

3rd Place: Rachy Moster
Bnos Malka Belz School (Brooklyn, NY)

Born to Live

Dear Simcha,
I'm just a wallet,
a shabby, worn out wallet.
Yet, I tell a story of a lifetime.

I remember watching you,
that carefree, little boy.
Who used to climb trees,
And jump over fences.
Where is he???

Because now,
I see an innocent, young boy
trying,
to sound brave and strong.
Yet deep inside your heart,
is fear.

Fear of losing your family,
fear of the Nazis,
and fear of losing your childhood.
Oh, Simcha
I watched you become,
from that carefree, innocent child,
to that serious, scared boy.

With all the trauma you went through
you're still so strong.
How??
Although your life is tough,
I know you will make it through.

I want you to know,
I feel in your pain, and sorrow.
Especially when you slowly pick me up,
and fill me with yet another receipt.
A receipt from the food parcels you sent to your parents.
Your parents??
Yes, you have to give to your parents,
and not the other way around.

That carefree, little boy I know,
is now responsible for his two siblings.
How are you so strong?
How, I wonder.
As you clutch me tightly,
and fill me up with yet another receipt.