



Holocaust Memorial Day Poetry by Jemina – Year 8

Extraordinary People

*What am I to do?
I am only ordinary.
I see the harrowing things on the news,
And hear the whispered voices,
Danger, destruction, death,
Soon these words are flooding my brain,
Eating me up inside,
Enveloping me in a cloud of fury,
I try to run from them,
I try to escape,
I feel the weight of the world on my shoulders,
But what am I to do?
I am only ordinary.*

*But ordinary people can make a difference,
Good or bad,*

*Ordinary people can be criminals,
They may have felt pain and sorrow in the past,
But what do they do?
They spend a lifetime ensuring others feel the agony they have felt,
Torturing, shooting, stabbing, killing,
Revenge is what drives them,
Revenge, revenge, revenge.*

*Ordinary people can be onlookers,
They see the pain, the suffering, the death,
But do they help?
They are merely watching,
Too frightened to move,
Fear clouds their mind,
Fear holds their feet down,
Fear beats courage.*

Ordinary people can be victims,

*They are hurt, injured, killed,
But why?
They are innocent people,
Innocent lives cut short,
And what is the excuse?
Wrong place, wrong time.
It's all wrong.*

*But ordinary people can be heroes,
They don't just watch, they do,
Who are they?
They are just ordinary,
Risking their lives for others,
Other ordinary people,
They are saviours, rescuers, protectors,
And yet they are still just ordinary people.
Or are they?*

*So think,
Who are you?
Will you be ordinary?
Or will you be **extraordinary**?*