

Polish Ministry of Information. Stratton House. Stratton Street.
London. W.1.
13th October 1944.

This is to inform you that the following poem appeared in the "Sunday Dispatch"
dated October 8th, 1944.

WARSAW EPITAPH .

Each time I hear the buzzing
Of a fly-bomb in the sky,
I yearn with more intensity
That this shall pass me by.
And though it's wrong and selfish,
It is human and profound -
The hardest way to lose a fight
Is in the final round.

Then voices not to be denied
Recall that that's how Warsaw died.
I feel that having gone so far,
We've paid our entrance fee
To join the Peace Procession
/And I find my friends agree/,
For to die in desperation is more glorious than dread,
But it's hard to hand your checks in
When the way is clear ahead.

And hidden voices still proclaim
That those in Warsaw felt the same.
As Poles and Russians countercharge,
And arguments bemuse,
I do not know the rights or wrongs,
Or who mis-timed the fuse.
I only know that years ago,
When war had then begun,
That London spoke to Warsaw,
As two cities pledged as one.

And knowing this, I cannot claim
Exemption from a sense of shame.

Lester B. Wilson.

Polish Ministry of Information.

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