TO THE LITTLE POLISH BOY STANDING WITH HIS ARMS UP

By: Peter L. Fischl

I would like to be an artist

So I could make a Painting of you

Little Polish Boy

Standing with your Little hat

on your head

The Star of David

on your coat

Standing in the ghetto

with your arms up

as many Nazi machine guns pointing at you

I would make a monument of you and the world who said nothing

I would like to be a composer

so I could write a concerto of you Little Polish Boy

Standing with your Little hat

on your head

The Star of David

on your coat

Standing in the ghetto

with your arms up

as many Nazi machine guns pointing at you

I would write a concerto of you and the world who said nothingI am not an

artist

But my mind had painted

a painting of you

Ten Million Miles High is the Painting

so the whole universe can see you Now

Little Polish Boy

Standing with your Little hat

on your head

The Star of David

on your coat

Standing in the ghetto

with your arms up

as many Nazi machine guns

pointing at you

And the World who said nothing

I'll make this painting so bright

that it will blind the eyes

of the world who saw nothing

Ten billion miles high will be the monument

so the whole universe can remember of you

Little Polish Boy

Standing with your Little hat

on your head

The Star of David

on your coatStanding in the ghetto

with your arms up

as many Nazi machine guns pointing at you

And the monument will tremble so the blind world

Now

will know

What fear is in the darkness

The world

Who said nothing

I am not a composer

but I will write a composition

for five trillion trumpets

so it will blast the ear drums

of this world

The world's

Who heard nothing

I

am

Sorry

that

It was you

and

Not me