

My Neighbor's Secrets

What is there to do when there's nothing to do?
When the crows are asleep and the crickets say 'adieu',
Except spy on your neighbor for fun!

She's a cheerful aged lady, not feeling blue, but wearing blue,
Filled with content and happiness, especially when the sky turns a dazzling hue,
Except for the darkness that can be seen inside her from time to time.

What is this stranger that rules from inside her?
That torments and haunts her dreams, taking her under,
Except it is not a facade but her true self.

No one seems to know, what could be wrong?
But for you and me it will be no mystery for long,
For it has to do with a mark on the surface of her skin.

An imprint, much like one's tattoos,
Made for her and the rest of the Jews,
For being alive, the punishment—a brand.

Such excruciating pain to endure and remember,
All from the sight of her left arm, of a number,
Except you haven't heard her story yet!