**The little cripple**

**(The story of a former disabled child)**

**The distant rumble of battle was increasing,**

**and fascist "Junkers" mercilessly bombed us.**

**Th’ remains of our troops were quickly leaving**

**the city, and refugees – with them,** **alas.**

**No time for proper preparation.**

**What things to take? Maybe, to travel light -**

**to get away from the whirl consternation**

**by train, on foot, on horse, in flight.**

**The last of trains is there at the station.**

**With shouting we take the places swift.**

**The bombings are like hell illumination,**

**they all destroy and make the city rifts.**

**The wheels are counting the covered distance.**

**The train is going and producing smoke.**

**The winds bring us a splinter as a fierce lance.**

**It breaks the van, destroys the life and hope.**

**I feel the smell, the coal smoke is near.**

**I am in blood, not seeing my own feet.**

**The station doctor said to me: « My dear,**

**now you’re a cripple, it’s the fate to meet».**

**Now I’m not able to go to exploration,**

**and with a girl I can’t be next and dance.**

**The God of war marked me with the wound location.**

**To live with it I’ll have a poor chance.**

**Who is to blame that we are humble cripples?**

**It was the war that mutilated us throughout world.**

**The fates were broken just like** **tiny needles.**

**The culprits, to the Day of Judgment, won’t be called.**

**I blame the killers, for them there’s no compassion. ,**

**I blame the tyrants-chiefs we and the other people had.**

**I curse them all my life with** **loathing and passion**

**on the behalf of all the** **living and the dead.**