First Prize Poetry, High School Division

Rebuilt

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Survivor Testimony: Rose Toren

Do you remember me?
You may have broken me down,
But I don't need you to piece me back together.
You may have taken my warm home,
But you couldn't take my hopes.
You may have taken my education,
But you couldn't take my guts.
The sun was in hiding as my feet fled.
Trees bending in the wind covered me
From you who made me hide who I was
You would find my Jewish upbringing
But you could never find my strength, my hope, my luck.
They are not in hiding.
Do you recognize me now?
I was the child who wanted to be something.
Can you see it?
Now I am the woman who is more than something.
I am everything, everyone.
I am the thunder of running feet,
The tears of frightened families,
The sister who took the chance to flee,
The false papers of hope.
I am the one who was lucky.
Do you know it now?
I am their story,
Their voice,
Their beauty and their pain,
And you can never take that.