

MAMA, WHY ARE THEY KILLING US?

1. The harder it is to find the words

March 24th, 2022

Author: Ruslana Kovalenko

The harder it is to find the words,
The harder they are to comprehend.
War rages in our backyard today.
Putin ordered – bomb them.
On the twenty-fourth.
The bloodiest of morning hours,
Kyiv, Kharkov and Dnipro..
As a child was sound asleep,
as the burning Sun above us towers,
and the day was slowly going by.
A curse came to our doorstep
And nothing could stop it.
Above our rooftops missiles fly.
Our homes are smoking piles.
Rifles have replaced our smiles,
With endless rivers of tears.
How dare you – at people, at children!
You brutes, cruel and soulless!
Leave here without delay!

In basements mothers quietly pray,
Please, stop the War..
Our children are in cellars, in the infernos.
They don't wait for Spring anymore.

There's no school, no playgrounds,
No kindergarten.
Store shelves are empty.
"Mama, may I have a piece of bread?"
"Can I sleep for a bit?"
Our tears have run dry,
Our hearts are broken to pieces.
How can a mother live without her daughter?
And hundreds of children without parents?
Do you hear me, Russian soldier?
You will always be on your knees.
And there will come a time to pay.
For everything you've done.
Our body and soul we will lay down,
For our Glorious Freedom!
You know that you will lose,
And we will win!

Translation to English: Milena Leseva

2. Breathe, virgin Mary, deeper!

March 20th, 2022

Author: Tata Rivna (Tetyana Sladkovodskaya)

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I met a cat today,
and asked him: "Who's are you?"
And he gave me a stare -
"How awful – this poor woman
must have lost her cat!"
And he answered: "Yours, yours!"
"What do you mean?
Mine is a fluffy dog!
The little misfit is your.."
His head slumped in grief and he said:
"My owner – Marianka - she was five,
She was blonde, with curls like wax.
She was pretty, with pink on her cheeks.
In kindergarten,
I was her most trusted friend,
I was her cat - guardian
Her cat -buddy for every game
In every dream and mischief – in her little universe,
I was the ruler of her heart, the master of her couch.
My owner – Marianka,
She will remain five forever!
I know that death is not for those that are five.
For them there is Nirvana,
And passage to eternal life.
One that is endless,

Like the days since she's been gone.

My Marianka is gone!"

He retreated to his memories,

And like a wax candle, he burned out in the fog.

Or maybe he melted?

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Ivanko alone can dispel this darkness. -

He is five and his name is Ivan.

He cried when they killed his father.

His daddy won't ever come back.

And he had to go on by himself.

And reached the border all alone.

From his careless childhood he jumped to Hell,

Where there is no longer Good or Evil,

Where he can no longer trust anyone.

He carried a backpack, a toy and a heavy soul – nothing else.

Bitter, desperate emptiness and tears

Ivan is five and already old – like a monk of Mount Athos

In his backpack he is carrying more,

Than we can imagine.

More than we can even bear.

And so, the cat and I were standing in the street,

The rain quietly pouring down.

And the thin ice broke under the raindrops,

The cat was talking and talking.

And I couldn't answer – so I was silent..

Their screams, their sobs, their gentle last words:

"Don't cry, mama, we are good – so we will go to Heaven."

“Why, mama, are they fighting with us?

What are they punishing us for

by taking our lives?”

What is this insane War for?

Then we parted ways – I didn’t take the cat.

He decided to go among the people,

To shatter their self-deceiving illusions.

To tell everyone on Earth,

About his little Marianka,

His loving owner –a Ukrainian - with the hair of gold,

Who will stay five forever.

But dwell a thousand years,

In pain and in the dark.

To let them know of Ivanko,

And that God is no longer with us.

Breathe, virgin Mary! Breathe deeper!

Translation to English: Milena Leseva

Source:

<https://warpoetry.mkip.gov.ua>