

~~A life~~ story captured in a poem or Zuzanna Ginczanka in the face of evil
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in Bydgoszcz
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An introductory text:

I am presenting a poem of Zuzanna Gincburg (aka Ginczanka) written shortly before she was executed by the Nazis. The title of the poem is in Latin – „NON OMNIS MORIAR” and it means „Not all of me will die”. Zuzanna was a beautiful person – inside and out! She had an impressive talent recognized by her contemporaries. She had the looks of a model and she had the brains. Unfortunately, she was denounced and arrested. Her only ‘fault’ was the fact she was Jewish. Her life was short but every life is full of love – hence the title. Zuzanna didn’t expect to be remembered, she assumed that only her belongings would outlive her. I think otherwise. I hope she can see my project and whisper „non omnis moriar...”.






*Non omnis moriar.
My grand estate—
Tablecloth meadows,
invincible wardrobe
castles,
Acres of bedsheets,
finely woven linens,
And dresses, colorful
dresses—
will survive me.*



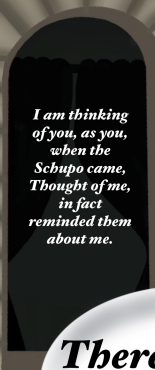




*We have to look
for Jews! They
might be hiding
here!*



*So let your hands
rummage through
Jewish things,
You, Chomin's
wife from Lvov,
you mother of a
volksdeutscher.*



*I am thinking
of you, as you,
when the
Schupo came,
Thought of me,
in fact
reminded them
about me.*

***There is a Jew
hiding there!***



*Let them drink all night and at daybreak
Begin their search for gemstones and gold
In sofas, mattresses, blankets and rugs.
Oh how the work will burn in their hands!*





*Clouds of fresh
down from pillows
and quilts,
Glued on by my
blood, will turn
their arms into
wings,
Transfigure the
birds of prey into
angels.*

