Numbers - a language so powerful with infinite potential
Used to solve life’s greatest mysteries
But also disfigure a beautiful world

They wanted a total, not an integer short
Then came my turn
Is it me or my mother?

Dehumanize with incisions- names no more
Digits inked into flesh
Just a number now

Standing and waiting for hours on end
Snow, wind, dark
Numbing every number

Row after row, column after column
Every living corpse to be counted
And accounted for

Sums not adding up, a number missing
Collective punishment meted out
Divide and conquer

I count myself lucky surviving that hell
Of endless counting
When all they wanted was zero

My calculations saw me through that endless night
When day dawned, no food was enough
My itching skin, a new agony

My number has spoken… and many more
The evidence they left with all their numbers
Will be for all to see… for eternity