

Morning On The Terrace

**By Barbara Wind, Jacob's Angels, daughter of Holocaust survivors,
Director of the Holocaust Council of Metro West, New Jersey**

Who shall it be today, Herr Göth
Female red-haired freckled
The first to walk by

Must she do something special
Squint into the sun
Scratch at a mosquito bite

Does it matter if her
Hair is long or cropped?
Choose now! That blond?
Or, would you prefer brunette
Corkscrew curls
Fair-skinned, plump

It's true, plump's a rarity
Under these conditions
But it exists

Everything exits here
Look! There's a moving target
Thick braids glow like polished copper

Don't give it too much thought
Cock the hammer, aim, shoot
You can do a brunette tomorrow



Amon Göth, a Nazi, was the commander of the Plaszow Concentration camp during World War II



The Last Tool

People stare into the obscure liquid with no hope.
Growling hunger begs for substance that isn't there.
Someone grasps the bowl with brittle hands.
Beaten and covered in filth,
Even a tool for sustenance humiliates a desire for food.
A young girl, starving, diminishes in the presence of soup.
In the miasma of human waste,
This bowl offers a last chance past sorrow.

Shaina Nukho, Blue Ridge High School, Lakeside, Arizona

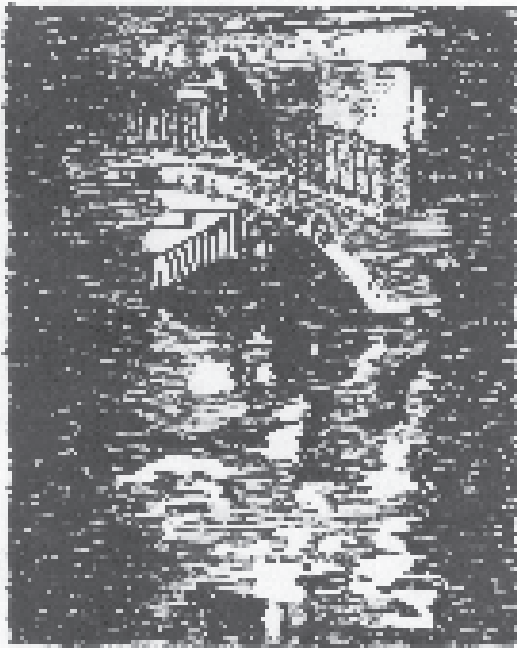
Renee's Bathingsuit

(a tribute to a survivor's memory)

I am her last piece of dignity,
the light in this horrible time.
Memories are so clear;
they help block out the present--
they give a taste of freedom.
Then the stench of reality returns and memories are ruined.
She relinquishes her hold on me,
but loving memories remain.



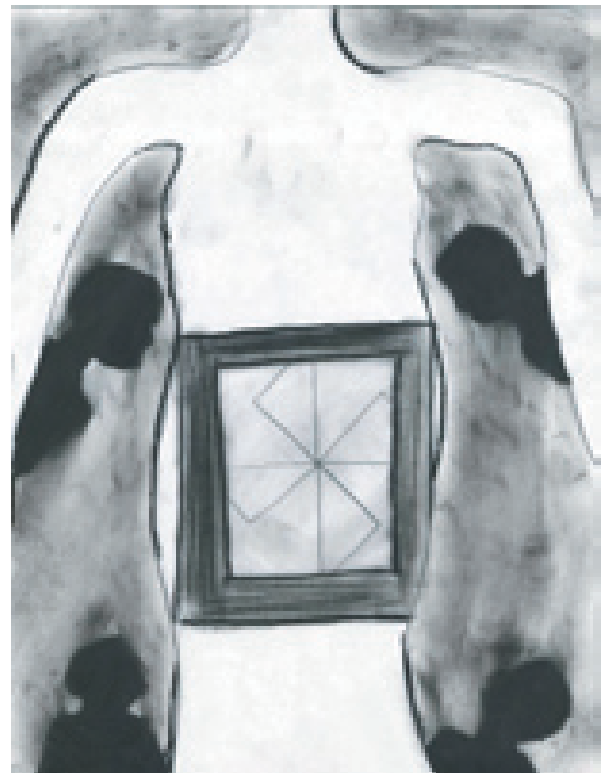
Samantha DeWarf, Blue Ridge High School, Lakeside, Arizona



