

STONES

GABBI HECKLER

We lived in Narewka, the world was quiet and calm
Children playing on the street corner
Run as fast as you can
And toss a carefree stone.

In Krakow the Nazis came to take us away, tearing us from our home
Hurting the people we loved, destroying our childhoods
Let go
And throw a worthless stone.

Forced into ghetto gates draped in barbed wire, our holding pen before death
Walls surround us, contain us
Spin around
And hurl a violent stone.

Smoke from the imposing chimneys curls like a cat's tail, covering the sky
We are emaciated, ensnared, empty
Raise your arms
And cast a frightful stone.

We ask for and received a savior named Schindler who kept us alive
A great kindness in a mad world
Bow your head
And cast a tranquil stone.

The gates with their rusting silver teeth fell and out we flew, scavenging for food
With a last burst of strength, take a deep breath
And cast a desperate stone.

Saved, rescued, emancipated and free
Walk past his grave
And place a final stone.