

## The Butterfly

Pavel Friedmann, Theresienstadt, 4 June 1942

He was the last. Truly the last.  
Such yellowness was bitter and blinding  
Like the sun's tear shattered on stone.  
That was his true colour.  
And how easily he climbed, and how high,  
Certainly, climbing, he wanted  
To kiss the last of my world.

I have been here seven weeks,  
'Ghettoized'.  
Who loved me have found me,  
Daisies call to me,  
And the branches also of the white chestnut in the yard.  
But I haven't seen a butterfly here.  
That last one was the last one.  
There are no butterflies, here, in the ghetto.