

Name: _____

Date: _____ Block: _____

**"First They Came for
the Jews":**

By Pastor Niemoller

First they came for the Jews
and I did not speak out
because I was not a Jew.
Then they came for the
Communists
and I did not speak out
because I was not a
Communist.
Then they came for the trade
unionists
and I did not speak out
because I was not a trade
unionist.
Then they came for me
and there was no one left
to speak out for me.

Understanding Poetry

<p>1. main idea What is this about? What did the writer want you to know?</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>2. purpose Why did the writer write this?</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<p>3. voice Who is speaking? What do they sound like?</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

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What I Don't Know
by Ruth Dykstra 1999

**What you don't know can't hurt, they say.
I disagree.
Did they know?
How awful, how hateful?**

**The ghettos, the camps, the chamber, the stars?
That made you feel, so different, so sad.
As if, you weren't human, anymore.
The lives taken, those spared,
Will be changed forever.
Those that saw and then, saw no more,
Those that saw again and again.
Those forced to leave,
Those forced to stay,
Those forced to be somewhere in the middle.
There was no way out, no escape.
Only to live,
Only to die.**

Understanding Poetry

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"They Pushed Us Into Those Trains":

By Chris Fleizach

They pushed us into those trains,
With guns and fists and canes.
It started peacefully, none were slain,
But it was worse than that, so much pain.

That cabin, so crowded, like bees,
Pressed against bodies, hurting my knees.
End the train, O God please.
Finally it stops, someone flees.

The light, so blinding white,
The lone runner, running out of sight.
A shot rings out, didn't even put up a fight,
Rest of us are shuffled off to the right.

My legs are weak, I can barely stand.
My sister falls, I take her by the hand.
They push us on, that unruly brigand.
It won't last forever, someone will take a stand.



Understanding Poetry

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Untold Lies
by Brittany Knoll 1999

Name: _____

Date: _____

The train has come to a stop.
I smile. My throat is very dry.
Oh, how long the trip had been!
When will they give us our water?

I stepped off the train.
A mist encircled my body.
The mist told me of many things to come.
What was to happen next?

I stood before the officer.
His blue-eyes flashed with a fierce will.
He told me to go to the left.
Is this the right direction?

The mist came back.
It let me see, hear, and feel the pain of others.
I now understood.
How many children will cry in the night, before one can see?

I was promised a shower.
I could feel the icy fingers of death waiting to seize me.
Take my life, take it. I am not afraid.
How many times can the fires burn before one can hear?

I stripped off my clothes.
They don't belong to me anymore.
Take my clothes, I am as strong as ever.
How much blood can fall to the soil, before one can feel?

Understanding Poetry

Do not worry.

<p>1. main idea What is this about? What did the writer want you to know?</p>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
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