

Middle School Poetry
First Place

Marked

Elle Gault, Grade 8
McPherson Magnet School, Orange
Testimony of Isaac Cohen

This number broke the last strand of hope
I am marked forever by the 6 numbers that are branded on my arm

I am marked by the pain,
Of walking to no end, walking to get to a place of hatred and scorn

I am marked by the feeling,
That I could not do anything to save the people around me

I am marked by the reek,
The stench of hope and despair mixing with the ashes of sorrow from the crematoria

I am marked by the hate,
The hate that brought pain, suffering, and death to cover us like a blanket, never to forget

I am marked by the people,
The people who had lost all hope to live and those who kept fighting for it

We are marked by the thought,
Can this happen again?

We are marked by the responsibility,
This time not to stand by and watch

We are marked by the guilt,
We didn't help them, we didn't save them

I, as this writer, am marked by the thought,
If I was marked by a number, who would I really be?

But he is still marked by that number,
114256, the numbers imprinted, like the memories on him forever.