



## Faded

My soul is dying  
Yesterday I was a person  
Now I'm a Jew  
Yesterday I had a family  
Now I'm alone  
Yesterday I had a House  
Now I've just a line of numbers on my arm  
Lost everyone, lost everything!

My star is fading  
taking away my hope  
a thin thread makes me feel alive  
I need someone that comforts me  
that wipes away the tears on my face  
this fight is consuming me  
My dreams are flying away  
like my childhood

Ponce, Taron, Danilo





Two Jewish sisters, Eva and Leana Münzer, sitting on a sofa in their home.

Look at them  
Look at their innocent eyes  
Look at their thoughtless faces  
Unaware of what will happen  
Look at them

When their freedom wasn't violated  
When their time was a melody  
When their life was going by sweetly

These are my daughters  
Their memory is hope  
Their smile is like light  
That fights the pain  
of a bitter tear that flows on my face.

Abiskek Loi  
Zanette Francese  
Anita Pavanini  
Davide Kratzipi





# DREAMS

Happy Children  
Walking hand in hand  
Smiling Faces  
On a shining day  
Joyful children  
Painted in a black and white photo  
Dreaming a future of smiles  
and a starry sky  
Behind the barbed wire  
Everything was lost.

Mattia, Nicolas, Silvia





Gerta Abelová n. 22-9-1931 • m. 6-9-1943 ad Auschwitz

From the outside  
 It was a black building  
 shouting death  
 surrounded by barbed wire  
 scary line darkness...  
 them, they caught me.

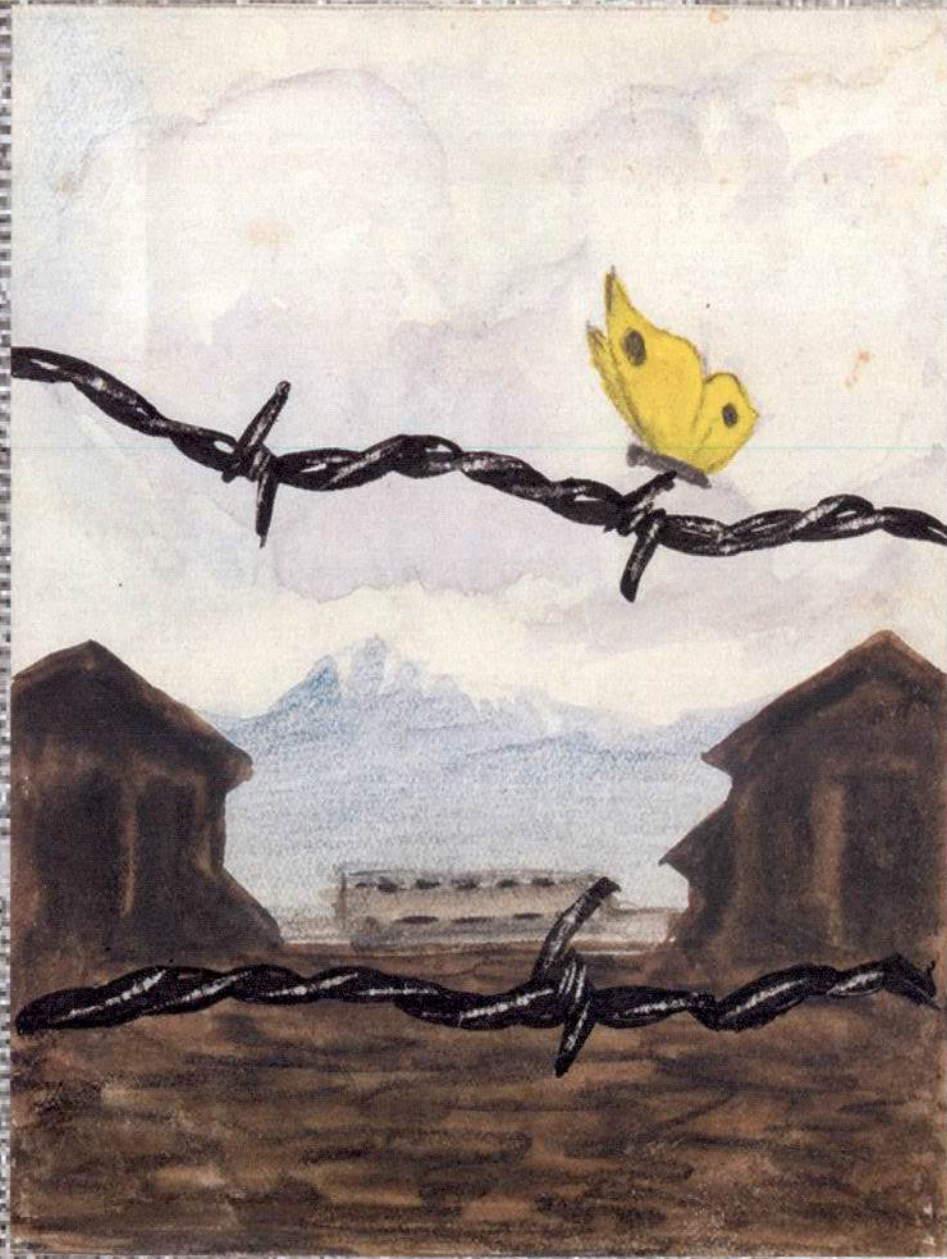
From the inside  
 they humiliated us  
 they devastated us  
 they made us  
 a crowd of skeletons...  
 them, that day came.

From the sky  
 I'm in the wind  
 but my soul still looks for consolation  
 but it still can't find ears listening to its despair.  
 this insane world,  
 is destroying us.

Freedom is of everyone  
 but they stole ours.  
 Ignorance killed us.

Alexandra Sara Swami





An artwork by Karl Robert Bodek and Kurt Conrad Löw, entitled 'One Spring', 1941

## The yellow butterfly

I'm crouched in a dark barrack  
I'm hungry and lonely

I look through a hole in the wall  
There's a yellow butterfly

I'm crouched in a dark barrack  
I look through a hole in the wall

There's a black barbed wire  
Under a hostile grey sky

I'm crouched in a dark barrack  
I look through a hole in the wall

There's a pale blue sky in the distance  
Is there any freedom over there?

I'm fragile like that butterfly  
Will I fly away one day?

Arausi, Keri, Rosa, Stingsa





© Collection of the Yad Vashem Art Museum, Jerusalem

The Pictured, Felix Nussbaum's 'The Refugee', which was painted in 1939

## THE STEPS OF DEATH

I hear footsteps,  
deafening steps,  
heavy steps,  
black steps bringing death.

I see my son  
smiling naively,  
I see my wife,  
cooking with love.

I hear footsteps,  
deafening steps,  
heavy steps,  
black steps bringing death.

I see my family lost in the air.  
Smoke.  
My life reduced  
to ashes.

Silence.  
My place is up there,  
I'm a Jew.

Nicolan, Mattia, Silvia