

## ONE DAY

They took me,  
And soon they'll take you,  
And you'll find that there's,  
Only one way to see it through.

One day of survival to do.

Flick horrid strikes,  
Upon the synagogue,  
Red burning bricks,  
Smoke clouding like fog.

Crescent moons are carving,  
From nails into my hand,  
Sore skin rotting,  
Broken pieces scattered like sand.

Take my shirts that are checkered,  
And change them to shirts that are blue,  
Branded with white, frosty snow-stripes,  
And there's nothing that you can do.

Clunk-clunk and clatter,  
Wooden train on the rails,  
As they don't think we matter,  
We're tossed about with boxes and bails.

Large and strong shadow,  
Looms high above us,  
The air turns cold,  
But we cannot make a fuss.

Locked in rooms too tiny,  
No room for us all,  
People crumple when,  
They beat our weak bodies small.

Bribe us with showers hot,  
Waters running fresh,  
Tiny brick rooms,  
Locked with metal mesh.

But gas for steam,  
Is not what we got,  
Air whipped from lungs,

Lives left to rot.

I didn't know how to live,  
How to eat and drink,  
Nothing seemed to work,  
My life was on the brink.

Feverish heat,  
Course through my veins,  
Then frost so cold,  
Settle on my bones.

Months of whips,  
Lines of dripping red,  
Shaven hair,  
Frozen bed.

Liberated,  
Free at last,  
But I'll never forget,  
My terrifying past.

Some days are worse,  
You feel you can't make it through,  
But when that happens,  
There's only one thing you can do.

Don't think about the future,  
Don't remember the past,  
Don't go slow,  
But don't go fast,

Focus on today,  
This day,  
Survival day,  
One day.

By Niamh

My mind spins uncontrollably... is this what it feels like to be free? The gorgeous green grass swayed as the crickets sung, not like the holocaust. The sun shone as it reflected on the luminous lake, not like the holocaust. My long lost freedom was now in my grasp. Holding it tight. Never letting go.

Tearing up now, why was this so emotional? The others around me sobbing a river. My mixed emotions shrunk until they all disappeared, destroying all the horrible thoughts that went through my mind, and left with the new thoughts; what will happen to me now?

I wiped away my tears of joy and headed to the others. We all had a brilliant idea; to run down the hill. Oh what a wonderful idea! My face lit up in joy as we all linked arms while gracefully but brutally speeding down the hill like a herd of elephants. Time stood still as that core memory slot in my head. All the bad memories of the torture and the pain. All gone. It was time to make new memories and let's hope they are better ones.

By Poppy