

At Home

By Max Reihl, Kolblenz-Güls, Germany, 4 August 2010

Poems about Krasna, Breearabia

Translation from German to English by Alex Herzog

Seventy years back we still had a home,
But were no longer free,
Living in our own home and property,
Not knowing for how much longer.

The eight-hour workday had been decreed,
Sunday was no longer respected.
The harvest in the fields was rotting
As if in gratitude for the eight-hour workday.

The work proceeded, according to the Plan,
On the land of the Worker's Paradise.
Buying and selling were abolished,
Because if you had work you had no need of that.

With great sadness the eyes of the farmers
Moved across the golden fields of grain.
And without a word they witnessed
How the harvest was being destroyed.

From the church tower came the call of the bells,
The day is here, you must go now.
Farewell, my dear homeland.
When will I ever get to see you again?

Krasna Seventy Years Ago

The bells of St. Joseph's Church
Have rung for the last time.
Filled to the brim was the house of God,
But from here on it would have no more use.

On and on the bells sent
Their call to heaven.
May God console those who weep,
Here their home is no more.

One final glance back.
We must go from here.
Without home or state
We wander without aim.

What generations have accomplished
Remains for us a mere memory.
Small has become the number of those
Who can say "my home."

Today grandchildren travel
To our ancestors in the land of the Black Sea.
In the chapel a candle is lit
To serve as a greeting for them.

The bell of the chapel
Called for us to leave. Farewell!
Come back again soon, visit your ancestors
Who rest in the shadow of the chapel.

Our appreciation is extended to Alex herzog for the German to English translation.