

**Junior Poetry
Third Place
Luna He
Old Donation School
Ms. Caroline Joseph**

From Warsaw to Shanghai

Strolling down the old, crooked road,
The sound of five dirty coins dancing in my pocket.

There's nothing left for the children to eat at home.

Could our family survive for another day?

Would the Gestapo come again tonight?

In Warsaw, home is no longer a safe place for us,

The ones who are different,

The ones who are forced a new name.

A Traitor

Where is our future going to lead us?

A soft whisper comes from the dark alley just ahead.

Pressed against the cold wall I felt the crisp air swirl across my skin.

Two men were whispering of a plan to escape.

But how?

The Nazis were very strict with who came in and out of Poland.

My heart shot up,

Surpassing the sky as I overheard their last words.

They would be flying to a place known as Shanghai,

With visas that a kind man was offering to Jews!

Do I finally get a chance to leave this wicked place?

There I was the next morning,
Together with the entire family.
Waiting in line for a paper with foreign words.
This whole time the world was deaf to our cries,
But now we had hope;
Hope for a new life filled with happiness somewhere new.

Tap, Tap, Tap. The little wooden door swung open.
We were greeted with a warm friendly smile.
The man standing there looked quite strange,
He was tall and thin but had a yellow tint in his skin.
His eyes were always squinted,
as if he was being blinded by the light.
Nevertheless, he had a bright aura,
Like the sun quietly waiting to rise.

That night, we left on a plane for Shanghai.
Tears ran down my face as I looked down,
Down at the place that I had called home for so many years.
But I knew
Across the ocean, a few countries over,
I would have the chance to start a new life.
All thanks to that man,
Who understood the importance of integrity in action.