

CHILDREN'S SHOES

By Zulfiya Muminova

Auschwitz Museum of Germany keeps man, woman and children's shoes those who were the witnesses of World War II and died during the war.

Children's shoes...

At that darkest night, in the troubled courtyard

Children were crying while kissing their legs.

They were crying on the roads of kindergarten and schools,

While waiting for the halting the bullets.

Children's shoes...

A blood splattered to one of them,

One of them without a pair, garter.

One of them broken with murderer's knife,

A bullet holed one of them.

Children's shoes...

The heap is a huge, shoes are numberless,

It is right that their holders died.

Their garters cut,

It is right attached to my paining heart,

Their cut garters.

Shoes are dreaming, such a bad dream,

The killer takes off all of them and throws.

Then hauls the children with him,

Towards the oven that death was glowing.

Years are dreaming such a bad dream,

Winter stretches its hand to the oven.

While genuflecting to shoes,

Winter moans as if the mad woman.

Ground, how many porous dresses you got?

You had not patched them yet.

A shoes that not walking in Auschwitz-
Is the bullet painig in my quietness.
A war, it is enough to wash and dry your trace,
That the flow of a blood of innocents.
A war, it is enough to make you blind forever,
That the ashes of the burnt children.

Bio

Zulfiya Muminova was born on 15th of July in 1959 in Narpay district, Samarkand region, Uzbekistan. She studied for Uzbek literature and language at Uzbekistan National University. She worked for several newspapers and magazines. Her more than 10 books were published. Zulfiya Muminova's gained several national awards and her more than 50 poems were sung by the famous singers of Uzbekistan. Her poems published in "Azahar" magazine of Spain, "Soflay" magazine of Mexico and included in Spanish Anthology "Voces Poeticas de Nuevo Siglo".