

## *Pinchas Dov*

It's 1939,  
There're rumblings of war,  
A newborn in my arms,  
So, the news I do ignore.

Another year's gone,  
I'm forced to grow-up fast,  
Yet, my baby's safe with me,  
A mother-child bond to forever last.

While the calendar keeps turning,  
The world's stopped in its tracks,  
Humans became animals,  
Gentle baby, hidden in my barracks.

No words to describe,  
The inferno I'm in,  
My baby gives me strength,  
When I want to give in.

Head down, eyes below,  
Dare dream about surviving,  
My baby's cries for help,  
Keeps me from dying.

**I'm done**  
**Kill me**  
**My baby is gone**

My baby ripped away,  
Murdered in cold-blood,  
I shrieked to no avail,  
Broken remains left in cold mud.

I'm told I'm free,  
Yet, what does that mean?  
When my baby is not here,  
And atrocities I've witnessed that cannot be unseen.

Humans depraved,  
Work makes you free,  
Witnessing unspeakable horrors,  
Monsters of the lowest degree.

Spirit to live extinguished,  
Snuffed out and long gone,  
Gathering strength only through,  
The bond to my murdered son.

With unknown will inside,  
I vow to start from scratch,  
Revenge of the highest form,  
By rebuilding what was snatched.

Years passed, I'm now old,  
Yet not a day goes by,  
Haunted by nightmares,  
And my helpless baby's cry.

His face, only I'll remember,  
No one knows his name,  
Afraid he'll leave no legacy,  
His death would be in vain.

And so, I beseech future generations,  
The next in our chain,  
Hold these stories within your heart,  
In a special place they shall remain.

Soon I'll be gone,  
Time will come and go,  
Who will believe my story,  
How are they to know?

Therefore, it's up to you,  
Idealistic women and men,  
Recount the stories of this destruction,  
So, it will truly be, **never again**.