

First Prize Poetry, Middle School Division

Worn Threads

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Last memories, fade the fastest
Gone forever, only the scarf left.
Connected to your family by a piece of cloth.
Good memories and happiness woven into each thread.
Wandering along trying to find the way.
Walk on the streets, violent sights.
A yellow star sets you apart from the others.
Hatred and dirty stares, too much to bear.
The world you knew is gone forever.
One-by-one, the worn threads unravel.

Forced to live where you were told.
Enclosed and confined like animals.
Laborious tasks too traumatizing for words.
As your heart starts to tear, so does your scarf.
Day-by-day, waiting for someone to see the truth.
Living scarcely and barely getting by.
Death and abuse wherever you turn.
You hold on tight for there is no turning back.
One-by-one, the worn threads unravel.

Hope and Courage get you through
Grasping tightly to the scarf and old memories.
Go and hide, the only chance you'll get
Hear the footsteps, death approaching.
Feel your pulse racing faster and faster.
Surprise and relief rushes through your body.
Freedom rings in your ears.
Liberation has come, no longer a victim.
Now you must pick up the scraps of the scarf you once had.
Intertwine the new and old; persevere
One-by-one, the worn threads are slowly coming together.