

REMEMBERING ANNE

A precious life
So young and honest
Hidden away
Like leaves in a forest

Your dreams and opinions
All true to life
Dare say I
You'd have made a fine wife.

Standing in the room
Was that damned bookcase.
One person betrayed your group,
Books all torn away,

Soldiers rushed up stairs
The stairs that had sworn to be mum.
Your kin were marched outside
Your first exposure to sun.

I'm trying so hard to bring to mind
How you felt, as you hid.
It's hard to acknowledge life
As difficult as you lived,

Your family and companions
Cramped in a hushed lair.
Denied basic decency
For over two years.

The Nazis robbed you of breath
As they toiled to deny you life.
Your papers left behind,
No value to their might.

There were no jewels or currency
In that satchel they dumped out.
No weapons, cigarettes or lists
Nothing of worth at all.

The Germans killed a body
But couldn't destroy the girl
Who left her scattered pages
On the floor near the hushed stairwell.

When you looked out your window
Oh to walk wherever you chose to call!
When you were forced to stifle your sounds
You longed to stomp with no purpose at all.

You fell in love
You challenged and dreamed;
Your pen, your transport
As real as anyone's.

Oh Anne, just to talk to you
To tell you I care
But I was twenty years yet unborn,
From the life that you dared.

Can't help feeling close to you,
Your thoughts were mine.
Trying to reach you now
Words sailing through time.

I can look out a window
Much as you did.
When I venture a walk outdoors
I still blush at that gift.

Your life has made perspective
So real to me
And in my heart and thoughts
You shall always be.



Ara Hagopian