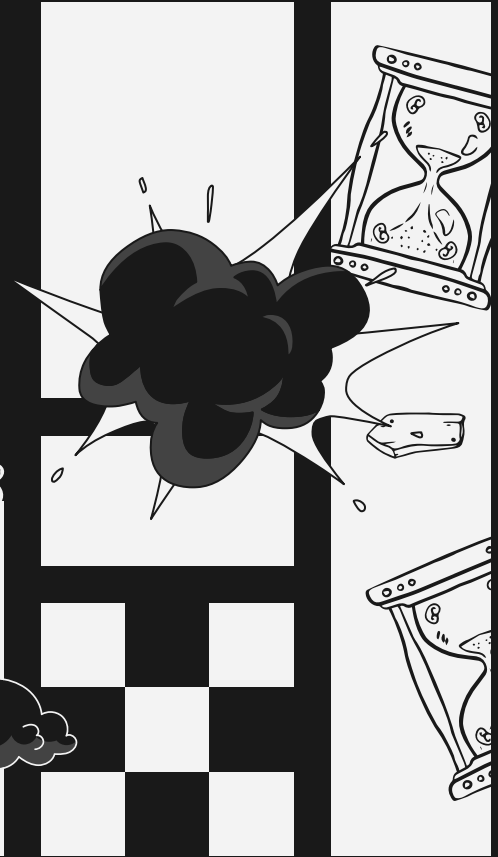
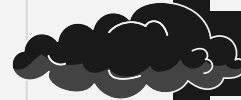


WAR POEMS

**Project Erasmus Plus KA2 'Memory of Europe :
Historical intersections and
their message for the contemporary generation'
2020-1-SK01-KA229-078288_1**



WAR POEMS

The Second World War, which began in 1939, was a truly devastating and shocking event for all of us human beings.

These terrible events, the feelings of fear and violence they have suffered during these years, are narrated in the poems that we are going to present...



ITALIAN POEM

Non gridate più

Cessate d'uccidere i morti,
Non gridate più, non gridate
Se li volete ancora udire,
Se sperate di non perire.
Hanno l'impercettibile
sussurro,
Non fanno più rumore
Del crescere dell'erba,
Lieta dove non passa l'uomo.

Don't shout anymore

Stop killing the dead,
Don't shout anymore, don't shout,
If you still want to hear them,
If you hope to not die.
They have the imperceptible
whisper,
They make no more noise
Than the growing of grass,
happy where man does not pass.



ITALIAN POEM: KEY WORDS

- Killing the dead □ violence was aimed at suffocating as many men as possible, to bring all of them to death
- Shout □ is a general invitation to stop being violent and to shout, because their cries prevent you from hearing the weak voice of the dead
- Hope to not die death □ to explain that at that time they were all poised between life and death
- No more noise □ The screams of men, which are synonymous with barbarism, are opposed by the mute presence of the dead: the living, shouting, transmit hatred, the dead whispering peace.
- Man does not pass □ the grass does not grow where man passes, it can instead flourish luxuriant only where no foot crushes it.



SLOVAK POEM

wszystko zaczęło

Všetko to začalo
v krásnom mestečku.
plné krásnych spomienok.
Ale potom niečo prišlo
a spôsobilo nám veľa utrpenia a starostí.
Nebolo vychodiska,
kde sa schovať,
veľa ľudí ani nevedelo,
koľko ďalších zomrelo.

It all started

It all started
in a beautiful town.
full of beautiful memories.
But then something came
and caused us a lot of suffering and
worry.
There was no way out
where to hide
a lot of people didn't even know
how many more died.



