

SECOND PLACE MIDDLE SCHOOL POETRY

The Clouds of War

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Survivor Testimony: Miriam Lichterman

You were a flower

Rooted in your faith, watered with your culture

And warmed by a loving home

Blooming with bright colors and knowledge

The sky was blue and clear, filled with so much promise

You were a flower Growing towards the sky

Your roots growing deeper in the ground

Overhead the clouds of war grew, casting a dark shadow around the world

Fear knotted within you

You were a flower

The clouds overhead developed to a tremendous size

Raining bullets and death upon you and your garden

Weeds nourished by the rain began to slowly drain the life from you

You were pulled from the earth where you were once a seed

You were a flower

You now rested in treacherous and unknown soil

You started to wilt as more weeds surrounded you

The grim clouds that hid the sun from the world, showered you with the tears of other victims

You were a flower

Liberation and freedom at last

Uprooted one last time, and placed in rich, welcoming soil

Promise filled the sky once more

The clouds finally disappeared

You were a flower, but you didn't flourish to the fullest bloom; you simply didn't have the chance

The Nazis took that opportunity away from you

I am now a witness to the torment and destruction of your garden

Thank you for being resilient against hate, and having the will to survive during storms of turbulent change

I can now plant the seeds of this knowledge and encourage them to grow and prosper

Your story will live on because it lives in me