

IT'S GOING TO RAIN

It's about to rain, getting darker,
The leaves have long fallen from the trees,
Leaving desolation where just an old man
Roams,
Picking handfuls of earth where Roma
Perished.

During this war Nazis shot them dead,
Roma seized and put in wagons, oh
Filled with children and the Roma old,
No mercy shown to a single soul.

Buried here auntie, grandpa, grannie,
But God spared a small one,
Who visits to imagine,
The perished wait for him.

No monument stands,
Except in the minds of the old,
Woods and land bore witness,
This older man declares:
*Roma are buried here, don't disturb this
land!*