FACES OF
THE HOLOCAUST

Birkenau

Slipping, sliding, sinking in the freezing mud
No strength left to lift each foot
Crawling back into the squalor of our frigid hut
No hope left for better days to come.

Children gone I don't know where
Sisters dead and dying all around
Starved and beaten, shaved of hair
Bereft, bewildered, broken down.

This bleak existence all that's left
For those of us who wore the Star,
Spoke a different truth and dreaded war.
Lives lost to a living death

Lyn Moffet

Even the Trees Weep

It wasn't uneasy
But it wasn't easy
So much to absorb
So little time.
I walked the paths
I listened to the stories
I stood alone with my thoughts
I tried to make sense of the words
.....imagine the atrocities.
I wanted to offer comfort
But could not.
I looked at the faces behind glass,
Young, old....generations...
Staring out.
Hard to tell male from female
No time to grow old.
History that cannot be re-written.

C Mitchell Aug 13

Behind The Wire

My body shivers from hunger and cold
Beaten with sticks to do as I'm told.
When someone fell they shot them dead
I am too scared to lift my head.
Children torn from their mother's arms
The stench of death floating all around.
My mother was pulled from off my side
I am too scared to lift my head.
My salted tears run down my face
As we all huddle in to a tiny space.
A mother's wail can be heard for miles.
I am too scared to lift my head.
My family are all gone now
Just four hundred women just like me.
We see the chimneys full of smoke
Our bodies shiver from hunger and cold.
I am too scared to lift my head.
Alison Torrens
Auschwitz Programme 2013

Causeway Coast & Glens Borough Council

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL DAY 27/1

The Executive Office