

THE STROLLERS OF POLAND

Just past the border,
Ten miles from Ukraine,
Comes train after train after train . . .

And there on the platform:
The strollers of Poland,
Left there by mothers
For others in need.
Women and children
Arrive by the hour.
The tyrants must never succeed.

Some of the strollers
At Przemyśl Station,
They look pretty banged up,
While some are brand new.
Maja says "My kids can walk; it won't kill them.
These people have nothing.
It's the least we can do."

Hundreds of strollers
At Przemyśl Station,
Left there for mothers in need.

Only the women
And children permitted.
Husbands and fathers
Have said their goodbyes.
No need to ask
What it means to be human.
You just have to look in their eyes.

One thing to say
About people in Poland:
They know what it's like
To be under a threat.
Anna says grandmother told us the horrors.
She said, "Nie zapomnij."
It means never forget.
And who can forget?

All of the strollers
At Przemyśl Station,
Left there by others who bleed.
Left there for mothers in need.