

# AFTER THE WAR

FROM AUSCHWITZ TO AMBLESIDE

**TOM PALMER**

Our bicycles snatched from us,  
We polished them until their shine was brighter than the sun.  
Always keep your pride.

The train smelled like a toilet never cleaned,  
Crowds flooded in like a waterfall,  
Someone fell on my shoulder.  
The concentration camp,  
Everyone is the same,  
But really we are unique, bold and bright.

Standing in the line, feeling scared and upset,  
With my dad's weight on my back,  
My heart breaking by the second,  
I realise the sacrifice he made.

The anger inside me strikes,  
Like an arrow being shot to my heart,  
Wanting to run but feet firmly grounded.  
Standing in the line scared and not fine.

Stormy skies, lightning strikes and thunderclaps,  
Children frolic in the rain and feathers fall like snow.  
I stare up at the sky, ash falling from above.  
Wanting to shout, to scream but my mouth is sealed shut.  
My mother's whispers echo in my head.  
A dreadful reminder I will never see her again.  
I say goodbye.

They all knew they had no one coming for them,  
No family, no friends.  
Alone

**Year 6 – Crosfields School**

