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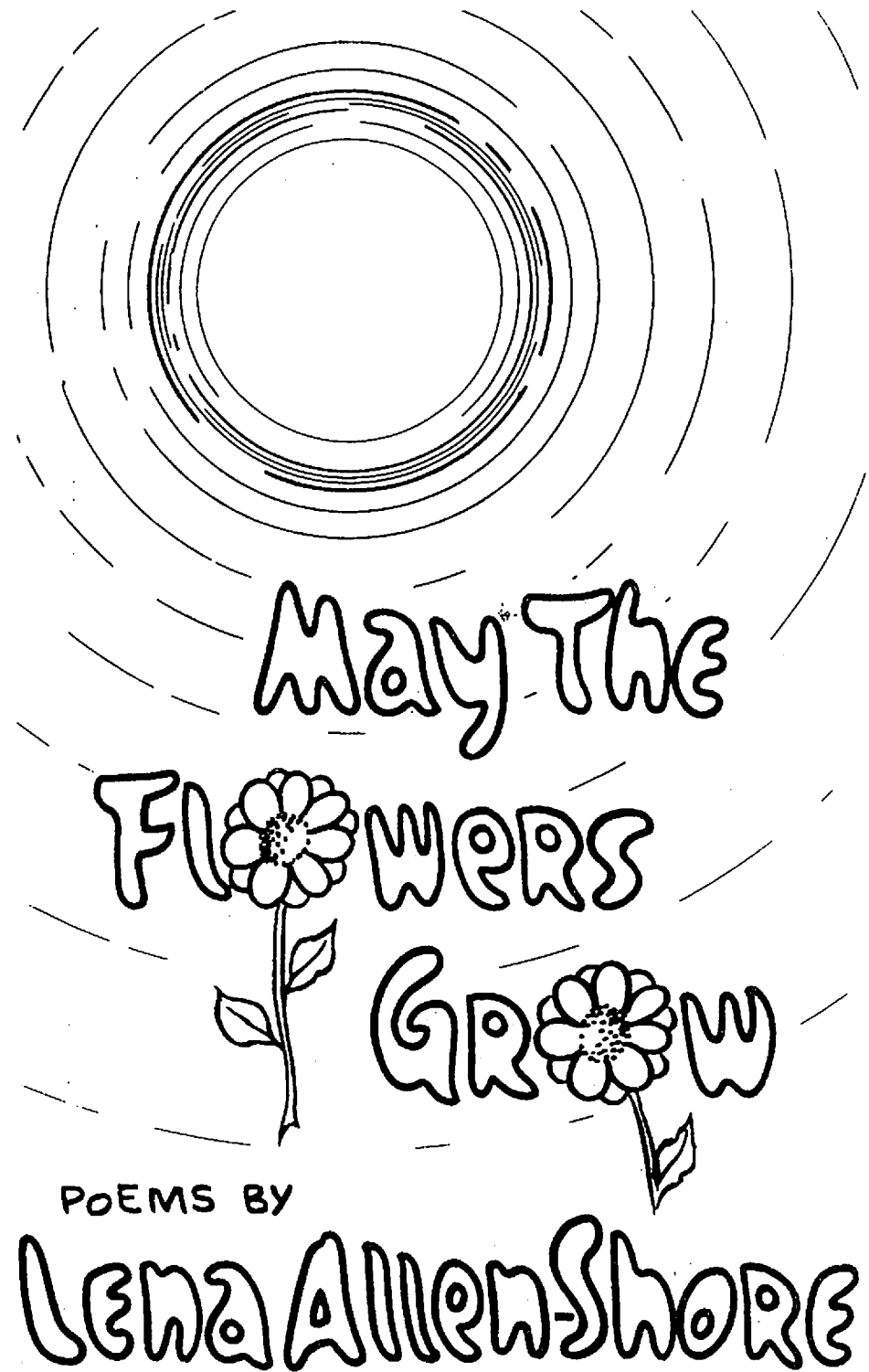
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The Cry from Warsaw



The Cry from Warsaw

I remember a spring
Like the others before.
I remember the rays of sunshine.

