

Ten Wishes-

The Voice of a Girl in the Lebensborn Program

In the cold darkness of the night,
I lay awake.
Cannot fall asleep
With that portrait of that man on the wall
His piercing, rigid eyes
Staring at me.
That malicious man, the cause of my misery.

Silently I find a creased slip of paper,
And write down ten wishes,
Ten of my dreams:

Wish number one
Is to be rid of this place
Where it is still dark
In the midst of the day;
This place where they manipulate you,
I wish to escape.

My second desire;
I want to return to my family.
These people
Robbed me from love and comfort
And imprisoned me here, dismal.
I wish not for my family to come here,
I want to go to them.

Wish number three;
I want not to be considered "Aryan"
This pure race, they say,

I will become a woman of Germany someday.
Yet I would exchange this life for any other
I want not to be this,
I am *me*.

My fourth wish is to be different.
Before they took us
Our faces were measured
To fit the standards.
Flaxen hair,
Pale eyes,
Everyone here is alike.
I want not to be obdorné, the same,
I wish to be unique.

Wish number five;
I want to be brave.
Not afraid,
Of the people who took a girl
For refusing to speak Hitler's tongue.
She's been sent to camp, they say
And will return after she's fixed her ways.
But she is dead, I know.
Here they enjoy to lie unfeelingly
Assuring fallacious hope.
I do not know where they came from
I wish not to find out.

My sixth wish
Is to have my identity again
To speak Czech, not German.
Nor learn the history of that foreign land.
I want my life returned,
Along with my name.

Wish number seven;
I want to see the real world again.
A dark grey stone establishment,
With vacant corridors
And hopeless souls
Is not the world.
A small yard
With yellowing grass
Enclosed by walls
Is not the outside.
I wish to be free.

Wishes eight and nine
Are to have a trustworthy friend
To keep me company in this prison.
And to once more hear the sweet lullaby
That my *babička* sang,
The one I long for night by night.

My last and final wish;
I would like this fight to end.
This battle,
Pointless and horrible
Making people suffer,
For something they did not do.
Started by a man,
With a final solution.
Someday I hope the yellow stars disappear,
For the sun to come out again,
And for me, to be at *home*.

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