

The Horror by Chris Parthemos

I hate mankind, for I think myself one of the best of them, and I know how bad I am.

-Joseph Baretta

The horror, the horror:
Too few vines to hide the scars,
Too few scars to kill the memories-
I did it, that was me, I did it!

When I was a child, I spoke as a child:
I played in rivers of grass,
And mountains of sand,
And my single ambition was to be an explorer.
I forded glaciers in my mind,
I set a 'no girls allowed' flag at each pole.
For seven years I thought nothing of watching clouds...
It was all so perfect.

The horror, the horror- an adult
All at once, suspenders and all.
No more frolick, no more grass-
The rivers were dry, the mountains wore away
There was nothing to explore, I saw it all,
All at once, blood and all.

When I became a man I put away childish things-
Gone were the lilacs,
Gone were the lilies,
Gone was ambition and perfection,
All at once.

The horror, the horror:
A life's history in a single instant
All taken away and vanished
As though it had never been-
Too few scars to kill the memories,
Too few books to bury it,
Too few words to deny,
I did it, that was me-
The horror, the horror:
One long chain of innocents
Wandering in, closing the doors
And that was me with the lever,
That was me with the switch-

When I was a child I thought as a child,
I spoke as a child, I understood as a child,
And I believed that it could all be solved,
All at once, 6 million of them.

*I can feel the sufferings of millions and yet, if I look up into the heavens,
I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end, and that
peace and tranquillity will return again.*

-Anne Frank