

"The Eyes of a Survivor"

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Human, something I thought , no, *knew* I was.
Till one moment it was decided that I wasn't
To them I was almost alien, unwanted in my own world
No say in life, the life I onced called my own
Taken from our homes, transported as cattle
Compressed and constricted, they divided us
Separated from loved ones
Wondering with each passing breath if the faces
I once loved would become recognizable,
To these demoralized eyes
If I were to see them once again
Tall towers bursting in flames
With each, I would wonder, which was my kin
Which flame was my blood
The choice I made to live became a burden
Surviving became a curse
Not only for me but for my children The second generational trauma
We that survived became the last living history book
But the guilt of surviving covers my eyes like a film
Playing over and over

Works Cited

Klein, Gerda W. *All But My Life*. New York: Hill and Wang. 1957.

PBS: Frontline. "The Last Survivors." *YouTube* [The Last Survivors \(full film\) | FRONTLINE](#)

Wiesel, Elie. *Night*. New York: Hill and Wang. 1958.