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10th grade

Title of work: Unluckiest Luck  
Source: *Night* by Elie Wiesel

In my 10th grade English class at Horace Greeley High School, we read the book *Night* by Elie Wiesel. While I was reading, I couldn't stop contemplating how to describe the luck of Elie and the other survivors. It was lucky that he wasn't separated from his father; it was lucky that they were sent to a labor camp rather than a death camp; and it was lucky that Elie remained healthy enough to endure the most horrific circumstances--but how can we describe any of this as lucky? I wanted to further explore the word "luck" with this poem.

### Unluckiest Luck

It began with a simple choice.  
Left  
Or right.

Left was the lucky side.  
The people forced into slave labor  
Who faced starvation,  
And beatings,  
And fear,  
Were lucky.

The ones who lived with the reeking smell of burning flesh,  
The sight of smoldering smoke,  
The sound of excruciating screams,  
Were lucky.

And the ones to the right?  
They *were* the burning flesh,

And they were *in* the smoldering smoke,  
And they *made* the excruciating screams.

The ones who lived in fear  
Rather than die in fear  
Were the lucky ones.

It began with a simple choice.  
Left  
Or right.  
Live  
Or die.

But the Jews did not make that choice.  
It was their enemies,  
Their perpetrators,  
Their *murderers*,  
Who made the choice.

How lucky can a Holocaust survivor be?  
How lucky can someone who escaped the murder  
Of six million of their own people be?

Getting stripped from your family  
Is not lucky.

Living in hatred and fear  
Is not lucky.

And surviving,  
Something that billions of people can do every day  
With no effort at all,  
Is not lucky.

And so,  
With the unluckiest luck of all,  
*Some people*  
Lived.