**The oil lamp**

**It is all that was left of the house.**

**Of the family – I and my dad.**

**In the garden I see burnt tree crowns,**

**and I’ve found the old oil lamp.**

**Now I see th’** **ruined huts of my neighbors,**

**everywhere the remains of stoves.**

**Those fascists broke down to death us,**

**those** **scoundrels then ruined the homes.**

**All my kinsfolk were killed, it was here.**

**By the stove there’s my crying dad.**

**He will take the revenge with no fear...**

**I'll get to the rear, as I’m a small lad.**

**I’ll remember the shell-pit forever.**

**Dad has taken a handful of earth.**

**Now I flee. Let the carnage be never.**

**Th’ oil lamp to remember of death.**