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## THE TERRACE HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS GROUP

### Words for Hope

I speak five languages,  
But I have no words for the Camps.  
The Eskimos have many words for snow,  
But we know only one word for death.  
I have only tears.  
Enough tears for many lives.  
I cannot cry and I cannot laugh.  
I can talk, and I want to talk.  
If the new generations will listen,  
The Survivors might find words for hope.

*This poem was created by the Holocaust Survivors' Group, a unique group of women, originating from a variety of different countries, cultures, and lifestyles. The Group's creative expression in the form of collectively-written poems are a tangible testament to the members' strengths and survival capacities, and the Group hopes that the collective nature of the Poems will speak on behalf of other survivors unable to articulate their feelings. This poem has been reprinted from Collective Poems: The Terrace Holocaust Survivors Group, edited by Paula David (Baycrest Centre for Geriatric Care, Toronto).*

## ANONYMOUS

### Entitled

I sit in a corner, near the front door  
and watch her work with my students.  
The words slip from her mouth with ease.  
"Know your boundaries, think about your  
power.  
Understand what is welcome. Recognize what  
is not."  
My students like her. I like her.  
She is at ease, our sexual harassment officer.  
She is entitled.

I lie in a corner, far from the front door  
and watch him undo his belt.  
The pants slip from his legs with ease.  
He knows no boundaries. I have no power.  
I am four, I am five, I am six,  
Seven, eight, maybe nine.  
I watch him lay his heavy body on top of  
mine. Groan hoarsely as he cums.  
He is at ease, my grandfather.  
He is entitled.

I sit in a corner, near the front door  
and watch her work with my students.  
The words slip from her mouth with ease.  
"Mark your boundaries, use your power.  
Take in what is welcome. Reject what is not."  
My students like her. I like her.  
But I am not like her.  
Not at ease.  
Not entitled.  
Yet.