

Polluted Blood and Pure
by
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Polluted Blood and Pure

The smell of memory is not captured here
Within these safe, secluded walls,
Papered with memory.
We can only imagine the smell
Of human decay
Captured in the fading photographs.

But they didn't have to imagine.

Names and dates are merely
Words,
Letters,
Numbers,
Until you add a face,
a voice,
a soul.

Take your little brother,
Little sister,
Childhood friend.
Steal their laughter,

Pollute their blood with lies,
construct a cryptic past,
create a convict
Worthy
Of death.

Exactly.
For what.

But even the "Brown-Shirts"
Had children buried deep inside,
Screaming to escape,
Prematurely aged by indoctrination and lies.
Old children
Dressed in youthful skin,
Decaying hearts
And
Pale, blue eyes.
Emotionless,
Dead,
Unseeing.

You did this,

Father

Führer

Fury,

You.

You stole children with both polluted blood
and pure.

You destroyed your people,

You stole their lives,

You are the biggest thief of all.

“There will come a time

When people will say

This

never

happened.”

Such ignorance,

Such apathy.

If it happened to your family

You wouldn't claim it never happened,

Because it did.

Imagine the dying screams
Of their fathers, mothers, children,
Of their sisters, brothers, lovers,
Of themselves.

You did this,

Yes,

Father

Führer

Fury,

You.

Contextualisation

I was incredibly interested in the argument that the Holocaust was one of the biggest cases of child abuse in human history, and not only concerning the Jewish children, but the Hitler youth as well. No-one can deny that both parties underwent tremendous abuse. Another thing that stood out to me was the pride that the Hitler youth felt when referred to as his children, he obviously being their "Father".

This quote impacted me greatly:

"I want a youth that is violent, masterful, intrepid, cruel.

Young people must be all these things. They must endure pain. There must be nothing weak or tender about them"-

Adolf Hitler