

The Quiet Heroine

While I knitted socks
Letting love and wool combine
I thought of all those Men
fighting at the frontline

Always drawn, towards the violence,
By an instinct to tame its bloody flames
By my own tender lick of peace.

I found myself years later
London University Ambulance Unit
They bombed us to make us
Run faster,
While saving men on all sides,
Holes bored into their socks,
Socks that a kind woman knit.

We fled to our next battle
Holding only our courage,
The twisted gates
Of Auschwitz
Stood before me in a
Defiant form of sinful rebellion.
The voices wafted out to me
And wrapped themselves in my heart
An unprecedented calling
For my return to the steel arches.

Bare feet
In the trunk of my car
Driving away from their
Mothers, and leaving others
Empty, unable to even pray
For my return.

427

My number
A number of the good in the world.
The number
Of children that conquered
Evil alongside
Me.

427 pairs
Of tiny socks
Knitted for children
With nothing else left.