

Angel of Auschwitz

Mala Zimetbaum.

Remember her name and remember her pain.

We say her name to ensure a change.

For days of bloodshed and carnage

And lives being thrown out like garbage

To stop.

A beautiful, smart girl with a bright future ahead

Lay bleeding in a field with others lying motionless...dead.

Unwillingly, she was taken to Auschwitz in September 1942

Branded the number 19880, and assigned many tasks to do.

She did them of course but always with remorse

For the work of her captors, she just couldn't endorse.

In the midst of such great hate

Mala discovered her fate.

He was a man by the name of Edward.

Together they escaped their prison and travelled westward

Till they were found and taken back to Block eleven.

Here they were tortured and beaten, both nearly sent to heaven

Their fates were grim like the times they were in

But never did they let their enemies win

As Mala was about to be executed

She slit her wrists, slapped an officer, and instituted

One last revolution