

Legacy

In the books of history, though the pages are worn and pale,
Some events, so horrific, must never be allowed to grow stale.
Some historical events remain wonderfully fresh like cotton;
Other events are dark and are hoped to be forgotten.
There are past events that have scarred my family tree;
If one young, thirteen-year old girl had given up hope, I could never be.
So I write a tribute of praise, to those who survived the Holocaust.
They barely had any food and endured extreme heat and frost.
The Morning was dim; my bubby's spirit not yet broken.
It was that day by the Gestapo she was woken.
The close family of five—two older brothers, a mom, and a dad—
Were told they were going on a "trip" and to pack all the possessions they had.
They were led to the train station and herded in like cattle.
Their confusion and fear grew, as the train's wheels creaked and rattled.
They were told that where they were going, was for their own protection,
But allow me to interject and make this one correction.
Where they were going was evil; death and cruelty was the plan.
My bubby stayed with her mother, holding tightly, hand in hand.
The concentration camps snuffed out any childhood hopes they had,
For it was the final destination for my bubby's mom and dad.
They were worked like machines and given only crumbs of food.
Their barracks were overcrowded prisons: smelly, dank, and crude.
Why must they die? Who made this terrible decision?
The reason why was they were of the Jewish religion.
But regardless of those who were lost in the camps,
The ones who survived had their lives... another chance.
Had my bubby lacked the determination to survive,

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I would not be here today, well and alive.

That day when the Gestapo came to take them away,

My grandmother's happy girlhood was no more that day.

That day was in 1939, nearly 72 years in the past.

Regardless of the how much time has passed, her memories last,

Memories of her parents and one brother taken from her so early,

And when she speaks of her mom and dad, she gets so happy and "girlie."

Although those horrible days are past, and she is a bubby to nine,

She is still pleasant, kind, and grateful, and I'm so proud to say she's "mine."

She's my bubby, my survivor, my link to history;

She's a survivor of the Holocaust...Her survival was meant to be.

My grandmother had my mother, who then in turn had me.

If my bubby, Magda Zelovics-Denburg, had died, I would never be.

Length: 40 lines

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Bibliography

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"Magda Denburg." Personal interview. 6 Jan. 2011.