

First they stripped me of my nation.
I peered out of my window
Watching as the Swastikas began to sway
Amongst the gentle, polish breezes,
I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of my freedom.
I longed for the past
While watching the patch be sewn
Into the fabric of my clothing.
Standing in the shadow of my mother,
I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of my home.
I lightly sobbed into my father’s arm
Watching as our house began to bleed away
Along with the memories of my past.
Sitting in the back of this truck,
I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of my independence.
I whispered a plea of sadness under my breath
Wondering why they forced more people into our new home
Within this blackened and unholy pit
Fittingly named a “ghetto”
Standing amongst my remaining belongings,
I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of humanity.
I winced from a sharp pain

While being shoved into a cattle car
Disoriented by the darkness and stench.
Sobbing in a curled position,
I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of family.
I shouted as loud as possible
Clinging to my father
As they stripped him away from me.
Flung into the drying mud,
I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of my mother.
I tried to scream but my soul was gone.
She watched as they drug my withering body away.
I felt as if my existence would eternally stayed within her.
Watching as the iron door to the dimly lit chamber was pulled to,
I was unsure of the events to come.

More withering bodies surrounded me.
The showers began above me.
The screams echoed around me.
I was sure of the events to come.

They had come.