

Under the Pink

I

A pink triangle adorns a young boy's man-purse. I immediately know I can trust him, that he and I are in the same camp – we get called names on the street, we get picked on in school, we probably don't get along with our families. Maybe I'll ask him where he likes to have coffee.

II

A few weeks later, I visit Sachsenhausen concentration camp and see another triangle, this time complementing black and white vertical stripes like a blood stain dripping down. I wonder if its former owner would want me and the rest of the world starring at his dirty laundry, turning his nightmare into a fashion accessory.

by Robert Wells



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