

Winter's of Russia

Cold fingers scrape against the side of the building,
Wind whispers secrets through the air to anyone who would listen,
Small buildings shake as if made of paper ready to be blown away,

Happiness clouded the little girls vision as she sat with her friends,
It was freeing to not have a care in the world as she played,
All that mattered was her friends and the few toys they shared.

The soup was bland as it passed her lips burning down her throat,
Sparking a fire that was long out inside of her,
She didn't know that there was more to life than this.

Almost as if it was eating something or someone, the yellow door swung
open,
The man that entered was impeccable,
He studied her with a predator's unwavering attention.

She thought nothing of it but soon realized that she should,
Black gloves picked up another little girl as if she was a baby bird,
Carried away by this nightmare to a safer place.

Silence spread like jam on bread coating everything it touched,
Children gaze with fearful eyes on that yellow door waiting,
The heavy footfalls of disgust slowly faded except from memory.

Happiness clouded the little girls vision as she sat with her friends,
It was freeing to not have a care in the world as she played,
All that mattered was her friends and the few toys they shared.

An unspoken question burned in her throat waiting to be answered,
Darkness swallowed up her till she was no bigger than a speck,
She knew the darkness and it knew her,
She didn't matter in the world neither did her opinions.

The soup was bland as it passed her lips burning down her throat,
Burning a fire that was long out inside of her,
She knew that there was more to life than this.

Happiness clouded the little girls vision as she sat with her friends,
It was freeing to not have a care in the world as she played,
She looked up hurriedly, as recognition flashed in emerald eyes.

Eyes clouded with happiness returned her open stare,
For the man and woman from across the sea were here,
Finally she felt safe.

Grasping their big hand in her tiny ones,
She walked with a purpose in her tiny steps,
She felt like she was walking away from her old life into a new one,
Perhaps this is why, when on that day, she never looked back.