

"One, Two, Three," written in 1944 in her cell, not long after being captured in Hungary.

One – two – three... eight feet long

Two strides across, the rest is dark...

Life is a fleeting question mark

One – two – three... maybe another week.

Or the next month may still find me here,

But death, I feel is very near.

I could have been 23 next July

I gambled on what mattered most, the dice were cast. I lost.