The Ravine

The earth's lips open once,
swallow all,
forcefully close.
There is no discrimination
between men, women, children.
A shot, just one, yet many fall.
The taste of death is bitter.
Mother earth wraps her arms around the ravaged,
offering sorrowful comfort.

Teddy Waldo, Blue Ridge High School, Lakeside, Arizona



T. J. Downing

The Window

The eye of the chamber, the window of the soul,
touched by 'perfect' noses as they peer in from the outside,
force-fed spoonfuls of death,
saw life leave cheeks,
saw the burden on the soul.

The window saw pain.
It is as clear as glass.
Yet no one stood between the 'perfect' and their view.
And no one stopped the death.

Danica Gibson, Blue Ridge High School, Lakeside, Arizona



Sara's Doll

I wish I knew where Sara went,
Our friendship once a golden treasure.
I've seen Sophia watch us,
Jealous with an awful look.
I remember the sound of Sara's laughter,
The touch of her soft, warm hand in mine.
But now, I wish I could hear my Sara's voice again.

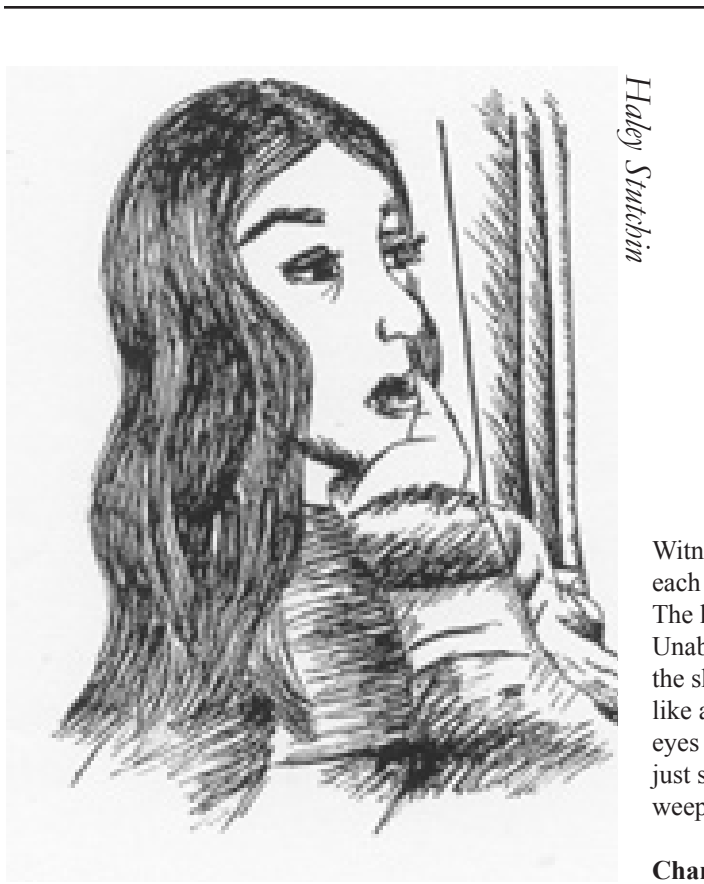
Brooke Pyper, Blue Ridge High School, Lakeside, Arizona



The Sky

Witnessing the tragedy from beginning to end,
each raindrop is a tear to the dead.
The heaven's sight is a torture of present and past.
Unable to help one man,
the sky is a reflection in a mirror--
like a depressing wretch,
eyes perpetually crying,
just standing by,
weeping...never again.

