

Second Place (tie) Division II – Writing

Aleena Kuttikadan, Grade 9

“My Seaglass Girl”

St. Vincent - St. Mary High School

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497 words

My Seaglass Girl

They called her the Seaglass girl,
For when she came, she'd been strong and keen,
And now the wind had gnawed her thin.
Her hands were cracked, her soul was too,
But she spoke not a word,
My Seaglass Girl.

They called her the Singing Bird,
For agony was a melody,
And her pain was oft heard.
They dared her to sing,
So she sang out of fear,
When they clipped off her wings,
And laughed at her tears,
My Poor Singing Bird.

They called her the Beggar Child,
When they stole her from home,
And took her from her family,
With all the other poor, captured souls.
And when she tried to plead,
To give back the life they stole,
They locked her up, bedecked in chains,
And surrounded by walls of stone,
My Desperate Beggar Child.

They called her the Animal,
No better than a rat,
With a star taped to her chest,
And moldy bread in her hand.
They dragged her through the streets,
In nothing more than rags.
"The Final Solution" they said from afar,
As they waved those blood-colored flags,
And stuffed her kin in the cattle car,
Headed straight for the labor camps,
My Lost Animal.

They called her the Traitor,
And hated her so,
When she asked, "What have I done?"
They claimed she'd conspired with the foe.

It was her kind, they said in their spite,
That had sunk them so low,
And lost them the Great Fight,
My Innocent Traitor.

They called her the Silent One,
For her hollow cries and tied up tongue.
But they never saw her,
Before they took her to jail,
When she raced in the streets,
And chased the cat with the orange tail.
They saw naught but haze,
For they knew they were superior,
And saw greatness in their daze.
But I see it all,
My Stolen Silent One.

They called her the Forgotten Pebble,
For she was one among millions,
That had been tossed in the ghetto,
Left starving in the streets,
Barely more than an echo.
Yet still, a near century later,
From the horrors of long ago,
They attempt to erase her,
To fuel their hateful vitriol,
My Forgotten Pebble.

When they finally put her to the barrel,
She did not resist death's gentle hold.
And even as they watched her peril,
Them in triumph, others in sorrow,
Some heard that whisper in their mind,
The angel crying, "This is not right,"
But they knew silence was the only hope.
For when the lion turns its gaze,
Best not be caught with the antelope.
So she went with all the rest who suffered her fate,
For when the world bestirred to its feet,
Her grave was dug; it was far too late.

But they will not be forgotten,
Even once they've reached the grave.
I will remember each of their names,

All the three hundred thousand score and many hundreds more,
That the world failed to save.

Citations

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