Where the ground remembers

A place
that carries thousands of suppressed voices
under the quiet blue sky.
Where the ground keeps a dark memory,
like a shadow without a body.

We walk slowly
where voices once became orders
and names became numbers,
a place
where fear lived behind closed doors.

The city still moves around it.
Crowded busses,
people are chattering,
breathing life into Berlin.

But here,
time feels different and
we are back in the Third Reich.

They heard the trains
before they saw the toxic smoke.
Close neighbours disappeared,
doors left empty,
names got removed from streets
like they never existed.
Erased from their homes.

How much did they know?

Maybe not every detail,
probably not every name.
But enough to feel
that something was wrong.

Some looked away.
Some were afraid.

The truth was lying everywhere
in small hints
like the broken window next door
or a missing friend.

When I look down,

I only see grey stone,

but beneath my eyes,

history is still moving.

It’s like a cold wind

that touches underneath my skin

and disappears

before I can catch it.

It whistles that the past

still walks beside us.

And just like that the question shifts from

“How much did they know?“ to

“How much did they choose not to know?”

However,

the empty space in the museum leaves the question

up to you.

It tells you:

Remember now!

And this time

it is us

who have to take action,

before it is too late...

Jasmin K.