

....I never saw another butterfly...

Children's Drawings and Poems
from Terezin Concentration Camp,
1942-1944

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Grace McWhorter
Hunter McWilliams
Caroline Robinson
Dominique Rucker
Duncan Sligh

Man Proposes, God Disposes

I.

Who was helpless back in Prague,
And who was rich before,
He's a poor soul here in Terezin,
His body's bruised and sore.

II.

Who was toughened up before,
He'll survive these days.
But who was used to servants
Will sink into his grave.

Koleba (miroslav Kosek, Hanus Lowy,
Bachner)

26. II. 1944

The Garden

A little garden,
Fragrant and full of roses.
The path is narrow
And a little boy walks along it.

A little boy, a sweet boy,
Like that growing blossom.
When the blossoms come to bloom,
The little boy will be no more.

Franta Bass

The Closed Town

Everything leans, like tottering,
hunched old women.

Every eye shines with fixed waiting
And for the word “when?”

Here there are few soldiers.
Only the shot-down birds tell of war.

You believe every bit of news you
hear.

The buildings now are fuller,
Body smelling close to body,
And the garrets scream with light for
long, long hours.

This evening I walked along the
street of death.

On one wagon, they were taking
the dead away.

Why so many marches have been
drummed here?

Why so many soldiers?

Then
A week after the end,
Everything will be empty here.
A hungry dove will peck for bread.
In the middle of the street will
stand
An empty, dirty
Hearse.

Anonymous

Terezin

That bit of filth in dirty walls,
And all around barbed wire,
And 30,000 souls who sleep
Who once will wake
And once will see
Their own blood spilled.

I was once a little child,
Three years ago,
That child who longed for other worlds.
But now I am no more a child
For I have learned to hate.
I am a grown-up person now,
I have known fear.

Bloody words and a dead day then,
That's something different than bogeymen!
continued on next slide....

But anyway, I still believe I only sleep
today,
That I' ll wake up, a child again, and start
to laugh and play.
I' ll go back to childhood sweet like a
briar rose,
Like a bell that wakes us from a dream,
Like a mother with an ailing child
Loves him with aching woman' s love.
How tragic, then, is youth that lives
With enemies, with gallows ropes,
How tragic, then for children on your lap
To say: this for the good, that for the bad.
Continued on next slide...

Somewhere, far away out there, childhood sweetly sleeps,
Along that path among the trees,
There o'er that house
That was once my pride and joy.
There my mother gave me birth into this world
So I could weep...

In the flame of candles by my bed, I sleep
And once perhaps I'll understand
That I was such a little thing,
As little as this song.

These 30,000 souls who sleep
Among the trees will wake,
Open an eye
And because they see
A lot

They'll fall asleep again...

Hanus Hachenburg
IX, 1944

Campfire

Here I sit on a rock
In front of the campfire.
One branch after another is snatched by the fire.
Into the darkness
The forest recedes.

Fire makes one reflect...
Terezin is all I think about.
But now memories gather 'round me
Like the falling leaves.

Fall is here.
The leaves turn yellow on the trees,
The campfire dies out.
My thoughts are far from here,
Somewhere far,
Where integrity lives.

It lives in my friend.
Now I think of her.
Memories gather 'round me
Like the falling leaves.

A. Lindtova

Tears

And thereafter come....
tears,
without them
there is no life.

Tears---
inspired by grief
tears
that fall like rain.

Alena Synkova

Dusk

The dusk flew in on the wings of evening...
From whom do you bring me a greeting?
Will you kiss my lips for him?
How I long for the place where I was born!

Perhaps only you, tranquil dusk,
know of the tears shed in your lap
from eyes that long to see
the shade of palms and olive trees
in the land of Israel.

Perhaps only you will understand
this daughter of Zion,
who weeps
for her small city on the Elbe
but is afraid ever to return to it.

Anonymous

On a Sunny Evening

On a purple, sun-shot evening
Under wide-flowering chestnut trees
Upon the threshold full of dust
Yesterday, today, the days are all like these.

Trees flower forth in beauty,
Lovely, too, their very wood all gnarled and old
That I am half afraid to peer
Into their crowns of green and gold.

