

## ***A yellow star***

A star,  
A crumpled yellow star,  
Pinned gently to worn down clothing  
Easy to be seen from afar.

A shoe,  
An adventurous shoe,  
Many stacked up as one yet all individually lonely and frail - abandoned  
Their owners, nowhere in view.

Streets filled with delicate laughs and dancing, old and young.  
A community, a home for all.  
Sisters and brothers,  
Doctors and lawyers,  
Merchants and musicians,  
Stolen.  
But we still stand,  
Fewer in numbers but grander and prouder than ever.  
We wear our Magen David's round our necks  
and our kippah on our heads,  
they were strong but we are stronger.

A journey back into our history which I was privileged to endure,  
brought the light back into that yellow star which we will never let fade - I'm reassured.  
We proudly marched with our heads held high,  
Indulging in our history which many deny,  
But when we gathered round in a circle, we sang a song led by our voice -  
And brought life back into surviving synagogues as we rejoiced.

The wind mutters and declares;  
A sound of men and women shouting and murmuring floods the air,  
The historical sights leave a gloomy, deathly atmosphere,  
It's almost unimaginable and hard to bare,

But to keep that yellow star shining, we must educate all,  
By visiting remaining camps and lasting Polish shuls.  
Those deathly cries still haunt the air,  
Empty bunk beds and bags of hair,  
Barren land where ash once laid  
All because they were Jewish, it was the price they paid.

But we will never be able to fully step in their frail shoes,  
What they endured, we will never know,  
The true tragedies of the Holocaust.

By Lucy Manton