

**The first half of the poem describes a Holocaust victim's experience. Throughout the second part of the poem, the same person, a Holocaust survivor, compares his/her experience to today.*

Repeating History?

What is this place?
I look around, and not one person has a smile on their face.
The smells, the smoke, the sounds,
I don't understand why everyone is being separated onto different grounds.
Through various conversations and my own awareness,
I began to realize the inequality and the carelessness.
Tortured just because of our race? How could that be?
How could someone approve of taking away the right to be free?
Nonetheless, there is nothing we can do but wait;
I hope more than anything, good things await our fate.
It is my turn now to walk forward and take the chance,
I look behind, think and hope, and remember my family with one last glance.

...

Although life has changed,
There is something that has remained.
Despite all the laws and rules and progress that has been made,
Equality amongst all people has not yet stayed.
Accusations and misconceptions define who people are,
And turn their race, ethnicity and religion for example, into a mental scar.
We are all the same and are called to get along,
Because if we don't, we cannot be one global community that is strong.
Accepting people for who they are is a huge step,
Once a few start, it could escalate to something nobody could regret.
Be an example, show the proof,
That not one person out there deserves any form of abuse.
The power to change the world lies in our hands,
So the fear of repeating history does not affect the way it stands.