

BLACK SKY FALLING

In early November 1942, Mania and I made our way to the village of Grabowka, where we told people that we were Polish Catholic farm girls who had been separated from our family after our farm was taken over by Folksdeutsche. The night after we arrived, I had a dream that my mother came to get me, running and pulling me along. "Why are we running?" I asked her. She said, "Because the black sky is falling, and when it reaches the ground, we will die." When I looked back, black pieces of clouds were falling to the earth.

Embroidery and fabric collage, 1988