The sun has made a veil of gold
So lovely that my body aches.
Above, the heavens shriek with blue
Convinced I've smiled by some mistake.
The world's abloom and seems to smile.
I want to fly but where, how high?
If in barbed wire, things can bloom
Why couldn't I? I will not die!

1944 *Anonymous*

Written by the children in Barracks L318 and L417, ages 10-16 years.

We got used to standing in line at seven o' clock in the morning, at twelve noon, and again at seven o' clock in the evening. We stood in a long queue with a plate in our hand, into which they ladled a little warmed-up water with a salty or a coffee flavor. Or else they gave us a few potatoes. We got used to sleeping without a bed, to saluting every uniform, not to walk on the sidewalks and then again to walk on the sidewalks. We got used to undeserved slaps, blows, and executions. We got accustomed to seeing people die in their own excrement, to seeing piled-up coffins full of corpses, to seeing the sick amid dirt and filth and to seeing the helpless doctors. We got used to it that from time to time, one thousand unhappy souls would come here and that, from time to time, another thousand unhappy souls would go away.....

From the prose of fifteen-year-old Petr Fischl

We got used to standing in line at seven o' clock in the morning, at twelve noon, and again at seven o' clock in the evening. We stood in a long queue with a plate in our hand, into which they ladled a little warmed-up water with a salty or a coffee flavor. Or else they gave us a few potatoes. We got used to sleeping without a bed, to saluting every uniform, not to walk on the sidewalks and then again to walk on the sidewalks. We got used to undeserved slaps, blows, and executions. We got accustomed to seeing people die in their own excrement, to seeing piled-up coffins full of corpses, to seeing the sick amid dirt and filth and to seeing the helpless doctors. We got used to it that from time to time, one thousand unhappy souls would come here and that, from time to time, another thousand unhappy souls would go away....

From the prose of fifteen-year-old Petr Fischl, (born September 9, 1929).

The Butterfly

The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
Perhaps if the sun's tears would sing
against a white stone....

Such, such a yellow
Is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away I'm sure because it wished to
kiss the world good-bye.

For seven weeks I've lived in here,
Penned up inside this ghetto.
But I have found what I love here.
The dandelions call to me
And the white chestnut branches in the
court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.

That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live in here,
in the ghetto.

Birdsong

He doesn't know the world at all
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.
He doesn't know what birds know best
Nor what I want to sing about,
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And earth's aflood with morning light,
A blackbird sings upon a bush
To greet the dawning after night.
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open up your heart
To beauty; go to the woods someday
And weave a wreath of memory there.
Then if the tears obscure your way
You'll know how wonderful it is
 To be alive.

1941 Anonymous

You wonton, quiet memory that haunts me all the while
In order to remind me of her whom love I send.
Perhaps when you caress me sweetly, I will smile,
You are my confidante today, my very dearest friend.

You sweet remembrance, tell a fairy tale
About my girl who's lost and gone, you see.
Tell, tell the one about the golden grail
And call the swallow, bring her back to me.

Fly somewhere back to her and ask her, soft and low,
If she thinks of me sometimes with love,
If she is well and ask her, too, before you go
If I am still her dearest, precious dove.

And hurry back, don't lose your way,
So I can think of other things,
But you were too lovely, perhaps, to stay.
I loved you once. Good-bye, my love!

Anonymous

Pain Strikes Sparks On Me, The Pain of Terezin

Fifteen beds. Fifteen charts with names,
Fifteen people without a family tree.
Fifteen bodies for whom torture is
 medicine and pills,
Beds over which the crimson blood of ages
 spills.
Fifteen bodies that want to live here.
Thirty eyes seeking quietness.
Bald heads that gape from out of the
 prison.
The holiness of the suffering, which is
 none of my business.

The loveliness of air, which day after day
Smells of strangeness and carbolic,
The nurses that carry thermometers
Mothers who grope after a smile.
Food is such a luxury here.
A long, long night, and a brief day.

But anyway, I don' t want to leave
The lighted rooms and the burning
cheeks,
Nurses who leave behind them only a
shadow
To help the little sufferers.

I' d like to stay here, a small patient,
Waiting the doctor' s daily round,
Until, after a long, long time, I' d be well
again.

Then I' d like to live
And go back home again.
Anonymous

Terezin

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And all around barbed wire,
And 30,000 souls who sleep
Who once will wake
And once will see
Their own blood spilled.

