

2017 Elie Wiesel Competition

3rd Place Senior Poetry

Elise Fisher, 11th Grade

Bishop Sullivan Catholic High School, Ellen Sullivan

While We Wait

My mother and my father bring the newspaper inside, wet and wrinkled from the rain.
There on the front page is a boy,
No more than eight,
And I can't help but think that the raindrops look like his tears.
His face is blank,
Yet he is covered in dust and blood.
He sits in a chair in the back of a rescue car,
Waiting.

This boy is waiting for us.
We can help him, but
We don't.
Instead we sit in our kitchens
And read about his country and its problems,
With flowers placed on the windowsill and our televisions constantly buzzing.

So we don't hear history repeating itself
As bombs destroy families and children and schools.
But at least we know we can read about it soon
And forget about it even sooner.

We have to start caring about the boy in the paper,
Caring that he is a human too and not just a photograph,
Caring that people on the other side of the globe are suffering and dying.
We have to start knowing that for each second we wait,
We help in the killing of what would have been.
We have to start realizing our power to save lives.
By simply deciding to care.

I look back down at the front page.
The tears have not yet dried.