

I discovered this poem when I taught a course on the Shoah (the Holocaust) for a local synagogue. It perfectly expresses my view of humanity, and I wanted to share it with you and my students.

Rachel Wasserman

Underneath We Are All the Same
by Amy Maddox

He prayed
it wasn't my religion.
He ate
it wasn't what I ate.
He spoke
it wasn't my language.
He dressed
it wasn't what I wore.
He took my hand
it wasn't the color of mine.
But when he laughed
it was how I laughed,
and when he cried
it was how I cried.

