

A Maroon Hankie
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Cleanly pressed and folded it was placed into my hand
A last token of a soon to be memory
I received a maroon hankie

I didn't know the value of objects, until I had one
I didn't know the value of people, until I had none.
But my one object carried all the worth in the world
A maroon hankie

I don't know what happened to him
All I know is the walls were rising
And there were bombs, more people dying
and Warsaw was in flames: Red, licking flames
Like the colour of my maroon hankie

We watched from the window, havoc unleashed on our home
Yet we were the opportune, we were on the right side of the window pane
The side where we still wore silky dresses made by the sisters.
the same silk of my maroon hankie

I was lucky
not because I was saved
But because I learned the true meaning of love
His love was sewn into my heart
The same way I held the hankie so tight at night
That its fibers have sewn into the fibers of my skin

Because of my father's honour I survived
Because of his love for us he died
He sacrificed it all so we could breathe the air of freedom

To the man who gave to me
The thing that has carried all of my tears
A maroon hankie
His maroon hankie