I remember the fields covered with grass,
The green fields,
The flowers and gardens.

I remember a bird,
an enchanted bird,
Blessing its nest with a song.

I remember young girls,
Who smiled every night
At their lovers
On the eve of death.

I remember one spring
And a stream of blood
In 1943.

I remember men
Handsome and strong
Long, long ago.

My friend,
Do you understand?
No, you will never understand.
In my country of today,

In this blessed country,
It is hard to understand
The suffering of yesterday.
We have grown blind to suffering.

I remember many kinds of men,
Some of them with the hearts of stone,
Some of them with the heart of a child.
They did not want to die
At the age of twenty,
Twenty-five years ago.

Millions were dying then—
Every day on the cross—
The cross of hate.
My brothers speak to me each night.
From far away I hear their cry.
The cry from Warsaw.

Across my memories,
Their shadows appear,
Their eyes are watching me,
I see them in my beating heart,
They live there:
The children who never became men,
The women who never became mothers,
Men, hounded beings,
Who whispered:
“We do not want to die.”

And I remember men
Who did not whisper at all,

Heroes without words,
They carried their heads high,
Their hands strong as hammers
Resolved to fight,
Only their hands.
For their minds knew
That they could never win
Against the foe.

They fought for dignity
And for one page in history
To be written after their death.

The page is still unwritten,
For the conscience of the masters of history
Is sound asleep.

I walk through the streets of Paris,
I enter the Opera,
I listen to Faust
By Gounod.

The devil on the stage is kind,
Very kind,
Why did I see so many devils
In my life,
The devil is dancing.
How many dancing devils have passed by
On my journeys,
Laughing, grinning, cruel,
But they could not take from me
The love of life.

My brothers in Warsaw
 Loved life as I do.
 They died
 Because no one was listening
 to their cry.
 No one condemned their useless deaths.

I walk through the streets of New York,
 I stroll down Fifth Avenue,
 I look at the windows full of light—
 They are too bright for me,
 And in the middle of all the lights
 I see the darkness of Mila Street
 And I hear Chopin,
 From far away.
 Chopin played by my friend.
 The Polonaise in A major follows me,
 It is mighty and great.
 My friend is dead,
 But his music is still in my ears.
 Chopin accompanies
 The cry from Warsaw.

In Carnegie Hall,
 I close my eyes,
 I want to forget my past.
 I dream with the orchestra.
 The conductor is my master
 In the enchanted world of harmony.

An hour or two pass by,
 And suddenly, the soloist,

With one note of despair,
 Reminds me of you
 You, who are gone,
 And you,
 And you.
 I travel round the world.
 At the La Scala in Milan,
 I search for the music of peace.
 The Oratorio of Haydn
 Is merciful
 For those who look for mercy,
 Powerful
 For those who are powerful,
 Human and deep, for those who suffer
 Weeping along with me.

In Vancouver near the Ocean,
 I watch the quiet waves
 And listen to their song.
 Time is passing,
 Fast as the wind.
 Where are the children
 Who did not grow.

The cry from Warsaw follows me,
 In Venice, in Calgary,
 In Los Angeles, in Geneva.
 In any street, any noise,
 Reminds me of other sounds
 Of other streets,
 Where noises mingled

With the staccato of machine guns,
They still rise up to heaven
Night and day.

In San Francisco,
On the Golden Gate Bridge,
I ask myself:
Will I find my own bridge one day,
The bridge between my past
And my present?

Yes, I will.

When the ear of the world
Will touch the soil
To kneel in repentance
For what it has done.
When the hands of the world
Will join to build
A happier tomorrow.

When the eyes of the world
Will see the truth,
When the heart of the world
Will be strong enough to love,
Then the cry from Warsaw
will pass away.

*Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Montreal
winter 1968*