a shame what they did to those people."

And the larger arm pulled me away from the boots and teeth and eyeglasses. The images blurred in my innocent eyes. He hurried us passed wood frames that had lost nails, and fences barbed in rust. As the odd pair of us moved closer, the odor became a subtle unavoidable detail. The strong gait of the man stopped and he turned, the younger had no choice. I turned my head up to see the sad blue rimmed in tears, his head shaking 'no', a single sob from him. "It is a shame what they did to those people"

My journey passed through a festival, of life, survival and death. Hawkers displayed items for sale, smiles glowed for dollars. Musical notes wrote to ski lifts, tee shirts told a tale; look at all the buttons, freedom for sale. As I returned to our carved out place, a galpal handed me a triangle phrase to tell of the remorse for those he did not save, then said: "Here, two yellow triangles together make one Star of David, and a pink one for the *homosexuals*. It is a shame what they did to our people."

As I sit here and sort the records, images of lives long gone; I see the little girl again. She is standing outside the last building. The smell of burnt victims timeless in recall. The rough steel on the handle showing signs of loss to the elements. Dark hallways lead to ante rooms; chambers of horror in deed. Dust swirls up from long undisturbed paths, and adds to the overwhelming scent of death still present. She stares into the stacked ovens and says, "It is a shame what they did to my people."

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