
Pro Rege

Volume 37
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue 2008*

Article 4

December 2008

Amsterdam Diaries

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Recommended Citation

Vanden Bosch, Mike (2008) "Amsterdam Diaries," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 37: No. 2,
6.

Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol37/iss2/4

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Amsterdam Diaries

Mike Vanden Bosch

*I'd die of shame if anything like that [selling
my body] happened to me.*

Anne Frank: *The Diary of a Young Girl* (43)

The tour guide leads us to the house where Anne Frank hid from the Nazis (1942-44) before her death in a camp at Bergen Belsen. Blond Dutch belles and old dissenters squint with us, feeling words from Anne's

Diary, taped on a wall: I dream of someday being a writer and helping to make the world a better place. An old woman by me shudders, the words wrenching her mind to midnight raids. Outside, a statue, sentinel

for lost lives, hallows Anne's life haunted for two years by Nazi devils; it stands—a slim miss, body and black hair set in stone. On the next street we see the down cast of legal prostitution: waifs with eyes blank, for

four long city blocks punctuate the night. In glass cages on swept streets, Asian, Greek, and Syrophenician girls primp and act out a script for pimps who lurk near and drool for their loot. Lithe and lean, fed their fate

like beasts in heat, babes are sold to rubes and rogues. Dutch laws now solicit this midnight charade where lasses who pin their hopes on the wind, dream of love but are bought by suits of lust as slaves on auction.

Editor's Note: Previously published in *Lyrical Iowa*, 2008