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## Anne Frank's House

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## Anne Frank's House

We drift down  
the doll house stairs  
to the street, cold  
and slippery under our feet.

You fumble at my fingers  
clasping the black and white  
imprint of statistics  
sealing in our palms.

There is an unspoken need for silence  
as we surrender to the faces,  
the bodies packed in pits-

The white hand of a little girl  
carving her secrets  
into the open pages of  
her life.

We walk, our minds numb  
with the hunger crushed  
in their bones. The question  
burning in our throats.

*Mary Forsythe*