I was once a little child,
Three years ago,
That child who longed for other worlds.
But now I am no more a child
For I have learned to hate.
I am a grown-up person now,
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Bloody words and a dead day then,
That's something different than bogeymen!

continued on next slide....

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That I'll wake up, a child again, and start to laugh and play.
I'll go back to childhood sweet like a briar rose,
Like a bell that wakes us from a dream,
Like a mother with an ailing child
Loves him with aching woman's love.
How tragic, then, is youth that lives
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Continued on next slide...

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sweetly sleeps,
Along that path among the trees,
There o'er that house
That was once my pride and joy.
There my mother gave me birth into this world
So I could weep...

In the flame of candles by my bed, I sleep
And once perhaps I'll understand
That I wa such a little thing,
As little as this song.

These 30,000 souls who sleep
Among the trees will wake,
Open an eye
And because they see
A lot

They'll fall asleep again...

*Hanus Hachenburg
IX, 1944*

To Olga

Listen!

The boat whistle has sounded now
And we must sail
Out toward an unknown port.

We'll sail a long, long way
And dreams will turn to truth.
Oh, how sweet the name Morocco!
Listen!
Now it's time.

The wind sings songs of far away,
Just look up to heaven
And think about the violets.

Listen!

Now it's time.

Alena Synkova

A Letter to Daddy

Momma told me to write to you today,
But I had no time. New children arrived
With the latest transport, and
I had to play with them.
I didn't notice time pass.

I live better these days.
I sleep on my own mattress on the floor,
So I will not fall down.
At least I don't have much work to fix up my bed,
And in the morning I see the sky from my window.

I was coughing a bit, but I don't want to get sick,
For I am happy when I can run in the courtyard.
Tonight there will be a gathering
Like the ones at Scout camp in the summer.

We will sing songs we know,
A girl will play the accordion.
I know you wonder how we fare here,
And you would surely like to be with us now.

Continued on next slide....

And something else, Daddy. Come soon
And have a more cheerful face!
When you are unhappy, Momma is sad,
And then I miss the sparkle in her eyes.

You promised to bring me books
Because, truly, I have nothing to read.
So please, come tomorrow, right before dusk.
I will surely be grateful for this.

Now I must stop. Momma sends you her love.
I will rejoice when I hear your footsteps
In the hall. Until you are with us again,
I send you my greetings and kisses.

Your faithful son.

Anonymous

Yes, That's The Way Things Are

I.

In Terezin in the so-called park
A queer old granddad sits
Somewhere there in the so-called park.
He wears a beard down to his lap
And on his head, a little cap.

II

Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums,
He's only got one single tooth.
My poor old man with working gums,
Instead of soft rolls, lentil soup.
My poor old graybeard!

Koleba (M. Kosek, H. Lowy, Bachner)

Homesick

I' ve lived in the ghetto here for more
than a year,
In Terezin, in the black town now,
And when I remember my old home
so dear,
I can love it more than I did,
somehow.

Ah, home, home,
Why did they tear me away?
Here the weak die easy as a feather
And when they die, they die forever.

I' d like to go back home again,
It makes me think of sweet spring
flowers.
Before, when I used to live at home,
It never seemed so dear and fair.

I remember now those golden days...
But maybe I' ll be going there soon again.
People walk along the street,
You see at once on each you meet
That there' s ghetto here,
A place of evil and of fear.
There' s little to eat and much to want,
Where bit by bit, it' s horror to live.
But on one must give up!
The world turns and times change.

Yet we all hope the time will come
When we' ll go home again.
Now I know how dear it is
And often I remember it.

1943 *Anonymous*

Home

I look, I look
Into the wide world.
I look to the southeast,
I look, I look toward my home.

I look toward my home,
The city whee I was born.
City, my city,
I will gladly return to you.

Franta Bass

Birdsong

He doesn't know the world at all
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.
He doesn't know what birds know best
Nor what I want to sing about,
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And earth's aflood with morning light,
A blackbird sings upon a bush
To greet the dawning after night.
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open up your heart
To beauty; go to the woods someday
And weave a wreath of memory there.
Then if the tears obscure your way
You'll know how wonderful it is
To be alive.

1941 Anonymous

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Like the ones at Scout camp in the summer.

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A girl will play the accordion.
I know you wonder how we fare here,
And you would surely like to be with us now.

