

Honorable Mention

Division I – Writing

Luke Unger, Grade 7

Chains of Hate

Copley-Fairlawn Middle School

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Word Count 418

Chains of Hate

1940/1/1

Poland was the first to fall,
Pulled in chains to Nazis thrall,
No one has answered our call,
Racist, fell, evil things they speak,
They use their power to oppress the weak,
The Jews, the Families, the children,
So much havoc these tormentors wreak,
More countries are ever bound in steel,
Will the pain end? Will these wounds heal?
Rumors of rebellion begin to stir,
All I hear is the German planes whir,
So much more industrialization
Is that truly on the minds of this nation?
Outside my window, they ´re supposed criminals,
So many it isn't even minimal,
Jews wrapped in chains,
Suffering from so many pains,
At first, I didn't believe this was something a human could achieve,
To maim, to hurt, to harm, to kill, for what evil, vile, and hateful thing,
To who would from this, happiness bring,
They said they would be " Relocated ",
A place for them where starvation would be satiated,
How blind, foolish, and naive, could I be,
They covered my eyes with chains of apathy and denial,
And unfortunately, this worked for a while,
These " homes " were like populated graveyards,
Where people were constantly on guard,
But pain death and evil lurked,
All while Hitler smirked,
Then they would be sent to " permanent " camps,
Where they would be killed brutally and systematically,
I remember when long before, before evil, before war,
Back when Christians and Jews lived in sync,
Now apparently it's illegal to think,
When things new and beautiful would spring,
Friendships, Love, and Peace prevailed,
Now anyone different is ailed,
Now Hitler and propaganda reign,
They first started all this pain,

I yearn to run, to hide, to find a safe space and stay inside,
The soldiers say "Might makes Right"
And in my mind, I yell, "Your might makes me want to fight,
To break the chains of steel, forged with anger, fear, and hate to shatter with my heel!"
I would celebrate and break the chains of all,
Though in reality, my will would fall,
Chained by the cold heart of man, I hope there is a better plan.

1955/1/1

I can never believe,
That people are so naive.
Some say it never occurred,
Saying that makes my blood burn.
It makes my guts churn.

Works Cited

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Survivors of The Holocaust by Kath Shackleton

Life in The Ghettos by Anika Thomas