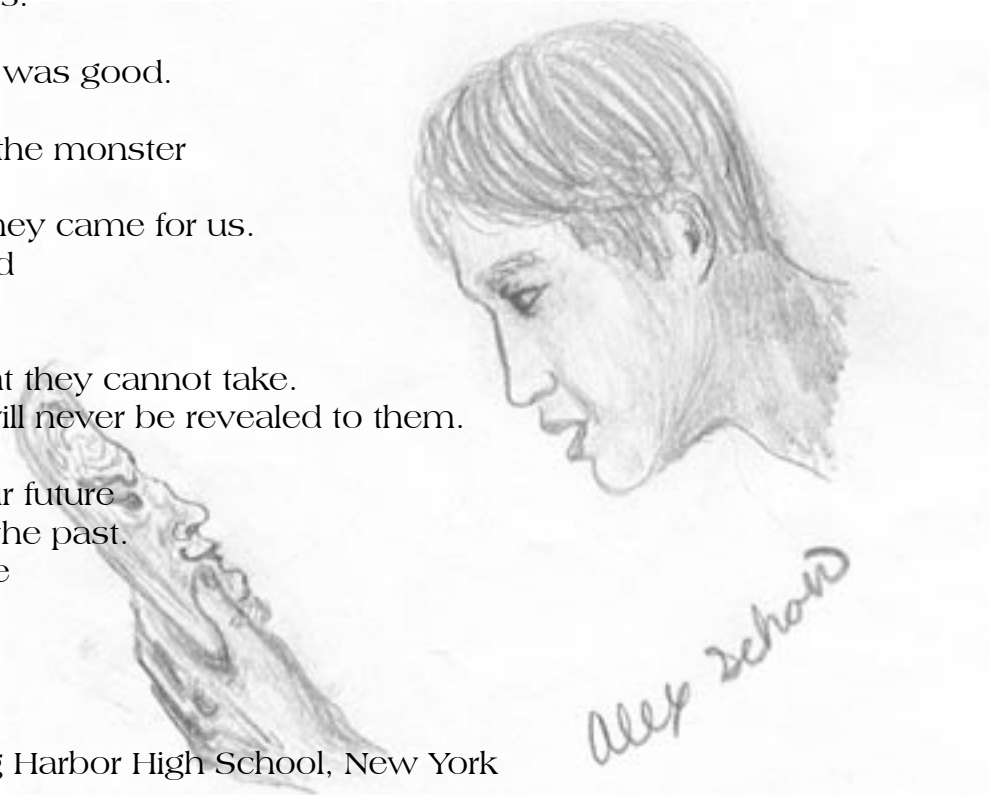


I Will Always Remember

I can remember a time
 When day and night made no difference.
 When we could roam the streets at any hour
 Free from fear and the law.
 I remember the games we used to play.
 The girls would jump to double Dutch with their ropes
 Singing a tune in unison.
 The boys would play ball using the cars as bases
 Trying hard to escape the inevitable;
 Knowing full well that they would soon break a window.
 I remember my father's laugh, loud and booming,
 That rang through the house each night
 As we eagerly listened while he recalled his day at work.
 I remember the sparkle in my mother's eyes,
 Windows to her heart.
 She always cared for all but herself.
 I remember my brother,
 Growing up too fast.
 Wishing to skip adolescence and go straight into adulthood.
 I remember my grandparents.
 Grandma's kitchen full of wonderful aromas.
 Grandpa treating me to candy that my mother did not allow
 me to have.
 I remember the neighbors.
 Always stopping by
 Bringing news that once was good.
 I remember
 When my only fear was the monster
 That hid under the bed.
 I also remember when they came for us.
 When we were separated
 From all that we loved,
 From all those we loved.
 But there is one thing that they cannot take.
 There is one thing that will never be revealed to them.
 Our memories.
 They may have taken our future
 But they can never take the past.
 They will never break me
 As long as
 I can remember.
 I will always remember.



-- Kim Barba, Cold Spring Harbor High School, New York

Prayer for Death



*He craves peace, but
I am the bars that hold him in a prison of guilt.
There is a stifled scream as he strikes, then deathly silence.
Heads turn to a face distorted in agony; it is the face of my
Kapo.
Dust mixes with sweat as it moistens his hand, the stench of
despair.
The stale, bitter hate he harbors sears my throat.
I feel his muscles tense through the calluses; he has beaten
many.*

*I pray for his release; set him free.
Supplications pour forth like blood from the wounds we make.
I live because of his shame, but I want to die.
My body and soul burn with life, pitted in the depths of Hell.
He must not know this place.
Grant me death, God; take his shame.*

