BE THE THING

Feet pounded. All through the day and into the night these kids danced upon me. I felt the pain and I felt the misery. I knew what they wanted. These kids wanted to forget. The children came to me… like I could help them. I gave them a place to be together with each other but could I make them forget? The fire blazed and feet continued to move swiftly upon me. I felt sorrow for these orphaned children. I heard what they talk about in the middle of the night … how this was their own fault… if they went into the city that day their families would be fine. I heard the cries and sobs of loss. Surely no one could forget something like this. The kids did try to forget though. Doing drugs and drinking, that was something I became used to seeing every day. They called me the Forgetting Shack and truly I did try my best. I tried to help the orphans forget but can you really ever forget something like this? No matter how hard they tried I do not think any one of them did or ever will forget. One thing is for sure, I will never forget.