



When I grow up and reach the age of 20

I'll set out to see the enchanting world.

I'll take a seat in a bird with a motor;

I'll rise and soar high into space.

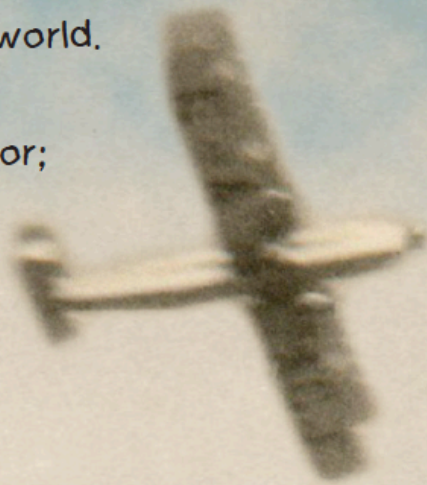
I'll fly, sail, hover

Over the lonely faraway world.

I'll soar over rivers and oceans

Skyward shall I ascend and blossom,

A cloud my sister, the wind my brother.



POEM BY AVRAHAM KOPLOWICZ

This poem was written by Avraham Koplowicz, a child in the Lodz ghetto. Avraham was born in 1930. In the ghetto he worked in a shoemaker's workshop. He was taken to Auschwitz-Birkenau with his mother and father in 1944. Avraham was murdered in Auschwitz at the age of fourteen. Reprinted with permission from Avraham Koplowicz.