

This Little Story of Mine

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Survivor Oral Testimony by Zelda Gordon**

First Place, Middle School Poetry

The screen flickers on,

The camera whirrs,

I listen attentively,

As memories flow through my head faster than my blood,

To the memories of a survivor.

Of broken families, friendships of the past, the forgotten.

This is your story | *This is my story.*

Clear words,

Confused thoughts,

My family never to see each other again,

Warmth of my family, so close,

so far away.

as all I can do is sit here and watch...

| "... *But it was all just dreams that never came true.*" |

I have dreams,

... I remember dreams that I had.

I have friends I laugh with,

... I remember my friends' tinkling laughs,

I have smiled at their daydreaming faces,

... I remember my boyfriend's smiling face.

|I can see them everyday,|

Every night, in my sleep,

At school. They would always

Protect me. Support me. Watch for me.

Care about me.

... I can't say I know how you feel,

"I'm trying to tell my little story the best I can..."

But I know I feel grateful, as I listen,

As I tell

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|This little story of mine...|