

No Name Pilecki

And to you I write, with no guards in sight,  
dear Armia—I am no famous Auschwitz,  
and I've heard the curses to your order.  
But I cannot live with these empty pockets of grace  
I wash in acrimony for these men,  
and their symbols and words and actions and—

And to you I write, with hollowed eyes,  
my star-marked brethren: please stay alive.  
These men and their heavy words and raging whips,  
I gag from their egos, yet, please, don't sway or quiver  
—just stay by my side,  
in these jagged cells and stone cages.

And to you I write, with so little time,  
I've starved and choked.  
The sun will still shine beyond these barbed skies.  
But will I? Will my tattooed numbers and dull yellow patches—  
will you still hate me?

And to you I write, with long-gone life.  
I am no famous Auschwitz,

but won't you save me, too?

I've been told the stories of the faux-named man Serafiński

Won't you come to my rescue?

oh, Armia—do you hate me too?

I call for not your full militia, but only a man

Or is no one willing for our unfixed lives?

to strive for capture, yet still escape

And to you I write, with nothing more.

My fear has never quelled, but my hope.

it is yet a promised sigh in gassed piles.

In newly placed grief, my heart is empty

For no rage will ever repair the world,

but maybe for your aid—dear Armia.

### Bibliography

DDay.Center. "The Role of the Polish Home Army (Armia Krajowa) in WWII." *D-Day Center*,

7 Aug. 2025 [www.dday.center](http://www.dday.center)

Holocaust Memorial Day Trust. "Holocaust Memorial Day Trust | Witold Pilecki." *Hmd.org.uk*,

2025, [hmd.org.uk/resource/witold-pilecki/](http://hmd.org.uk/resource/witold-pilecki/).