

Álvaro Smoolenaars Garcia, L5, Spanish

La Guerra

Cuando aún la última
sangre salpicaba las tierras,
los hombres corrian angustiosos
por los senderos tenebrosos.

Pocos de éstos quedaron,
más todos cayeron sin rencor.
Solo uno pudo contar su angustia
Y al poco tiempo murió.

Tras una terrible brabeza
de aquellos vencedores,
dejaron una tierra muertas,
en la cual nacieron flores.

Y así ocurre a lo largo
de toda la eternidad,
pues el mundo, nunca muere
y todo vuelve a empezar.

Hombres que construyeron sus casas,
en las tierras del temor
ignorando lo ocurrido,
pues ya todo acabó.

English Translation:

War

When still the last
blood spattered the lands,
the men ran in anguish
down the dark paths.

Few of these remained,
but all fell without rancor.
Only one could tell his anguish
And soon after he died.

After a terrible bravado
of those victors,
they left a dead land,
in which flowers were born.

And so it happens throughout
of all eternity,
Well the world never dies
And everything starts again.

Men who built their houses,
in the land of fear
ignoring what happened,
Well, it's all over.

Explanation:

My poem "The War" has been inspired by the life experiences that my great grandad told my grandma about the Spanish Civil War, the horrible places he had been, unconditional friendship he made and unforgettable and devastating scenes he saw. However, He always told the story to the little girl (my grandmother) that the World always blossom back to life and their human race always forgets and reborn.

Dedicated to my Great grandparents Capitan de Infanteria Diego Alcala Escobedo & Encarnacion Rubira .

I wrote this poem in memory to our older generations because everyone is forgetting about the war and what our ancestors had to go through for us no to forget. As one of the last paragraph states: 'people built their towns on these horrible lands forgetting what happened in the past'.