

**Starving Imagination**

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**733 Words**

## **2 Starving Imagination**

Starved

Forced into a tiny box

Packed so tight together that I don't know where I begin and the ghetto ends

Required to live like animals because the world believes that's what we are

Empty bodies

Not just because we only have crumbs to survive on, but because the place where our souls  
should live are vacant

We are starving for things that are not food

Hungry for happiness

Images constantly running through my brain becoming blurrier and blurrier each time as my soul  
slowly crumbles

Sunshine, the sweet smell of honey cake, mother's smile

Reduced to nothing, but my imagination trying to cope

Craving comfort, familiarity

Words constantly playing in my mind torturing me into believing they might be real until I tear  
at my ears willing the voices to stop talking

My mother's soothing voice whispers to me, "*miej wiarę, moja piękna córka ma wiarę Halina,*"

Have faith my beautiful daughter, have faith Halina

They used to be words, then they were just letters, and now they are sounds that my heart tries to  
force my brain to understand

### **3 Starving Imagination**

But I refuse

I can't miss them anymore, I can't feel anymore

My imagination tries to penetrate through the thick black wall that is my grief for my parents

Ravenous for a spark of light in this impending darkness

What's left of my heart will not cease hoping no matter how hard I try to force it to shut off, to  
disconnect my emotions from my body

My heart won't stop hoping and dreaming that this nightmare will end

Hoping that my bones will stop aching, that the cloud of death surrounding me will evaporate,  
hoping to go back to my home

I dream that my hair would turn light and my eyes the shade of the sky before it turned to the  
dark gray that lives inside every person in this prison

I dream about my parents before they fell ill and left me

I dream about my brother before he was smuggled out of this zoo for human beings

I dream about what it would have been like if I could have gotten out too

But then I wake up and I am sitting on the hard pavement surrounded by filth and pain

I look around to see children in tattered rags their ribs pushing against their skin ready to break  
free

I wake up to realize that I no longer have anything to live for

I wake up to realize that I am still alive and I am crushed

#### **4 Starving Imagination**

My imagination will not listen when I tell it to abandon the illusion that is hope

It refuses to believe me when I tell it dreams aren't for people with a star on their coat

Desiring to wonder again

I used to be a child

I used to have a home

A family

An identity

Worth

I used to matter to someone

Now all I am is a speck in a plan

A mere inconvenience for the hate that controls the minds of everyone around me

So much hate

This hate squeezes my imagination making it leak my hopes and dreams all over the dirty streets  
of the Warsaw ghetto

*"Bewegung,"* a harsh voice says to me

Move

I move into the car

The smell is putrid and the souls around me are sad

Just another box constructed of hatred trying to confine my spirit

## **5 Starving Imagination**

It's doing its job

Hungry

So hungry for the walls around me to disappear

My imagination is starving to be released from my body

To be happy

To be comfortable

To bathe in light, not to drown in darkness

To wish and dream

To wonder

I walk with the crowd

Slowly, but too fast for my eroded bones

*“Geh zu den Duschen”*

Go into the showers

I remove my clothes and walk in with the rest of the dead souls surrounding me

My imagination begins to wiggle free of my broken, malnourished body

Malnourished of love

Malnourished of family

Malnourished of a childhood

Malnourished of a point of living

My imagination breaks from my body and flies to the sky so happy to be free

## **6 Starving Imagination**

So happy to be able to dream again

Hope again

Laugh again

Smile again

Live again

Imagine again

I am Halina and I was a child who died of a starving imagination

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