

My blood.....

The curtain never falls,
To cover the smell.
The 'iron' fist punches the wall,
Awaiting redemption, again and again.
Their corpse's burn liberated from the hate,
While their struggle and pain fade in vain.

The 'claws' await for the 'evil' to vanish,
The Jews the Gypsies didn't fit in the sick pattern.
They shout, is time to go
And what they have done?
No one will know!

Like smoke that carries away their memories,
Their passion and their joy.
So is their ash washed faraway!
Those people who lived, loved and laughed,
No longer pray.....

C. Dovan