**The boy of Babi Yar**

**29 people survived at the time of the Babi Yar tragedy.**

**I’ve not been there since those times.**

**My night dreams are th’ nightmare:**

**the killers’ fierce grimaces, crimes.**

**My people were shot there.**

**They made us naked, barefoot**

**and took away our wealth.**

**But, suddenly, we understood:**

**it’s a half-step to death.**

**I was alive while I was falling**

**to muddy trench with those dead.**

**Oh, no! Not there! Here! I’m calling**

**to see my parents grave ahead.**

**Among the dead here I was lying.**

**At night I got up, ran away.**

**I saw the hell doors. I am crying.**

**By chance, I had the lucky day.**

**Now, ugly people say in passion**

**Sukhoi and Babi Yars – they strive-**

**are just the ditches. - No compassion.**

**But I’m the victim, and alive.**

**I am the witness of the violence.**

**The gang was holding court - bad deed.**

**Mom pushed me to the trench with silence.**

**She hoped I would be saved indeed…**

**I’ve not been there since those times.**

**There are few orphans, as it is.**

**The ogre wished to make the crimes.**

**My people were shot there by the beasts.**