In The Gas Chamber
You’re sad. Put on a smile.
Look, my doll is so kind -
I’ll try to be good too.
Look at me with a smile.

Why are you crying today, mama?
People are crying, and so is my doll.
Come, let’s go home already,
Help me take my doll home.
So many people here, such a crowd...

(KL Auschwitz 1944)

On the Staves of Rusted Wires
On the staves of rusted wires...
at night, graceful songs awakened by pain,
shiver in longing for smiling lips.
Someone is running away.
In the searchlight, a furious case of whizzing bullets
strikes the wires,
and to the notes on the stave
a new one is added-
a hanging body

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Note: I have conferred with the Dabrowski family and it is highly unlikely that these poems were written by "our" Dabrowski. He was housed in the German prison system but was never in a concentration camp. William Tillier
Women
Before the camp’s stigma covered their beauty with mildew, they had royal bearings, and shined in the mosaic of colorful gowns, with flowers in their hair, blushed with freshness of peaches, and faces full of happiness.

At the Gates of Death
The finish. A thick serpent of starved, crowded people...
...Smoke has lazily covered the colorful world with its dirty paw, and it’s hanging onto birches by its sticky pitch, not touching the sky, laden with the weight of blood, it rattles and billows like a tortured conscience, like an echo that cannot be stifled.
This smoke’s plume will never touch white clouds, it will never escape earthly arms like the fallen angel - Satan.

Near the Woods of Birkenau
On the meadows by the forest
The evening has spread its tent over the meadows, torn like a rag by the flags of fire, the meadow scented the air with notes of a sad fragrance, of gasoline, dead bodies, and Cain’s crime...
Insolent Thoughts Have Died Away
Insolent thoughts have died away...

...hardened statues of phantoms, helpless and pale,
not the living, but relatives of the dead,
neither smiling, nor angrily vengeful
for the laugh that once gilded their faces -

they are but traces of memories...

On wobbly crutches - a trunk
in a blue-striped cloth,
and on it mounted a ghastly skull.
A man or a woman? No. These are sexless bodies.
Mother? Son? In identical masks.

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Good Days Will Come
Good days will come, they will certainly come.
The fruit of peace will be born,
People in Auschwitz will not believe
The ghastly words of my verses.

(KL Auschwitz) (from The Auschwitz Poems, Zych, A, 1999)
(Translated from the Polish by Andrzej Diniejko)

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