

On January 29, 1933

Flickering lights hung ever so perfectly on the night sky

The night was dark as the finest fountain pen ink

Painted below the darkness was the lively city of Weimar

On the west side of the my beloved home was the ice cream shop

To the east, was my favorite playground

North to the heart of the city, was the Evergreen Hospital

And south to the center, was a flowing stream, the most beautiful of them all

This city was my joy

This city was my love

This city was my life

This city was my everything

I just desperately wish that...

This city wasn't my death

January 35, 1933

It was early morning

The sun rose from the Earth

And the bird began to sing

Then the bees began to buzz

The air was blissfully silent

I sat there loving every moment of the serenity

All of a sudden, I heard a voice from downstairs

It was Mother

"Honey, get ready to go into town, we have a big day ahead of us."

I jumped of bed.

Prayed to Yahweh

Ate supper

Brushed my teeth

And out the door we went

The market today was full

Everyone was smiling ear to ear

As happy as can be

Until that siren had to ruin it all...

11:11 AM

Wee oo wee oo wee oo

The sirens wailed and echoed throughout the city

Mentally lost and terrified, I looked into Mother's eyes

For she is the only one that can shield me from what was about to happened

But all I got in return were frozen glasses

I gripped onto her firm loving hands

And prepared for the worst

Knowing that not even Mother can protect me

Hand in hand

Heart to heart

She began to back away slowly

And I followed her every inch of the way

Our pace picked up faster and faster

Soon later

We were running away from the market place

One by one

More families began to join the great spur

As if the cries and screams weren't bad enough

What I was about to see

Was going to be the end of my hope

I remember hearing a loud buzz

Feeling the gusts of wind

And in seconds

The only thing I can recollect was the feeling of a hundred people on top of me

One including my Mother's

Like moments ago

I can see her body huddled over mine

Covered in blood

Wounded by hate

She fought to utter her last words

"DO NOT GIVE UP HOPE; I AM ALWAYS WITH YOU"

Not even given a chance to mourn

A soldier picked me up

And away to a dark world I was sent

Buchenwald, Germany

As I remembered it

Dark walls that killed

People that hunted

And grounds that sinned

Day in and day out

New faces

Same screams

It all became a torturous routine

I there died

My innocence

My light

But what forever stayed with me was Mother’s hope

The one that I kept for when she and I finally met again

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