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So please, come tomorrow, right before dusk.
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Now I must stop. Momma sends you her love.
I will rejoice when I hear your footsteps
In the hall. Until you are with us again,
I send you my greetings and kisses.

Your faithful son.
Anonymous

Home

I look, I look
into the wide world,
into the wide, distant world.
I look to the southeast,
I look, I look toward my home.

I look toward my home,
the city where I was born.
City, my city,
I will gladly return to you

Franta Bass

The Little Mouse

A mousie sat upon a shelf,
Catching fleas in his coat of fur.
But he couldn't catch her—what chagrin!—
She'd hidden 'way inside his skin.
He turned and wriggled, knew no rest,
That flea was such a nasty pest!

His daddy came
And searched his coat.
He caught the flea and off he ran
To cook her in the frying pan.
The little mouse cried, "Come and see!
For lunch we've got a nice, fat flea!"

26.II.1944 Koleba (M. Kosek, H. Lowy, Bachner)

The Garden

A little garden,
Fragrant and full of roses.
The path is narrow
And a little boy walks along it.

A little boy, a sweet boy,
Like that growing blossom.
When the blossom comes to
bloom,
The little boy will be no more.

Franta Bass

I'd Like To Go Alone

I'd like to go away alone
Where there are other, nicer people,
Somewhere into the far unknown,
There, where no one kills another.

Maybe more of us,
A thousand strong,
Will reach this goal
Before too long.

Alena Synkova

Campfire

Here I sit on a rock
In front of the campfire.
One branch after another is snatched by the
fire.

Into the darkness
The forest recedes.

Fire makes one reflect...
Terezin is all I think about.
But now memories gather 'round me
Like the falling leaves.

Fall is here.
The leaves turn yellow on the trees,
The campfire dies out.
My thoughts are far from here,
Somewhere far,
Where integrity lives.

It lives in my friend.
Now I think of her.
Memories gather 'round me
Like the falling leaves.

A. Lindtova

Concert In The Old School Garret

White fingers of the sexton sleep heavy upon us.

Half a century

Since anyone as much as toughed this piano.

Let it sing again

As it was made to yesterday.

Phantom hands that strike softly or that thunder.

The forehead of this man heavy as the

Heavens before it rains.

And the springs,

Under the weight of excitement, forgot to squeak.

Half a century it is since anyone as much as touched this piano.

Our good friend Time

Sucked each figure empty like a honeybee

That has lived long enough

And drunk enough honey

So that now it can dry out in the sun somewhere.

Continued on next slide...

Under the closed eyes, another person site,
Under the closed eyes, he seeks among the keys
As among the veins through which the blood flows softly
When you kiss them with a knife and put a song to it.

And this man yesterday cut all the veins,
Opening all the organ's stops,
Paid all the birds to sing,
To sing

Even though the harsh fingers of the sexton
Sleep heavy upon us.
Bent in his manner of death, you are like Beethoven

Your forehead was as heavy as the heavens before it rains.

Anonymous

An Evening In Terezin

The sun goes down
and everything is silent,
only at the guard's post
are heavy footfalls heard.

That's the guard who watches his Jews
to make sure they don't run away from
the ghetto,
or that an Aryan aunt or uncle
doesn't try to get in.

Ten o'clock strikes suddenly,
and the windows of Dresden's barracks
darken.

The women have a lot to talk about;
they remember their homes,
and dinners they made.

Then some of them argue.
Others try to quiet them down.
Finally, one by one, they grow silent;
they toss and turn, and in the end,
they fall asleep.

How many more evenings
will we have to live like this?
We do not know,
only God knows.

Eva Schulzova

At Terezin

When a new child comes
Everything seems strange to him.
What, on the ground I have to lie?
Eat black potatoes? No! Not I!
I've got to stay? It's dirty here!
The floor—why, look, it's dirt, I fear!
And I'm supposed to sleep on it?
I'll get all dirty!

Here the sound of shouting, cries,
And oh, so many flies.
Everyone knows flies carry disease.
Oooh, something bit me! Wasn't that a bedbug?
Here in Terezin, life is hell
And when I'll go home again, I can't yet tell.

*Teddy
L410, 1943*

Terezin

The heaviest wheel rolls across our
foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside our
memories.

