

Signs

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Signs are everywhere.
Signs of change, signs of luck
Signs of fear, and signs of hope.
As you navigated through this labyrinth of torment
You looked for the signs in life.

You endured signs of change when the Nazis invaded your hometown.
Signs of change that came slowly
And one by one, your freedoms and liberties were curtailed
Helpless to resist, the signs of change swept over you.

You watched new signs appear each day in your city.
Signs on the windows and doors
Signs that told you how to live and what to do
Signs that first took away your radios, guns, and knives
Signs that gradually took away your rights, your freedom, your dignity.
And finally, you walked under a sign of lies
Which read "Arbeit macht frei," work will set you free.

You were protected by signs of luck while battling each new obstacle.
When a kind act from a neighbor landed you a job in an electrical store
And those skills you learned from the job saved your life, time and time again.
As bombs rained down, your luck protected you as everything around you was incinerated.
With nothing but your striped uniform and wooden shoes slung over your shoulder
You let signs of luck blaze your path.

Through the hardship, signs of hope always found their way to the surface.
When you saw the good behind the eyes of those who helped you along the way
As you found your friends after years of pain without a single shoulder to lean on.
And above all, seeing your children grow up to be successful adults
Praying they will never have to walk in your wooden shoes.

Now I will always look for all the signs in life.
And with your story forever within my heart
I will never forget to look for signs of hope everywhere I go.