

**Trigger Warning:** Dark content and Graphic Imagery

Poem based on the novel, Night by Elie Wiesel

**Night**

Night

A shrilling scream breaks free  
People tremble of its voice  
As it goes down their spine  
One voice telling of their future  
One terrifying future

Night

No one knows of their coming death  
But calmed down  
By the sweet sound of a violin  
Played as though  
It will never be played again  
Their whole life glided on the strings

Night

The whips that crack  
The backs of people  
That work from dawn to dusk  
Waiting for their ration  
Of soup or bread

Night

The abominable odor  
Floating in the air  
The corpses lay  
Waiting their turn for the selection  
Or dead with their own kind  
Like skeletons  
That once had flesh

Night

The death marches  
From place to place  
Trampling over  
The deceased and the living  
Hoping to survive  
Just one more day

Night

The dawn of liberation  
The few who are alive  
Search for their kin  
Only to find  
They were swallowed  
By that one, Night

Prithvi G. Tikhe