Elegy for the Fallen

Beneath sullen skies, they lay,
Heroes who fought, then slipped away.
Each name a story, bold and brave,
Silent sentinels, by the grave.

Fields once fierce, now quiet and still,
Echoes of valor, against the chill.
Tears of nations, blend with the rain,
Mourning the lost, feeling their pain.

Gone, yet their spirit forever remains,
In whispered winds, over the plains.
Their sacrifice, a beacon, ever so bright,
Guiding through darkness, into the light.

Not just names etched in stone,
But stars in the sky, brightly shone.
A legacy of courage, deep and vast,
A bridge to the future, from the past.

Let us remember, with every dawn,
Those valiant souls, now forever gone.
For in their shadow, we find our own light,
Honoring their memory, holding it tight.

By Emily Verse

Stalingrad's Soldiers

In Stalingrad, we have no home

No existence beyond the Volga

No Muscovite, no Ufa-born

Only our rifles come from Tula.

–

The world has shrunk down to a sliver

We breathe only to fight

We'll defend til we rot in this river

So the blood of our land may ignite

–

We live like the vermin they call us

Sustained by the dust and carrion

Preserved by the blizzard that rushes

Around in a biting oblivion

–

Our dreams lie only in the past

Gilded like a children's story

We have one purpose, to outlast

We seek survival before glory

–

The body is tired but we do not sleep

Our struggle drains yet guides us

We bleed from wounds that puncture deep

But the beating heart still drives us.

–

And now, from beyond the riverbank

Creeps up salvation's glow

Every soldier, rifle, bullet, tank

Is primed for the killing blow

–

We feel the soul of the ancient hill

The soldiers of Mamayev Kurgan rise

From bones and blood, with vengeful will

To seize the victory we previse

–

The Volga flows, blood in concrete veins

Sweeping clean the ragged waste

The enemy falls, not a shadow remains

A new path towards hope shows its face

–

Stalingrad, we are your soldiers

And we'll carry you forevermore

You'll lack no guardian or protector

Your name travels from steppe to shore

–

You inhabit some of us in memory,

We'll not forget the city brave-

Others live in you unto history

The silent defenders; the noblest grave.

–

The stones are broken, but they still rise high

A defiant Stalingrad battles through

The people, the Volga, the bitter sky

And the Red Banner flies anew.

By Adair E. R. Jacobs