

"Drenched."
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History pours down into others' brains, some using umbrellas of unimportant information to distract themselves from the rain.

It sprinkled sometimes, on the tip of people's noses.

They dried it off and kept moving.

Look at where that led us.

Those very umbrellas who shaded the oblivious minds, never decaying or breaking, reappear and disappear over time.

A girl stood in the street - the only one without an umbrella.

Everyone around her continued, not letting information sink in, causing another storm.

Their minds were wiped, no memory of the gloomy days.

Brains became replaced with flimsy nylon, an ugly, wretched excuse so they did not have to comprehend the storm.

The rain would stop and rise back up into the sky, nobody addressing the recent downpour.

Her clothes still sat drenched.

Her mind was flooded with the rain.

It absorbed it - kept it locked away.

Everyone's minds were dry.

The lightning booming and scratching, gnawing and scraping, screaming and aching.

The solid proof -

Letters, photographs, videos, books, countless records that it did in fact take place,

Yet they *still* turn away.

Hands etched along a picture of a relative.

The rain had not damaged it, though it was old and decaying, being taped together and put back into the rusted frame.

The people with their flimsy, gut churning, brightly colored excuses not only prevented themselves from the information, yet as well as the sight of discrimination that happens now.

Blinded by a quote on quote, "perfect world."

The records were there,

The rain was as well.

The more you absorb it, you can tell when it will storm once more.

It's time for you to take down your umbrella;

And stand in the rain with them.

Works Cited

Bachrach, Susan D. *Tell Them We Remember: The Story of the Holocaust*. Little, Brown Books for Young Readers, 1994.

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