

POEM HANDOUT ONE: HOLOCAUST

POEM HANDOUT ONE: POEM ONE

The Action in the Ghetto of Rohatyn, March 1942.
by Alexander Kimel- Holocaust Survivor.

Do I want to remember?
The peaceful ghetto, before the raid:
Children shaking like leaves in the wind.
Mothers searching for a piece of bread.
Shadows, on swollen legs, moving with fear.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?
Do I want to remember, the creation of hell?
The shouts of the Raiders, enjoying the hunt.
Cries of the wounded, begging for life.
Faces of mothers carved with pain.
Hiding Children, dripping with fear.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?
Do I want to remember, my fearful return?
Families vanished in the midst of the day.
The mass grave steaming with vapor of blood.
Mothers searching for children in vain.
The pain of the ghetto, cuts like a knife.
No, I don't want to remember, but how can I forget?
Do I want to remember, the wailing of the night?
The doors kicked ajar, ripped feathers floating the air.
The night scented with snow-melting blood.
While the compassionate moon, is showing the way.
For the faceless shadows, searching for kin.
No, I don't want to remember, but I cannot forget.
Do I want to remember this world upside down?
Where the departed are blessed with an instant death.
While the living condemned to a short wretched life,
And a long tortuous journey into unnamed place,
Converting Living Souls, into ashes and gas.
No. I Have to Remember and Never Let You Forget.

Kimel, Alexander. The Action in the Ghetto of Rohatyn, March 1942. <http://remember.org/witness/kimel2>

POEM HANDOUT ONE: POEM TWO

The Creed of a Holocaust Survivor

by Alexander Kimel

I do believe, with all my heart,
In the natural Goodness of Man.
Despite the blood and destruction,
Brought by one man, trying to be God,
In the Goodness of Man, I do believe.
I do believe, with all my heart,
That God gave man the blessing and the curse.
Man can select the curse of envy, hatred and prejudices,
Or the blessing of love, harmony and beauty.
Despite the painful curses of the past,
In the blessing of the Creator, I do believe.
I do believe, with all my heart,
That God created a beautiful world,
The sun and the trees, the flowers and the bees.
And the best way to serve God, is
To enjoy the fruits of His labor of love.
Despite the painful memories from the past,
In the joyful celebration of life, I do believe.
I do believe with all my heart,
That God has created man in image of His own.
And killing of man, is like killing of God.
Despite the massacres in Rwanda, the cleansing in Bosnia,
The folly of Muslim fanatics, and the cruelty of Pot Pol.
In the love and compassion of the Creator, I do believe.

I believe with all my heart,
That the Messiah and the Kingdom of Heaven will come;
When man will conquer his destructive urge,
And learn how to live in harmony with nature and himself.
When all the preachers of hate will be silenced,
And man will become his brother's keeper.
When man will stop killing man, in the name of God,
And nation will not lift weapons against nation.
When it will be, I do not know, but
Despite all the signs to the contrary.
In the dawn of a Better World, I do believe.

Kimel, Alexander. The Creed of a Holocaust Survivor. <http://remember.org/witness/kimel2>

POEM HANDOUT ONE: POEM THREE

I Wish

by Inge Auerbacher- Holocaust Survivor

I wish I could run free,
And play to my heart's desire.
Climb mountains, walk on soft grass,
Never would I tire.

I wish these strange conditions,
Were no more than a nightmare.
That there are still people somewhere,
Who understand and care.

I wish I could sleep on a soft bed,
And eat a good meal.
Never again to hunger,
To barter, and to steal.

I wish I would wake up
To a new and brighter morn.
In another time, a different land,
And be reborn.

Auerbacher, Inge. (1994). I wish. Beyond the Yellow Star to America.