We've suffered here more than enough,
Here in this clot of grief and shame,
Wanting a badge of blindness
To be a proof for their own children.

A fourth year of waiting, like standing
above a swamp
From which any moment might gush forth
a spring.

Meanwhile, the rivers flow another way,
Another way,
Not letting you die, not letting you live.

And the cannons don't scream and the
guns don't bark
And you don't see blood here.
Nothing, only silent hunger.
Children steal the bread here
and ask and ask
And ask.

And all would wish to sleep, keep silent,
and
Just to go to sleep again...

The heaviest wheel rolls across our
foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside
our memories.

Mif, 1944

The Old House

Deserted here, the old house
stands in silence, asleep.
the old house used to be so nice,
before, standing there,
it was so nice.

Now it is deserted,
rotting in silence—
What a waste of houses,
a waste of hours.

Franta Bass

Fear

Today the ghetto knows a different fear,
Close in its grip, Death wields an icy scythe.
An evil sickness spreads a terror in its wake,
The victims of its shadow, weep and writhe.

Today a father's heartbeat tells his fright
And mothers bend their heads into their hands.
Now children choke and die with typhus here,
A bitter tax is taken from their bands.

My heart still beats inside my breast
While friends depart for other worlds.
Perhaps it's better—who can say?—
Than watching this, to die today?

No, no, my God, we want to live!
Not watch our numbers melt away,
We want to have a better world,
We want to work---we must not die!

Eva Pickova, 12 years old, Numburk

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before, standing there,
it was so nice.

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What a waste of houses,
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Franta Bass

The Closed Town

Everything leans, like tottering,
hunched old women.

Every eye shines with fixed waiting
And for the work “when?”

Here there are few soldiers.
Only the shot-down birds tell of war.

You believe every bit of news you
hear.

The buildings now are fuller,
Body smelling close to body,
And the garrets scream with light for
long, long hours.

This evening I walked along the street of
death.

On one wagon, they were taking the dead
away.

Why so many marches have been
drummed here?

Why so many soldiers?

Then
A week after the end,
Everything will be empty here.
A hungry dove will peck for bread.
In the middle of the street will stand
An empty, dirty
Hearse.

Anonymous

Untitled

I've met enough people.
Seldom a human being.
Therefore, I will wait—
until my life's purpose
is fulfilled
and you will come.

Though there is anguish
deep in my soul—
what if I must search for you forever?—
I must not lose faith,
I must not lose hope.

Alena Synkova

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Alena Synkova

The Storm

The heavens sense our burden:
The threat of future downpours
I carry on my back.
We are drunk on wine vinegar.
The nearing storm rouses me,
it makes me want to shake the world.

We are an assembly of misery.
If our hands are bloody,
it is from the blood of our own wounds.
The grotesque scars we bear on our bodies
testify to battles fought
that went unrecognized.

But the next storm will unfurl our flag
and uproot the rotted trees!
Then we, together with the gusting wind,
will scale Spilberk's heights,
and stand in victory on the peaks of cliffs,
Our hair blowing freely in the wind.

Jirka Polak

To Olga

Listen!

The boat whistle has sounded now
And we must sail
Out toward an unknown port.

We'll sail a long, long way
And dreams will turn to truth.
Oh, how sweet the name Morocco!
Listen!
Now it's time.

The wind sings songs of far away,
Just look up to heaven
And think about the violets.

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You believe every bit of news you
hear.

The buildings now are fuller,
Body smelling close to body,
And the garrets scream with light for
long, long hours.

This evening I walked along the street of
death.

On one wagon, they were taking the dead
away.

Why so many marches have been
drummed here?

Why so many soldiers?

Then
A week after the end,
Everything will be empty here.
A hungry dove will peck for bread.
In the middle of the street will stand
An empty, dirty
Hearse.

Anonymous

Fear

Today the ghetto knows a different fear,
Close in its grip, Death wields an icy scythe.
An evil sickness spreads a terror in its wake,
The victims of its shadow weep and writhe.

Today a father's heartbeat tells his fright
And mothers bend their heads into their
hands.

Now children choke and die with typhus
here,
A bitter tax is taken from their bands.

My heart still beats inside my breast
While friends depart for other worlds.
Perhaps it's better—who can say?---
Than watching this, to die today?

