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