

HOLODOMOR

*The world, numbed, in silence sat
Watching in fear and with dread
The steppean route
Of the bolshevik boot
The starving, the dying, the dead*

*The boot came down with no mercy
Cruelly oppressing, thirsting domain,
Plundering, shooting
Raiding and looting
The bread basket that was Ukraine*

*For shame, were not raised to the heavens
At this stain on history's page,
Great shouts, nor alarms,
Nor banners, nor arms,
Nor cries of immutable rage*

*The world, scarred, and weary of war
Just hoped it would all go away
Here, there, but unheeded,
Lone whispers receded
Unable to rally the day*

*Not this alone held the world in deep thrall
Terror in Europe reigned high
Death was not new
Where the swastika flew
And prayers were only a sigh*

*And not just in Europe was destiny tried
From the isle with the flag of the sun
Rose sounds of a beast
On the winds from the east
Lo! the war dogs of old Nippon*

*Decades file by, near a century now
And deafening quiet still lasts
But here, there, though weakly
Less muffled, less meekly
Voices reach out from the past*

*They cry out, we strain to hear them
These voices of long, long ago
From the darkening yore
Of a far, distant shore
Telling us what we must know*

*Of children, of mothers, of loved ones
Consigned to their too early grave
Pawns seen as through prisms
By the mongers of isms
And greed, that malevolent knave*

*They whisper, these voices, they whisper
As though yet afraid to be heard
But their message so vile
Will brook no denial
No longer may truth be deferred*

*No more can the world look up and away
From the masses thus fated to die
At the murderous caprice
And foul penchant to fleece
Of the despotic, tyrannical "I"*

*Koba, the Dread, they have named him
Evil, monstrous, bloody and cold
Neither conscience nor morals
Grace his blood-glutted laurels
Cruel lusting for power, for gold*

*Sons of the steppes, blood of the cossacks,
Transfixed as by some serpent's stare
Lost their loves and their living
Their lives vainly giving
Praying fate their children to spare*

*And oh how cruelly they lost them
Starvation does not end in screams
But in silence and tears
With prayers no one hears
And hopeless, heart-rending dreams*

*Soviet steel, 'tho, has since wilted
And -isms collapse and change smiles
A new people is forged
With new hungers engorged
To stride sweet freedom's miles*

*Be then not proud, ye great nations
Yes, you, with your conscience atomb
Lift not your eyes
In false care to the skies
Just know the bell tolls, and for whom*