

Selena Golden

I burn for my ancestors
Who lay in mass graves waiting
For men with black boots on German owned soil
Debating
If I should go with God today
Or keep waiting

I burn for those that fought with no ending
To stay alive but their lives were transcending
He worked us to death
My frail sister was weak
Bending
Over with heat exhaustion and starvation
But what will it be worth?
Tomorrow she'll be part of this green Earth

The Earth doesn't feel green today
It feels brown with our sorrows
When we see the smoke
Death immediately follows
I have no family here
I fear where they have gone- Are they in a camp like me? This one?
Maybe

I hold onto hope in order to cope
That one day Ill see my family again
One day we won't be called derogatory names
We won't have to feel that pain
If only you knew
What it really means to be a Jew.