**“The Butterfly”**

The last, the very last,

So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.

Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing

against a white stone…

Such, such a yellow

Is carried lightly ‘way up high.

It went away I'm sure because it wished to

kiss the world goodbye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,

Penned up inside this ghetto

But I have found my people here.

The dandelions call to me

And the white chestnut candles in the court.

Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.

Butterflies don't live in here,

In the ghetto.

***Pavel Friedman, June 4, 1942***

***Born in Prague on Jan. 7, 1921.***

***Deported to the Terezin Concentration Camp on April 26, 1942.***

***Died in Aushchwitz on Sept. 29, 1944.***

**“Written in Pencil in the Sealed Railway-Car”**

* **Dan Pagis**

here, in this carload

i am eve

with abel my son

if you see my other son

cain son of man

tell him that i

**“Testimony”**

* **Dan Pagis**

No no: they definitely were

Human beings: uniforms, boots.

How to explain? They were created

In the image

I was a shade.

A different creator made me.

And he in his mercy left nothing of me that would die.

And I fled to him, rose weightless, blue,

Forgiving – I would even say: apologizing –

Smoke to omnipotent smoke

Without image or likeness

**“The Sonderkommando” by Lily Brett**

*Source:* From *The Auschwitz Poems* by Lily Brett. Melbourne: Scribe Publications Pty Ltd, 1986. Used with permission of the author.

The Sonderkommando

those prisoners

known as

the Death Squad

merely

shuffled

death around

re-arranging

and

re-packaging

the components

they

herded

crowds

into the showers

pulled

them

out

gassed

hosed

them

to get rid of

the crap

hooked

the slippery bodies

with

thongs around the wrists

and

piled

them

into

the

elevators

for

the

ovens.