

“The Butterfly”

by Pavel Friedmann

June 4, 1942

*The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone....
Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished
to kiss the world good-bye.
For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Pinned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found what I love here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut branches in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.
That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live here,
in the ghetto.*