SLOVAK POEM: KEY WORDS

Suffering □ Jewish experience of unpleasantness and aversion associated with the perception of harm or threat from the German Nazis

Worries □ feeling or showing concern or anxiety about what is happening or might happen to men, women and children

Nowhere to hide □ finding a place where to stay for indefinite time and live full-featured life

Way out □ always finding how to escape from places which are dangerous because of Nazis



GREEK POEM

Τάσου Λειβαδίτη, «Αν θέλεις να λέγεσαι άνθρωπος»

Αν θέλεις να λέγεσαι άνθρωπος δεν θα πάψεις ούτε στιγμή ν' αγωνίζεσαι για τη
ειρήνη και για το δίκιο. Θα βγεις στους δρόμους, θα φωνάξεις, τα χείλια σου
θα ματώσουν απ' τις φωνές το πρόσωπό σου θα ματώσει από τις σφαίρες — μα
ούτε βήμα πίσω. Κάθε κραυγή σου μια πετριά στα τζάμια των
πολεμοκάπηλων. Κάθε χειρονομία σου σα να γκρεμίζεις την αδικία.



GREEK POEM: TRANSLATION

"If you want to be called a human being"

If you want to be called human you will never stop fighting for peace and justice. You will go out on the streets, you will shout, your lips will damn the voices your face will be damned by the bullets - but not a step back. Every scream of yours is a stone in the windows of the warlords Your every gesture is like breaking down injustice.

GREEK POEM: KEY WORDS

Human: In war people lose their human rights and dignity.

Peace and **Justice** must exist in a society because without them because they are the foundation of the society.

Screams: If you don't fight for your rights and for peace you will never be free. With your voice you can win everyone and everything and that us the foundation of democracy.

Warmongers: Sometimes there are people who take advantage of wars in order to be more wealthy without thinking about the consequences.

Injustice: Injustice in wars has the meaning of people losing their lives and kids don't have a normal life for economic interests



POLISH POEM

Nocą słyszę, jak coraz bliżej
drżąc i grając krąg się zaciska.
A mnie przecież źródłó rzeźbił chyży,
wyhuśtała mnie chmur kołyska.
A mnie przecież wody szerokie
na dźwigarach swych niosły ptaki
bzu dzikiego; bujne obłoki
były dla mnie jak uśmiech matki.
Krąg powolny dzień czy noc krąży,
ostrzem świszcząc tnie już przy ustach,
a mnie przecież tak jak innym
ziemia rosła tęga – nie pusta.
I mnie przecież jak dymu laska
wytryskała gołębia młodość;

teraz na dnie śmierci wyrastam
ja – syn dziki mego narodu.
Krąg jak nożem z wolna rozcina,
przetnie światło, zanim dzień minie,
a ja prześpię czas wielkiej rzeźby
z głową ciężką na karabinie.
Obskoczony przez zdarzeń zamęt,
kręgiem ostrym rozdarty na pół,
głowę rzucę pod wiatr jak granat,
piersi zgniecie czas czarną łapą;
bo to była życia nieśmiałość,
a odwaga – gdy śmiercią niosło.
Umrzeć przyjdzie, gdy się kochało
wielkie sprawy głupią miłością.



POLISH POEM: TRANSLATION

At night I hear how close I can
when you shake and play the circle, you pinch.
And after all, lay me a chyish sculpture,
i was swaying clouds.
And I'm wide waters
they have taken birds on their cranes
wild bob; lush clouds
they were like a mother's smile.
The circle of slow day or night is circulated,
i can warn you when you're on your mouth.
and i'm like others
the earth grew blunt, not empty.
And I'm like a forest smoke
she squanty the youth;

now on the day of death i am rising
i, the son of my nation.
A knife-like circle with a clear cut,
it will cut the light before the day has passed,
and i will sleep the time of a great sculpture
with heavy head on carabine.
Swept by the incidents
a sharp circle with a half-tear,
i'll throw my head into the wind like a grenade,
your breasts will lose time with a black claw;
because it was a shy life,
and courage when he died.
Die when he loved it
great things are foolish love.



POLISH POEM: KEY WORDS

The circle □ a symbol of impending from all sides evil, impossible to escape from

The clouds, swing □ images of past freedom

The rifle □ an instrument of armed battle for the independence of the motherland

The ground □ a visualisation of change from freedom (ground full of life) to occupation (empty, lifeless soil)

Dove-like youth □ youth that is pure, untouched and wild



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