

The Lifeline of Language
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In the shadows of Warsaw, where despair reigned,
Amid rubble and ash, the streets were heavy with silence.
Each step she took carried more than her weight,
A message, a memory, a chain of resistance
Through her voice, the past refused to fade.

Through cracks in the ghetto walls, her hands bore more than food,
They carried whispers of connection, words spoken in haste,
A bridge to those left behind.
Binding the living to the silenced dead.

For in her sacred Yiddish tongue, history thrived
A language of those who had been silenced for so long
A link to stories both brutal and brave
If we forget, if our tongues fall quiet
The silence suffocates.

Human connection lives in our speech,
To tell her story, to share her fight,
Was to cast a light on history's darkest stains.
Her words traveled through time to us
And she carried more than her story,
She preserved a people, their grief, and their customs.

Her words were a form of resistance
To ensure the world knew of her people's truths and very essence.
Her resolve to keep her language alive echoed in me, a spark to hold my own words close.
For in language, culture endures and through her, I learn the power of speech to preserve.

Language is more than simply a tool,
It is a thread of connection
It is a means **to preserve something from the past**
It is the pulse of heritage, a force that ties us to each other.
And in Vladka Meed's testimony, there is not just the past, there is a future
Waiting for me to speak my own story.