



HOLOCAUST

CEUTA

Taylor & Michael

Alexandra K. Michaud

Another Day Goes By

The trains
Stop at the camp.
Children crying when lost,
Mothers worry when trying to find their
Children.

Two lines
Form by the gate.
If refusing to do that,
A family member will be gone
Forever.

Walking
In fright, terror,
Going to a barded wire gate.
Escorted to a big crowded room
At once.

Pills drop
From the door on
Top. Breathing gets harder,
And soon there's a mountain of dreadful
Bodies.

Fire
Is on, bodies
Lie in place as souls leave.
Ashes set on shelves, not bothered
At all.

The smoke
Rises, eastward.
The funeral starts and ends,
Family's cry in the cabins
That night.

Brenan Page

Arrive, Realize, Remnant

Fear drains a soul away.
It takes all the other emotions
and crumbles them to dust.
Watching others erode before your eyes.
Taken down piece by piece,
the last minute crumb taken by a mouse.

Dark and gray,
It's a cold, winter's day.
Agony drips down the face
of the crying dead.
Hope is lost.
Begin to accept fate.
Reality opens up the door to death,
whispers of welcome,
greet the visitor.

A mini mountain range of soulless suitcases,
Smothered chalk,
Of many lost names
Written on dusty leather.
Shimmering pile of value,
Shining like the sun on snow.

Grant Hemphill

As the Patrols come

As the German patrols come,

The fear comes.

Like a hurricane, sweeping everyone out.

As Amy hides in the kitchen cabinet

The Germans walk in.

The immense fear in Amy was about to burst.

A water w54ypqu09-26drop hits her and she is distracted.

The water drop saved her from shedding a tear.

The German is opening the cabinets.

When he was about to open that cabinet someone yelled.

The fear she contains would be enough for many.

Her family was taken,

Only Amy was left.

She had been living in fear for weeks,

The Germans finally caught her.

Gone, like she didn't exist.

Gavin Mazerolle

Innocent people

The trains are taking off,
Going on a journey they did not know.
Children screaming by the closed door,
They all die together.
For some the nightmare ends.

Ezengruppen pinning them down
When hearing the marches of the solders.
Hearing the machine guns shooting them down;
They all die in pits,
Covered.

For many it only begins.
Night comes morning awaits,
The sound of babies crying.

Alisa Brewer

The Train

As the train was coming,

Dark rumbling noises coming down the tracks,

The racket of screaming and crying.

Horror of the Nazis,

Smoke coming from the wind,

The tears of clouds.

Helping the Jews,

Brittle boned,

Of the children falling off the dirty, smelly train.

Leaving the frightened people behind,

Of the speechless voices,

Waving from the dirt weaving around.

Justin Buck

The Talk of The Dead

They were Beaten, Gassed, and Shot.
Everyone knew what was happening.
But no one stepped up,
No one knew how many people were going to still be alive in the morning?
Alone,
Cold,
Starving,
Weak,
Off to the death camps.
Or hopefully to slave camps.
To live another three months.
Loved ones worried,
People ask why them?
The families will be once joined together again.

Katelyn Ford

“Here lie 1000 bodies”

I sit here today, wondering why that had ever happened.

Mistakes left in history like pure dust that blows away,

But this never seems to leave my regretful mind.

I still can envision the cruelty with my remembering eyes;

Blood being splattered from the whips being swung,

Metal flying from the tip of the gun,

As people standing near just simply fall to the ground.

One girl looked at me with despair,

I understood what she wanted,

But I could not give her help.

As I think today, standing in the yard,

I could've risked my life to try to protect her,

Saved her life, even.

I do regret standing there,

With my feet filled with so many weights of fear,

They couldn't move.

I could not make my way there to save her,

But now I can walk to her stone,

My mind recalling that maybe I was the reason she did not survive.

Sam Gray

Invisible

The world around me in a fog,
Twisted lies,
No right,
No wrong,
Just rules of how to live our lives,
And who to hate and who to prize.

I know in my heart that it's not right,
But what do I do, stand and fight?

It isn't me they're looking for,
Knocking on my front door.
But what if it was,
How would that feel?

To be hunted for
every day,
Because of who I am and what I say.
Hiding every day and night,
Relying on others to do what's right.

Getting on that train,
The everlasting fear
Of what's to come,
My family
friends,
neighbors,
myself,
Could all be gone in a blink of an eye.

But that's not my fate,

Not my time to die,
I don't need
to just sit here and cry,

Because it's not my fault,
Or is it?

I'm not doing anything grand,
They are all suffering while I just stand.
My family is fine,
Good
Healthy and
Clean.

But really, I am caught in between,
The good and the bad,
The love or the hate

Should I risk my life for those in need,
And in the end
lose those close to me?

The leader of my land,
My country,
My home.
It's like he's in a daze,
A hateful, bloody rage.

We all know what he's planning,
A mass genocide.
But what can I do?

Nothing,
Absolutely nothing, is what I can do.
My family and I will fade into the countryside,
As the many bodies will soon fade into the ground.

Keep ourselves safe, and away from harm,

Blocking out all state of alarm.

Follow incomprehensible rules,
Treating some as if they're mules.
But we will obey and do as we're told.

I will choose to stay invisible,
And live another day.

Sonderkommando

The rolling hills of flesh and bone
that we were forced to ignore.
Cruelty, as bare and desolate as Hades.
The stench of death clings to the air.
We watch the flag,
the fangs whipping in the breeze.
Four of them, twisted and disfigured.
Shaved heads bob in a sea of black and white.
If we so much as stare,
we will feel the fire on our backs, and the crack of thunder.

Regan Nelson

The Train Arrives

The train,
Rumbling down the tracks like a
Loud thunderstorm.
The train comes to a halt,
Sparks fly as bright as lighting

Worried faces
Children screaming
Everyone is in a rush
The S.S. men yell, "get into two lines".
They rush,
Men and boys on one side
Women and young children on the other.
Screaming rings in your head just like a bell

In the rush,
A lonesome ring has fallen as quietly as snow.
Left all alone.
It lies there in the footprints of thousands that have walked through
And never returned.
Who's there to pick it up?
Who?
No one.
When?
Never.
Alone to disappear into the dirt like nothing ever happened.