

## Passing Brady Peterson

When they are all dead,  
there will be no one  
left to stand witness,  
not that testimonies  
are ever believed if inconvenient.  
And even when acknowledged,  
the grey realities  
of boxcars crammed  
with shopkeepers and poets,  
children and lunatics,  
are easily dismissed  
when an American president  
lays a wreath at a cemetery  
honoring the goons  
of the twentieth century.  
And when the last  
of them disappear from  
the earth, the ones who saw  
the skeletons, breathing and still,  
the ones who were there  
and know, when they are gone,  
how long will it be before  
we are told to reconsider.