



Childhood, precious days,

Alas, how few they were!

I will remember them as if in a fog.

Only in dreams at night can I

Identify days long gone.

Brief, brief is the happiness of a person in
this world of ours.



POEM BY AN UNKNOWN GIRL

This poem was written by an unknown girl who was left alone in the Lodz ghetto with her brother. Their fate is unknown, but it must be assumed that both brother and sister perished in the Holocaust.

ABOUT THE PHOTO

Deportation of Jewish children from orphanage in Marysin to Kulmhof extermination camp, Lodz ghetto, 1942.