

Hymn For the Wind

by Henry Thomas

St. Vincent – St. Mary High School

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Hymn For the Wind

The woman in the window is singing to the wind,
Star of David shining bright, shackling her in.
The woman sings a mournful song, a song of fear and injury,
A song of hope and beauty lost, a song of love now memory.
Yet the woebegotten woman sings not just for tragic purpose,
In memory, in childhood summers, in this lost love she finds her solace.
And now she hears another song, drifting on the wind,
And now the woman listens to another sufferer's hymn.
The little girl on the train is singing to the wind,
Overcrowded cattle car, deathly hot - hope is slim.
Still, still the girl sings not of grief, She sings of hope, of her belief.
The girl sees wrong and hate and woe, and sings of a world that is not so.
She sings for the woman at the window-sill, for her brother and father on the other rail,
For her mother and sister, packed like sardines, in that very same boxcar where the little girl
sings.
The hot air is stale, mere breath burns like hell, but the little girl sings in spite of it all.
She sings the hope that she desperately needs,
This song is her battle, her prayer, and her plea.
She sings for the future, this song her insistence,
The melody a battleground, her hope her resistance.
And so the wind carries the songs of the voiceless,
And soon enough, others join in the chorus
The prisoners in the march are singing to the wind.
Thousands of voices joined in one, marching on in unison.

They sing of the white desolation, of ice and ash and snow,
They sing of the darkened crimson of that hateful flag they've come to know.
They sing for the fallen, they sing for the damned,
They sing to keep going, they sing to still stand.
The wind carries their song, the song of the victims,
And soon, new voices stand and sing with them.
The soldiers in the battalion are singing to the wind.
They sing of the horrors they've seen,
They sing for their brethren, locked in the camps,
Their song is their purpose, their mission, their creed.
They cry "liberation!" for those who can't cry,
They weep all the tears that have long run dry.
They sing for those whose lungs filled with gas before they could get but one note out.
They fight for those who were beaten down, despised and maligned through no fault of their own.
They sing to the wind, and the wind listens in,
And the wind blows fast and cold and strong.
The wind has heard these people sing,
The wind will carry their song.
Now it is our duty to be like the wind,
To hear their song, and to sing it again.
To remember the woman at the window-sill,
The girl who sings when no-one else will,
The prisoners marching who sing to keep fighting,
The soldiers fighting to keep the song going.
There are those who seek to erase the song these people sang,

To play pretend and shelter themselves from the truth's embittered fangs.
But as long as we sing, as long as we fight, as long as we tell the story again,
Deny the horrors all you want,
The wind will not forget.

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