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Hate Personified

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HATE PERSONIFIED

Tim Emmerling

Even the shuddering sounds, unevenly emitted by the overworked wheels as they grinded across the riveted train tracks, couldn't steal emphasis from the moans and cries of women and children alike. The compartment was inconsiderably miniscule and intimate zones were desecrated by bony arms and legs on all sides. There was an absence of light amongst the ever-present shade of darkness.

The ill-circulated air was infused with the noxious scent of defecation that hastily sprang from piles and puddles hidden amongst the shame. The repulsive outlay made sure to disturb each and every splinter of the wood floor. Those left gasping for precious oxygen were left to choke on the putrid breaths of others.

The deafening pressure of gloom swallowed their hope in generous servings as the trip continued on. Fear was a bottomless appetizer.

His head didn't surpass the height of his mother's knee, and for a lack of better options, he continued to rest it against the spongy area where her bones met. The leg was cold and fleshless by human standards; perfect for firewood. He didn't let go, but the thud disturbed his closed eyes.

He looked down at the fallen man. The sagged eye lids were still open, but their occupants, gray in color and emotion, seized to move. Previously motionless, his partially bared chest rose up violently and the stolen draft remained inside. The man's hand obeyed sullenly as him arm commanded it to reach out. Climbing forth, in an upward slant, it remained searching through the blindness, but there was nothing at all. Exhausted, it tumbled back to the floor as

the long breath exited slowly. The lightless fiend laughed to itself.

Time never seemed to reveal itself to the suffering. Some tried to count the seconds as they elapsed for some sort of measure as to where they were, or where they were going. But time serves no purpose for the predestined. It would only help to further define their purgatory.

The clanking from underneath became less rapid, and the shaking came to a complete pause. Cheers from the uplifted spirits reverberated off of the wooden surround. The train stopped.

The grinding of metal on metal sounded from outside as the doors of other cars were slid open. Soon, a taste of natural ambience would be theirs.

The little boy looked up at his mother for support. It came in the form of an artificial smile and a stroke of the delicate hand across his fragile scalp. He was too innocent to be aware of her trepidation. His father, also towering above him, held her hand tightly and looked down at him with the same smile. Apprehension fogged his burnished eyes in the form of moisture.

Finally, the door swung open, and the light's deafening brilliance shone through. All at once, the attentive pupils shrunk drastically, creating an encirclement of pain that danced around the irises nonchalantly. The boy split the light into slits with his outstretched hand and eased his eyes momentarily. Gradually adjusting, he found the light to be nothing more than the combined efforts of a few carefully gauged flashlights from the men below. The sky was charcoal scrubbed.

Stepping onto firm ground, the boy's hand was torn from his mother's as she was ripped away at gun point. Almost immediately, a complete separation of sexes stood parallel, and the two lines continued off into the faded horizon. His mother crippled at the distance between her husband and child, but was told to remain in line. She couldn't bear to take orders from this brainwashed force; her steps were quick and light.

The boy's humanity shattered like glass when his eyes met with the guard. There was no second warning allowed. He caressed the trigger with a boyish grin and sent the disobeying woman to the ground. Life flowed out of her head gently and all remaining hope perished with her.

The two lines of living dead walk towards a fenced enclosure. The depression that falls from the sky as flakes of black snow are, in reality, crisp pieces of humanity being ejected from the stacks of ignited dead.

Inside, the damned run, violently, in rioted circles to please Hitler's laughing appendages. It's nightmarish, but death is the only true release.

There's nothing left to give in the absence of everything holy and God is but a word here, in this hell.