

2017 Elie Wiesel Competition

2nd Place Junior Poetry

Anthony Hollifield, 8th Grade

Hugo Owens Middle School, Sonja Stevens

Not Even Words

Darkness now could be felt

Hope was no more

The taste of the bitter, death air filled every surface of my nose

My parents lost in the mob of creatures

Lost. Gone.

Words that I got used to quickly.

Long strides came to be steps

Animals are what we are now

Herded into killing machines

How could this be?

No explanation.

I pray and pray

Who to?

Does He hear me?

Is this meant to be?

I'm just hurting myself now

People around me started talking

Why now?

Not even words can save us now

Who will listen?

In the distance I heard screams

Screams of children

A sudden wave of heat smacked my face

Smoke rose up

I noticed that screams were no more in the distance

Guards formed us in lines of order

We started moving through stations of tents

Clothes were taken

The cold was more numbing than before

No protection

All men with nothing but the present

We started moving while the heat became more overwhelming

My eyes were drying out from the smoke consuming us

That is it.

Are my parents still alive?

Will they still believe that God is with them?

Flames of hell rose in front of me

I closed my eyes and prayed.

Words that I never consumed in my mind

I opened my eyes and saw Freedom forever in front of me.

Not even words could explain.