

Artwork and Poem by Petr Ginz, age 15, Terezin



Petr Ginz, Rooftops and Towers of Prague, 1942–1944, watercolor and India ink on paper. (Yad Vashem, Jerusalem, Israel.)

Memories of Prague

How long since I saw the sun fade behind the Petrin Hill

with tearful eyes I gazed at you, Prague, enveloped in your evening shadows

How long since I heard the rush over the weir in the river

I have long since forgotten those hidden corners in the old town, those shady nooks, those sleepy canals.

How are they?

They cannot be grieving for me as I do for them

For almost a year I have huddled in this awful hole, a few poor streets replace your priceless beauty.

Like a beast, I am imprisoned in a tiny cage

Prague, your fairy tale in stone, how well I remember!

Excerpted from Marie Rút Křížková, Kurt Jiří Kotouč, and Zdeněk Ornest, We Are Children Just the Same: Vedem, the Secret Magazine by the Boys of Terezín. (Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society, 1995)