

“It Will Be Okay”

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Word Count: 311

“It will be okay,”

That is all I heard, from the beginning to the end.

I heard this so much-

I believed it.

When the angry man, with the funny mustache

Came to power,

I began to feel hated,

Gross,

Despised.

When he spat the word Jew,

My cheeks burned like the flames of hell I would soon endure.

But still, they are just words, and I all heard was

"It will be okay,"

"It could be worse."

The general thought of those around me,

As even those who had barely stepped foot in a synagogue,

Slowly had their jobs snatched away-

Fathers and mothers with families to provide for, mine included,

Leaving my siblings and I with a small taste of the great hunger we would soon face.

But still, we had each other, so I thought,

"It will be okay."

Walking down the streets,

People's stares on my faded yellow star were as heavy

As each of my footsteps that carried the burden
Of being Jewish.

"No Jews Allowed,"

"Jews Not Welcome,"

Read every shop, hotels, even park bench.

But still, we had our dignity, everyone assured,

"It will be okay."

Stripped of our citizenship, our jobs, our rights,

I felt the pangs of the word Jew

Hit every part of my body;

I was moved to a school filled only with yellow stars,

Leaving friends, who no longer spoke to me,

But still, I had my freedom, and thought,

"It will be okay."

Then the isolation.

The ghettos, the tight quarters, the diseases.

But the worst is now,

The trains came, carrying us to camp.

Here I live in hell,

With death, disease, and starvation encapsulating me.

No dignity, no family, no freedom.

"It will be okay."

That is all I heard, from the beginning to now.

I no longer hear it-

Nobody believes it.

Is it still okay?