Charles Ellsworth, Blue Ridge High School, Lakeside, Arizona



Haley Strachin





I Remember

I remember the warm blanket my grandmother made
 I remember waking to the sound of my mother singing
 I remember running the track for fun

Then life came crashing down

That warm blanket? My entire family on one cot warms me now
 How do I wake now? The sound of gunfire wakes me, when I get to sleep at all
 A warm meal? A cup of stark cold soup broth twice a day is my new diet
 And running? When I run, it is for my life

When life was good this could have been a nightmare
 But a nightmare has become reality and an old reality, a farfetched dream

Sarah Yewdell, Cold Spring Harbor High School, New York



Lonely People

Lonely people
Alone in the dark
No hand to hold
No shoulder to lean on
Cruel intentions fill the souls of many
A period of hate
A loss of feeling safe
Nothing to live for
Never knowing when it will all end
So make a wish
Then think outside the cage
Hold to it true
Believe hard
Fight the fight everyday and night
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Somehow millions were caught dead or alive

Colby Kossoy, Cold Spring Harbor High School, New York



Avery Ornstein

A Silent Tribute

In muffled silence
sobs of children
press into silent walls.
Tears run down cement.
Miasmatic gas has done its work.

Neil Hesse, Blue Ridge High School, Lakeside, Arizona



Nebulous

Answer Me
No preference
Only an answer

Find me
Any soul
I am lost

Hear me
All ears
I am quiet

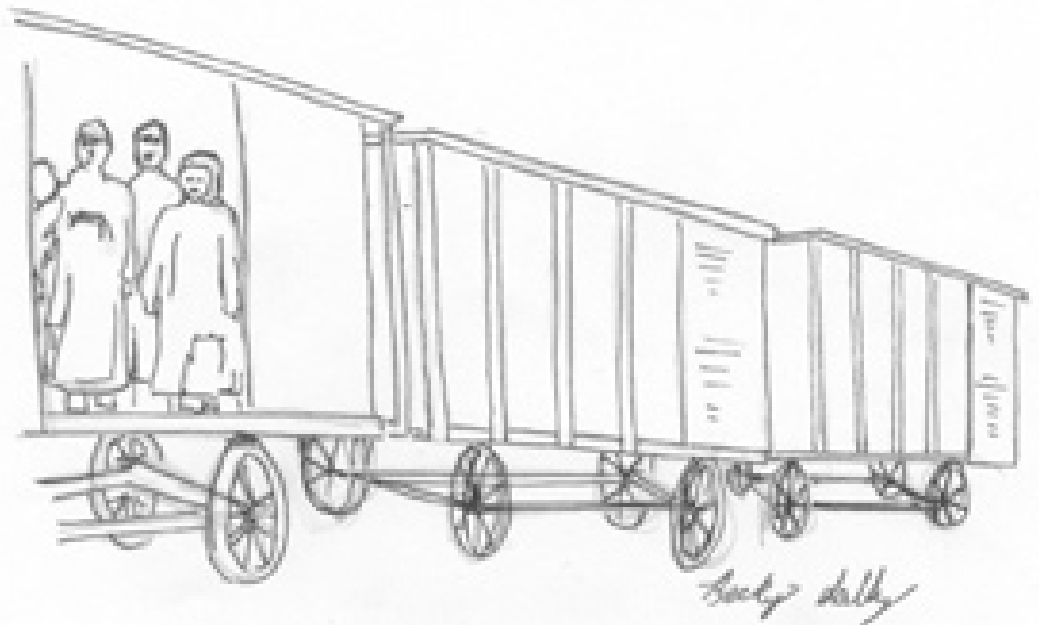
Save me
Every heart
I am in peril

Answer me
No Preference
Only an Answer

Joe Locicero, Cold Spring Harbor High School, New York

Alone

Trapped in a cattle car
With 80 other people
Mother gone
Sister gone
Father missing
I sit here
With people all around the world
Some talking
Some sleeping
But it is as if they don't exist
I have no one
I have no family
No friends
I am alone



Matt Sunshine, Cold Spring Harbor High School, New York