

In Gedenken an Benno Wolf

Yo, listen up, I'll tell a tale of survival,
In the heart of darkness, where hope's arrival,
I stood on the edge, my strength in denial,
40 kilos of flesh, my spirit's revival.
Hospital's walls, my fever ablaze,
Gas chambers loomed, death's haunting maze,
But a comrade stepped forth, my fate to raise,
Years in the Lager, my debt he'd appraise.

In the heart of the darkness, where hope's a rival, Stitched together by threads, our tales of survival,
Kilos of flesh, spirits for revival, In the Tailoring's refuge, we found our revival.

Next day, roll call, the world outside,
Fever still raging, my body defied,
Lungs scarred, but hope revived,
I sought the elder, my fate implied.
A green triangle, hardened eyes,
I spilled my truth, my plea, my cries,
"Tailoring," he said, my lifeline ties,
I stepped into warmth, where survival lies.

In the heart of the darkness, where hope's a rival, Stitched together by threads, our tales of survival,
Kilos of flesh, spirits for revival, In the Tailoring's refuge, we found our revival.

A tailor's apprentice, thread and needle anew,
Stitching my redemption, my spirit grew,
Months passed, my hands found their cue,
In the Tailoring's refuge, my strength renewed.
Friends were lifelines, in this hellish strife,
Every day, danger loomed, relentless knife,
But comrades stood guard, by my side,
We stitched survival, our bond amplified.

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