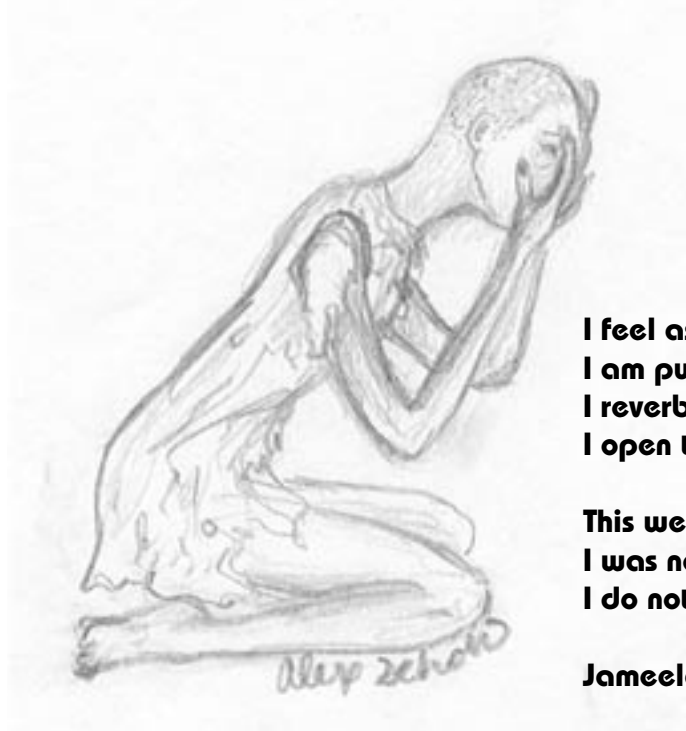
-- Kerry Morris, Blue Ridge High School, Arizona

The Gardener's Tool

I see-no-I am the useless violence of the Holocaust.
 My misuse is the misuse of a thousand years of oppression
 and culture.
 The life-blood of my victims covers my blade more and
 more, as he sees less and less
 I am tossed to the ground, my purpose temporarily
 fulfilled.
 My blade enters my victim easier than the damp soil of
 Poland.
 The earth now tastes of death.
 The sulphuric pits of Hell blemish the air of yet another
 day at Treblinka.

I see-no-I am the useless violence of the Holocaust.
 I assure a slow death, but a true grave; a grim practitioner.
 Treblinka has changed me; I remember happy days of
 creating a foundation for life.
 Now, I create foundations of death, and forevermore
 cannot go back to my garden of life.

Christopher Nicolet, Blue Ridge High School, Arizona



Transport

**I feel as if I carry the weight of humanity.
 I am purgatory, only a step away from the fiery pits of Hell.
 I reverberate the cries of anguish one hundred times.
 I open their eyes to a new kind of Hell.**

**This weight is unbearable.
 I was not made to transport this burden.
 I do not want to be this deliverer of death.**

Jameela Norton, Blue Ridge High School, Arizona

The Cage

I am the keeper of the inhumanity,
My sharp barbs pierce innocent lives as
The barrier between freedom and a living hell.
I see the truth; I tell no lies,
The bitter death chokes the air.
And all around I detect fear; the stench does not mislead.

I am the hostage for detainment,
And I grieve for my existence.

Roxanne Roud, Blue Ridge High School, Arizona



Staring into the Eyes of a Hero

She was running.
 Running to reach a place where she could be safe.
 She could find no such place.
 She ran frantically calling out for help from someone,
 No answer.
 The streets were deserted except for a few dead bodies that lay
 cold and frail on the side of the road.
 She heard the sound of the Nazi's footsteps becoming louder behind her.
 Her body was so numb she did not feel her knee split open as
 she fell to the ground.
 She did not realize it was she who screamed.
 The Nazi picked her up roughly.
 His blue eyes pierced her dark eyes like a hawk staring down at
 its prey.
 She did not speak,
 Only stood there pleading with the Nazi to spare her life with a desperate
 yet hopeful look in her eyes.
 The rough grip around her upper arms loosened slightly.
 His stern and rough expression changed.
 She thought she saw a tear running down the Nazi's face.
 Her body was still numb as he led her down the streets and into a house
 in the corner.
 Her mind did not know what to believe as he opened up a loose floor board
 and told her to stay there until he came back for her.
 The Nazi hid her.
 The gaze in the poor Jewish girl's eyes was so powerful that this Nazi,
 He did not kill her.
 He could not kill her.
 Instead,
 He hid her.
 Instead,
 He saved her.
 Instead,
 He was a hero.

Amanda Del Balso, Cold Spring Harbor High School, New York