A life story captured in a poem or Zuzanna Ginczanka in the face of evil by Antonina Wasielewska

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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.