No, no, my God, we want to live!
Not watch our numbers melt away.
We want to have a better world,
We want to work—we must not die!

Eva Pickova, 12 years old, Nymburk

I'd Like To Go Alone

I'd like to go away alone
Where there are other, nicer people,
Somewhere into the far unknown,
There, where no one kills another.

Maybe more of us,
A thousand strong,
Will reach this goal
Before too long.

Alena Synkova

Illness

Sadness, stillness in the room.
In the middle, a table and a bed.
In the bed, a feverish boy.
His mother sits next to him
With a little book.
She reads him his favorite story
And immediately, the fever subsides.

Franta Bass

At Terezin

When a new child comes
Everything seems strange to him.
What, on the ground I have to lie?
Eat black potatoes? No! Not I!
I've got to stay? It's dirty here!
The floor—why, look, it's dirt, I fear!
And I'm supposed to sleep on it?
I'll get all dirty!

Here the sound of shouting, cries,
And oh, so many flies.
Everyone knows flies carry disease.
Oooh, something bit me! Wasn't that a bedbug?
Here in Terezin, life is hell
And when I'll go home again, I can't yet tell.

*Teddy
L410, 1943*

It All Depends On How You Look At It

I.

Terezin is full of beauty.
It's in your eyes now clear
And through the street the tramp
Of many marching feet I hear.

II.

Death, after all, claims everyone,
You find it everywhere.
It catches up with even those
Who wear their noses in the air.

The whole, wide world is ruled
With a certain justice, so
That helps perhaps to sweeten
The poor man's pain and woe.

Miroslav Kosek

Man Proposes, God Disposes

I.

Who was helpless back in Prague,
And who was rich before,
He's a poor soul here in Terezin,
His body's bruised and sore.

II.

Who was toughened up before,
He'll survive these days.
But who was used to servants
Will sink into his grave.

Koleba (miroslav Kosek, Hanus Lowy, Bachner)

26. II. 1944

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Terezin

The heaviest wheel rolls across our
foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside our
memories.

We've suffered here more than enough,
Here in this clot of grief and shame,
Wanting a badge of blindness
To be a proof for their own children.

A fourth year of waiting, like standing
above a swamp
From which any moment might gush forth
a spring.

Meanwhile, the rivers flow another way,
Another way,
Not letting you die, not letting you live.

And the cannons don't scream and the
guns don't bark
And you don't see blood here.
Nothing, only silent hunger.
Children steal the bread here
and ask and ask
And ask.
And all would wish to sleep, keep silent,
and
Just to go to sleep again...

The heaviest wheel rolls across our
foreheads
To bury itself deep somewhere inside
our memories.

Mj, 1944

Thereienstadt's Hospital

Once, happier people lived here
In the gray building.
Now, death moves silently toward those
other creatures,
Whose with typhoid, who moan and writhe
In their own diarrhea,
Who lie here and don't understand
Why they are being fed bread and margarine.
I enter and become silent.

“You shiny new doorknobs,
You pretty painted walls in the bright ward,
Can you make up for the stench of
excrement?
Can you appease the hunger
Of those who are ashamed of their
underwear,
And brought here to die,
Day by day?”

The paint looks at me and doesn't
answer.

“Why? I don't understand why!”
It seems the doorknob would say,
When it opened for me,
A free soul, with a full stomach,
“I can tell you
And then you will come to me!”

Anonymous

Untitled

I've met enough people.
Seldom a human being.
Therefore, I will wait—
until my life's purpose
is fulfilled
and you will come.

Though there is anguish
deep in my soul—
what if I must search for you forever?—
I must not lose faith,
I must not lose hope.

Alena Synkova

An Evening At Terezin

The sun goes down
and everything is silent,
Only at the guard's post
Are heavy footfalls heard.

That's the guard who watches his
Jews
To make sure they don't run away
from the ghetto,
Or that an Aryan aunt or uncle
Doesn't try to get in.

Ten o'clock strikes suddenly,
And the windows of Dresden's
barracks darken.

The women have a lot to talk about;
they remember their homes,
And dinners they made.

Then some of them argue.
Others try to quiet them down.
Finally, one by one, they grow silent;
They toss and turn, and in the end,
They fall asleep.

How many more evenings will we have to
live like this?
We do not know,
Only god knows.

Eva Schulzova