

Beneath My Boots

I toss my Karabiner on my cot. Disgusted. Confused. Uncertain. Blind. I just killed people. I was ordered to. But they're still people, even if they act differently, even if we ordered them to wear a star. Orders don't make it right. Right? I was raised on the belief that our orders were both right and good. But are they? Somewhere far away, a commander applauds strategy, unaware of the bodies beneath my boots. I am alive, trembling, wondering how obedience can taste like this. We were told we were doing good. Waren wir es je? Were we ever?