

The Sky Was A Clear, Bright Blue

Written by Sherry Du, from

Hudson Middle School

Word Count: 503

The Sky Was A Clear, Bright Blue

I remember the dark day  
When the men pounded on my door  
And my father answered.  
He tried to ask questions  
But there were no answers.  
The men made us pack  
Only the clothes on our shoulders  
And the few scanty belongings  
That we could carry.  
I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

They marched us out  
Onto the street,  
Where we were placed  
With a group of others,  
Others like us,  
Others who were also Jews.  
The Nazis took us,  
And they marched us  
Towards the edge of town,

The Sky Was A Clear, Bright Blue

Towards the tracks.

The people's eyes were open wide,

Wide with fear.

We were terrified.

I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

My mother sheltered me

In her warm arms,

But they could not keep me

From knowing the truth:

We had been captured.

We were no longer free.

We walked towards the edge,

Towards the cattle cars, and

I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

We were packed in,

No room to stand and stretch,

Or even move.

The Nazis placed

A pot as the latrine,

The Sky Was A Clear, Bright Blue

Another for water stored inside,

But no one could reach them.

It was dark inside, but

I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

When we arrived

At Auschwitz,

I saw that the place was littered

With bodies, and

The bodies of the dying.

People were screaming,

Shouting, as

The Nazi soldiers

Separated them.

Above the dark buildings

And the barracks,

I saw the pure wisps of clouds, and

I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

The Nazis put us into lines.

The Sky Was A Clear, Bright Blue

They separated us,

To different sides.

The Nazi stopped me.

He looked at me hard.

“To the left.”

I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

I turned around

Looking for my family,

And saw the sight.

The Nazi looked at them,

And sent them off to the right,

Where many other women and children

Were waiting.

They went into the showers

And I never saw them again.

However,

I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

The soldiers

The Sky Was A Clear, Bright Blue

Shaved my head,  
Gave me a number  
That was tattooed  
To my skin.  
They made me change  
My clothes,  
And they gave me  
A prisoner's uniform.  
When they sent me out to work,  
I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.

Oh, why!  
While the earth remains,  
Dark and sad,  
Why, why are you so  
Pure? Why  
Are you so bright, and so blue!  
We suffer and toil  
Endlessly on this Earth,  
While you stay up above,

The Sky Was A Clear, Bright Blue

That endless dome,

Taking no notice?

I remember.

I see.

I remember the sky was a clear bright blue.

My skin

Plastered to the framework of my bones

My eyes

Hollowed of life.

I slog under the beating sun

On this black landscape

The soldiers beating us,

Killing us.

The last thing I saw

Was the ground and the sky.

I remember the sky was a clear, bright blue.