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## City Stalingrad (1942)

Frozen, bloody corpses  
reinforce the city walls,  
against the steady pounding  
of artillery shells and bombs;

The smoke begins to thin  
and drift in the wind  
as two armies stand naked  
ready to contend,  
but advance suddenly halted  
by haunting tranquillity,  
the awed expressions -- disbelief,  
reflected in eyes of humanity;

The ghost of the city,  
-- a ghastly skeleton,  
rises from the rubble  
nearly in oblivion:

*Nothing left to burn,  
Nothing left to surrender,  
Nothing left to defend,  
Nothing left to remember;*

Is this not Stalingrad,  
so silent upon the pages of history,  
so many branches burned and broken  
within her family trees;

Is this not Stalingrad,  
a deep and dismal landfill,  
so much buried beneath the ruins,  
so much remains there still.