

“Aftereffect”

(Based on the testimony of Marie Silverman from the Florida Holocaust Museum’s Holocaust Survivor Series.)

In the quiet of the night,
We crept. We crept.
The footsteps of the men.
Lockstep. Lockstep.

Fear filled our minds,
As we left. As we left,
Missing our home,
Nothing kept. Nothing kept.

Running on memories,
We wept. And wept.
Seeking promised land,
Bereft. Bereft.

Finding refuge in France
As we trekked and we trekked.
But then taken away
With disrespect. No respect.

My papa. He was gone.
I reflect on the neglect.
My sister and mama
Would choose to disconnect.

Crossing mountain peaks,
Wary and circumspect,
To a new land of Spain,
To our aunt we'd suspect.

But the travels continued,
All alone, like rejects.
America beckoned,
To safeguard and protect.

And all through this struggle,
Good and evil would bisect.
But my will to live was stronger,
Never forget. Only recollect...

Poem

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