

That Suitcase

I am that suitcase, that shoe, that tiny photograph, that locket that
travelled from Amsterdam to Auschwitz;
from Lodz to Treblinka;
from Budapest to Sobibor.

To show the world that I existed.
I was a young girl , a human being with
hopes, dreams and ambitions.

Who wanted to someday make a mark on the world.
but only my shoe, my locket, my photograph survived
And ended up in a *museum* to show the world that I did exist, that I once was.

I was erased but my artifacts survived to show that there once was a girl named
Berta, Anna, Gerta, Miriam, Minnie...me!

All that is left are these reminders to let the future know I existed.
To tell the world I was...to say Never Again!

I am that suitcase.

This poem was inspired by the stories told by my grandmother Susan a Holocaust educator, my grandfather Steve and great grandfather Irving, who lost over 20 members of our family in the Holocaust. I am where I have been. My responsibility is to teach others, so the story of the Shoah is not erased from history. It is my destiny to reflect and inspire others to deny hate and not be silent when they encounter it.