

First Prize Poetry, High School Division

I Remember You, Zelda

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Survivor Testimony, Zelda Gordon

I see you, Zelda. A young woman starting your life
Me, a young man, starting mine.
You, on the verge of your college career,
Me, in the process of preparing for mine.

A young woman's dream crushed.
By your father's death and devastating war.
My dreams, still able to blossom and ripe with opportunity.
I feel for you, Zelda.

Your lovely Poland, invaded by intruders.
Taking everything you hold dear.
My bountiful country with all its freedoms, beckons me to all I can be.
I mourn for you, Zelda.

Crowded into ghettos, personal possessions all gone.
Danger ahead, lurking around.
Living in a home with more than I need, freedom to move and do as I please,
I cry for you, Zelda.

From Treblinka, Majdanek, Lublin, and Blizyn, on to Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen,
On trains filled with only darkness and despair.
My train delivers me to new adventures filled with rich opportunity.
I dream for you, Zelda.

You're like a caged bird, unable to sing yet still yearning to live,
You've lost your song but not your will.
I arise to bright skies and days full of promise, eager to see what lies ahead,
I hope for you, Zelda.

Liberation arrives, freedom is near, love emerges and hope reappears.
Family is found and connections are made,
You found your song, Zelda, "Praise" be its name.
I pray for you, Zelda.