Stripped

A Poem on the Holocaust

First they stripped me of my nation.

I peered out of my window

Watching as the Swastikas began to sway

Amongst the gentle, Polish breezes,

I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of my freedom.

I longed for the past

While watching the patch be sewn

Into the fabric of my clothing.

Standing in the shadow of my mother,

I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of my home.

I lightly sobbed into my father's arm

Watching as our house began to bleed away

Along with the memories of my past.

Sitting in the back of this truck,

I was unsure of the events to come.
Then they stripped me of my independence.

I whispered a plea of sadness under my breath

Wondering why they forced more people into our new home

Within this blackened and unholy pit

Fittingly named a “ghetto”

Standing amongst my remaining belongings,

I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of humanity.

I winced from a sharp pain

While being shoved into a cattle car

Disoriented by the darkness and stench.

Sobbing in a curled position,

I was unsure of the events to come.

Then they stripped me of family.

I shouted as loud as possible

Clinging to my father

As they stripped him away from me.

Flung into the drying mud,

I was unsure of the events to come.
Then they stripped me of my mother.
I tried to scream but my soul was gone.
She watched as they drug my withering body away.
I felt as if my existence would eternally stayed within her.
Watching as the iron door to the dimly lit chamber was pulled to,
I was unsure of the events to come.

More withering bodies surrounded me.
The showers began above me.
The screams echoed around me.
I was sure of the events to come.

They had come.