

Stars  
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Green High School  
359 Words

## Stars

A petite girl of thirteen  
was the star pupil of her school.  
Arithmetic, reading, and history,  
she excelled at all subjects.  
Just weeks ago, she was laughing,  
playing on the schoolyard after lessons.  
She did homework and studied every night  
and lit the candle with family on the Sabbath.  
Her life was carefree and joyful.  
She loved to gaze into the starry sky,  
the night was brilliant,  
illuminated by the moon.

From looking up to the stars,  
she now looked down at them.  
Her family was forced to sew  
yellow stars on their clothing.  
Her little sister thought the stars  
were pretty until her family explained  
what the yellow stars meant.  
Beautiful celestial bodies turned  
into badges of shame overnight.

Previously, her family was well  
respected where they lived and  
had money to buy delicious meals.  
They owned a lovely home  
filled with priceless heirlooms.

She used to travel across town  
to old Mister Goldenberg for piano lessons.  
She loved to play Mendelssohn's concertos.  
Mister Goldenberg was pleased  
with his star student's progress.  
Because of the curfew and her yellow star,  
she was no longer permitted to be outside  
at night and had to give up her beloved lessons.

Antisemitism filled the air.  
She wore the ugly star on her  
pretty cardigan for all to see.  
Some of her friends looked away from her,  
afraid to be caught with her.  
Shopkeepers who used to serve her family refused  
to let them enter the store simply because of a star.

The symbol of her Jewish heritage,  
the Star of David was a symbol of hatred.  
Once, she forgot her sweater,  
her star,  
her identification as inferior human.  
A group of soldiers  
harassed and chased her.  
One of them used to be her neighbor.  
Never again did she forget to display her sign.

Many years after her liberation,  
she was at home with her granddaughter.  
“Granny, I found an old sweater wrapped in tissue  
in your attic. Why does it have a star on it?”  
“Go fetch the sweater; I have a story to share.  
Before I tell the story, we know all people  
are the same under the same starry sky.”