

In the Full Light

*By Orli P. Kleiner, Cold Spring Harbor High School,
Cold Spring Harbor, New York*

*No clothes, only cold.
She with the women, he with the men.
Snow on the ground,
But not that snow
That they remembered from their freedom.
Frozen feet, marching,
She with the women, he with the men.
Into the forest, a door in the hillside.
A concrete room, underground.
No windows, only darkness.
No clothes, only cold.
They were forced inside by the guns,
She with the women, he with the men.
Maybe a shower, but water does not cause a cough.
No clothes, only coughing, coughing, coughing, and
dying.
She thought of him, he thought of her.
They would meet again, one day.
“We shall meet again in the place where there is no
darkness,” they thought.
In 1973, two friends spoke of each of their siblings.
They had loved each other to the death in the
chambers.
They live now in the place where there is no
darkness,
In the hearts of many more than twelve million.*



The Invisible Needs of Darfur, Sudan

*By Orli P. Kleiner, Cold Spring Harbor High School,
Cold Spring Harbor, New York*

Who will help us?
Who will stop this?
I ran
To a wealthy man
Who is typically known
For his compassion.
He said, “I am busy
With business elsewhere.”
Who will help us?
Who will stop this?
I ran
To a brisk-walking lady.
She said, “I have
A prior engagement.”
Who will help us?
Who will stop this?
I ran
To an insensitive man.
He said, “I can not help you
Because my people need money, too.”
This is true,
But he cares not anyway.
Who will help us?
Who will stop this?
I know not.
I run back
To the wealthy man
Who is typically known
For his compassion,
And I look at him,
And say, “Excuse me, sir,
But I long to be like you:

"Stranger"

By Alexandra Campbell

*The warning alarm sounds
All scatter
The soup is left unattended*

*The drone of planes grow stranger
We are forced into huts like cattle
The soup is left unattended*

*Crawling along the blood-sodden ground
Countless eyes follow, bulging out of lined faces on
young*

*Starving jealousy nearly overpowering
The tortured soul of deceased Jews rise from beneath
me*

*Giving strength to my fatigued limbs
The soup is left unattended*

*I heave myself over the edge
Looking down at the boiling nourishment
A stranger stares back at me
His cheeks drawn taught
His...Its eyes hollow
Its face decrepit
And repugnant*

*The depths of its emotions cast shadows
Upon the surface of the misting glass
They are hopeless
Beaten down
To nothing*

*The welling grows inside me
A tidal wave of terror and repulsion crashes down
Drowning my faith of God and deliverance
The stranger must die
It is full of remorse
And hopelessness*

*The stranger opens its mouth
Swallowing my horror and grief
In its emptiness
The soup is left unattended*

Silence

By Alexa Bacchi

Silence.

*Nothing but an empty time
Through which they walked
Moments passed by
As time remained still*

*They walked to a place of no end;
No end because forever
It would stay with them.
Time stops as the moments
pass on.*

*Questions brew while
Pondering eyes look through
They continue to walk,
Their hands trembling
The cold alone was not the cause.*

*And still as the moments pass on
Time remains still.
Another moment of pure,
screaming*

“Sit, Wait, Watch”
By Stephanie Lau

Sit, Wait, Watch.

**Father, rise from your chair and drench the fins
Don't you see the child's screaming eyes?**

Her burning skin?

Sit Wait Watch.

**Mother, stop your knitting, suffocate the gas
Can't you hear their backs?**

Sit wait watch.

Brother, rise from your bed.

**Do you see their bloody, wooden shots?
Their freezing, hairless, naked bodies?**

Sit, Wait, Watch.

**Sister, put down your dolly,
Can't you hear the wheels of their lorries?**

The moans of their suffering?

Sit, Wait, Watch



*Speak out for
those who are
silenced*



Drawings by Stephanie Lau