**The children of the war**

**We and the Victory. Ten years –**

**such is the difference. We know a lot...**

**The rhythms of marches still awake us,**

**the memories are fresh and hot .**

**Today the boys and girls are trying**

**not to forget the** **rescue route,**

**the death notice, mother’s crying ...**

**Her tears burnt my childhood.**

**Can we forget the work at plants,**

**disturbing dreams at machine tool?**

**We** **buried friends in snow at once,**

**without wreaths, beyond the school.**

**Some fellows joined the guerrillas,**

**another came then to the front.**

**They went away like stormy rivers.**

**Their childhood was torn apart.**

**They learned to shoot and blew up rails,**

**destroyed the bridges. It was hard.**

**Starvation mowed the childhood years**

**like blossomed flowers in the yard.**