HIS WORDS

Yala Korwin, NYC

Don't hold me back my friend, let me sail. 
I won't be going far: only to the other shore.
-Primo Levy

The mystery still veiled, much left untold...
What made him drop the task, give up the quest
for purpose, meaning, truth? What force, what tide
propelled his boat to shores so dark and cold?
Scholar of matter, what made him feel so pressed
to cross by willful act the great divide?
Matter was silent. Was it injured pride
over defeat that gave his mind no rest?
In zinc and carbon he would find no clue.
Wary of spirit, where else to seek and test
the divine secret? Gesture grave and bold:
he gave up the gift. Yet spirit rose and grew.
His words became his life. What can undo
their strength, the glamour of their gold?
ECCE HOMO

Yala Korwin, NYC

The lives of great men are like legends- 
difficult, but beautiful.

Hirsh Goldszmit (Janusz Korczak)

His life was difficult but beautiful. 
"Old Doctor" -- gifted penman, teacher, sage, 
a Polish Jew with childlike soul so full 
of tenderness for those of tender age, 
a father to the orphans in his care. 
The wings of children, still so weak, should be 
not clipped, but groomed by love, to cleave the air- 
his favorite maxim and his constant plea.

Then Hitler's war. The orphans' lot was cast. 
He went with them, a supreme sacrifice. 
This noble lesson was to be his last: 
All life is dear, but not at any price. 
How hard to find the proper words that can 
convey his life...Just this: Behold the Man.