

2025 Elie Wiesel Competition
Special Commendation Place Junior Poetry
Yue-Lin Chen, 8th Grade
Old Donation School, Brittney Purchas

Dearest Anne

Dearest Anne,
They say “nothing lasts forever”,
That the clouds of today will drift and crumble away;
That darkness falls upon the moments that had once been treasured.
They say memories fade like distant stars at dawn
But I say they keep shining.

Dearest Anne,
Deathless words weave between the strings of my heart, breathing timeless chords
Of sorrow, of fear, of hope and pain,
And through the your opened window I saw the past, but to the core I felt my song,
Souls intertwined by the experiences we share:
Dreaming of flying free and seizing the hope that lingered all along.
Your words speak so simply, each day far from extraordinary,
But piecing together the adventures of a humble writer,
I see history through your eyes, feeling as though your story lives within me.

Dearest Anne,
The battles we fight are different, yet we both have to hide
One story among thousands, but I taste it as though it were mine
Taking my hands and guiding me home like a long lost friend
Singing, “The happiness in your own heart can only be dimmed;
It was always be there... to make you happy again.”
Reaching out a guiding hand through the folds of time,
An umbrella in the deafening downpour
Whispering, “Everything will change for the better,

Peace and tranquility will return once more.”

And for long vivid moments I saw as though it were a dream, a tapestry of all the little moments

That tells of a precious life, so insignificant in midst of infinity;

They say a moment is fleeting while history remains

But the resonance a story strikes is a tune that never dies

For the extraordinary path that is carved by the common child

Is the one we’ve all traversed once upon a time.

Dearest Anne,

Those brutal soldiers sought to blanket your lives with fog,

But they projected the voice of your sorrow that made your story known.

They didn’t see that the countless lives they extinguished forever

Had such beautiful flames, mirroring their own

and filled with blazing color.

Do they not understand that we share the evanescent gift that is life?

Dearest Anne,

They say “nothing lasts forever”

That the yellow butterfly at once flutters away to find brighter fields,

That the tendrils of darkness can’t be forever kept away.

They say “everything reaches its end”,

That the strongest of stones will crack and break apart.

But for as long as the melodies of your story echo in my heart

The illuminated past that you have splendidly painted

Shall never be forgotten.