

She ran.
not able to turn around,
for one last look at what she knew.
She ran into nothingness.

She hopped on the train
thinking about the star that had
labeled her life.
She could not hide from it.

She rode on the train thinking about her mother
lifting the barbed wires for her.
Saying, "Go on, it is okay"
Knowing she might not see her baby again.

She thought about her father
holding her up on his shoulders.
Safe. Secure. Protected.
Where were they now?

She rode in silence on the outside
her thoughts roaring on the inside.
Would she see the only things she had lived for and
known ever again?

She ran into the place missing her mother.
She ran into the place longing for her father.
She found the man who would keep her safe
but she did not know his name.

The train stopped; she had made it

from Germany to France.

A death trap, to a chance for longer life.

She puffed her chest, and slowly relaxed it.

She was given to a family.

They loved her well.

They fed her, bathed her, treated her with respect.

She opened a small door for them into her heart.

Was she hidden? Alone?

She had a family; she had a home.

She was not invisible. She was not lost.

Was she found? She believes so.

Months passed by and then a couple years.

One quiet afternoon the Jewish organization
rang at the door.

She opened and saw two people she did not know.

They covered her with affection and tears.

They grasped on to her with every ounce of strength.

They knew her.

They knew she had forgotten.

Her new family stood behind her solemn but strong.

They knew this day was a possibility since they took her in.

It clicked, she remembered. The fence.

The shoulders. Her parents.

She returned the hug

tight as can be.

She shed a tear for the thought of
knowing a forever again.

She took a step back.
She looked at two different worlds.
Two different lives with two different paths.
She saw two different identities of herself.

This whole time she was hidden.
This whole time she did not know who she belonged to.
This whole time she thought she was found;
in reality she had no name.

She awoke to a screaming child.
She looked out and saw the trees rushing by her.
She listened to the sound of the thundering engine.
The train stopped. She hopped off.

She realized her dream resembled her fear.
She wanted to be known. She wanted security.
She wanted certainty.
She realized she was about to get nothing of the sort.

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