

## **Remember**

Do you remember the days of young?  
Of freedom, of joy, of endless sun.  
When the air was clear and the skies were blue;  
When laughter rang out and our hearts were true.

I remember back when we were free,  
We could dream and pray and be proud to simply be.  
Not like now, when we are forced to conceal  
Who we want to believe, how we truly feel.

I remember back when we could live,  
When we had peace and hope and love to give.  
Not like now, when we are weary with age  
Stripped of our lives and trapped like birds in a cage.

Will you remember these days of old?  
Of sorrow, of death, of freezing cold.  
As our lungs rot and the sun goes to die;  
As we close our eyes and whisper goodbye.

**Atika S 9SA**

## **Lost infinities**

Discrimination.

She's told to stitch on a star,  
As if religion defines who you are,  
As if she mustn't hang her head in shame,  
Because she just didn't look the same.

Injustice.

She's scared of every soldier she meets,  
As she walks down the empty streets,  
In which she moved to, t'is the town,  
That's purely built to pull her down.

Change.

She's heard it all on the news,  
War on Hitler, and meanwhile Jews,  
Disappear by each passing day,  
But this is news that no one says.

Fear.

She's crying on a dirty train,  
Old man in the corner howling in pain,  
They were told that this was salvation,  
Yet this is only decimation.

Confusion.

He goes left, she goes right,  
The world feels drained of all the light,  
Head shaven, body cold,  
Undeserving of life, she is told.

Death,

Her infinity is no longer there,  
She's herded into a room where,  
Death's arms came to her too early,  
As she died on a gas so slowly.

Infinite..

Finite...

Remember,

Six million lives that were taken,  
Homes ruined, people shaken,  
Commemorate the lost infinities,  
The impossible possibilities.

**Anya B 8MS**

## **What Happened to Them**

What happened to them? A question, whispered by the ones left  
Afraid for the answer, but it is better than no answer at all, and yet  
Anonymity's shroud still clings to them, not willing to let them see light  
Indifference's claws are still sunk in them, so nobody hears their cries  
Their frail ghosts are haunted by the fate of being forgotten  
Clumped together as a statistic, again they are labeled by numbers  
"1 of 6 million" inked on them, slowly swallowing their other identities  
Over time their stories fuse, as do they, into one entity  
But the ones left remember them individually, and the ones left need to know  
What happened to those whom they knew not so long ago  
They need to know the details behind each and every one  
For their stories are worth it, too valuable to be remembered by no one  
And the ones left search for pieces of them, go on voyages simply for answers  
They know, as we do not, that these used to be people, not numbers  
They do not quote the graphs or charts, they do not make speeches to condemn  
All they are looking for are remnants, a final answer, to the question:  
"What happened to them?"  
(And one day, we too will know.)

**Inakshi G 10FL**

## Untitled

First came the letters  
‘Pack your bags  
Let’s go travel’  
They called it  
A Holiday.  
Pots and pans,  
A doughnut box,  
Why was no one as excited as me?

‘Let’s board a train’  
My uncle, aunt and neighbours were there  
Is this what they mean by  
‘Adventure of a lifetime’?  
I can’t wait to go outside.

My lungs are collapsing against my ribs.  
Adventure isn’t supposed to smell like this,  
Like death and dread and of  
Everything Ending.  
I don’t think so, at least.  
I can’t really breathe.

The doors scrape their ways open  
And corpses lay in piles,  
Like limp building blocks.  
My mother grips my hand  
But doesn’t meet my eyes.  
My mother never lies-  
But this doesn’t feel like

A Holiday.

I'm not sure I care anymore.  
I just want her to hold my hand and then  
Everything will be okay.

I can't really see much.  
My eyes are all blurry  
And my head feels too heavy  
For me to hold up.  
I'm not as brave as my mother-  
She holds her head up  
With a steely gaze at the words

Arbeit macht frei.

I don't know what that means.  
But the letters glare down through my eyes  
And my lungs are heaving  
And my mother's grip is loosening  
And everyone looks so empty  
And strange men are coming closer  
And  
I  
Want  
To  
Go  
Home.

**Shriya S 6NW**

## **Deceit**

As your cold hand slipped from mine,  
all I could picture was your fading smile.  
And strange shady men pushed me aside  
"they won't hurt me, I'm just a juvenile"

Swiftly, they seized all our luggage  
and I began to feel sick to my stomach,  
Or maybe it was because of the fumes  
from the place we imagined luxury but is really our doom.  
Soon, terror crept through,  
This place did not have  
'nice views'  
rather, the sight of dead bodies,

Glistening gold gates turned out to be grey,  
left me thinking that I came the wrong way.  
But little did we know, it all was a lie,  
this was the place we were to die.

However, we live in thoughts of yours,  
observed by silence or applause.  
Anything to remember the horrifying past,  
One that we call the Holocaust.

**Nevedya N 6NW**