

Winter in Berlin

A Streetscene

ANNA CAUGHRON

Today is a cold day,
My shawl brings me no warmth,
I am all alone in the big city,
Lonely in the street.

My husband died in the War,
My sons are also gone.
And for what?
A difference of opinions.
They never came back home.

I am alone on the streets
Although people go about,
They go home, to eat, to work,
We go our separate ways.

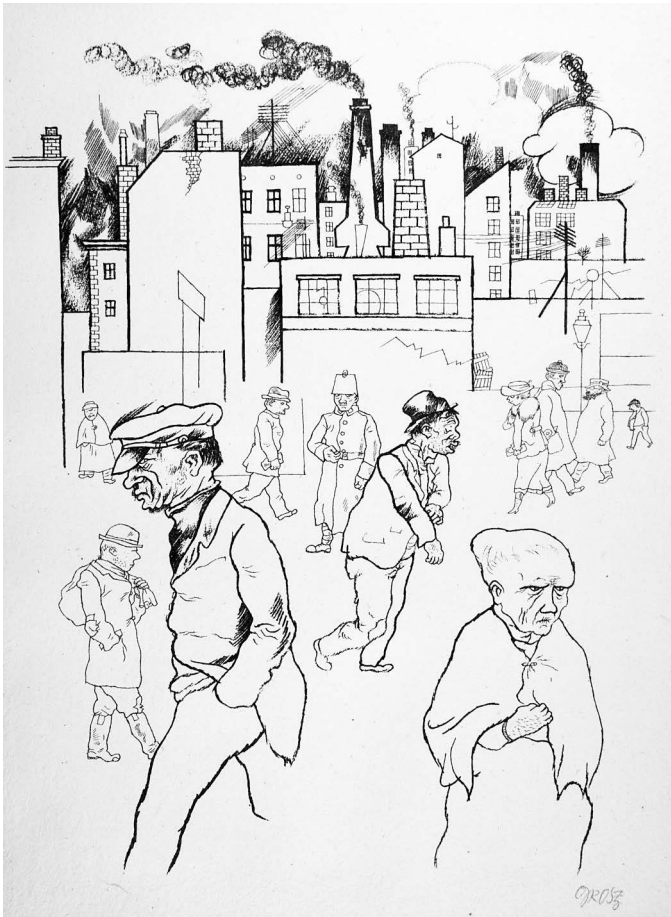
So many people, yet also very quiet.
Where are they going?
What are they thinking about?
Who takes care of them?

The drunken man stumbles across the square,
A remnant of the war.
The laborer walks with trudging steps
Once more to the factory.

The farmer walks in rubber boots
Always looking for work
But what work is left?
What did he hope to find here?

Der kalte Biss der schmutzigen Luft.
Die Gebäude zerfallen
Wie die Träume der Leute,
Es ist keine glänzende Stadt mehr.

George Grosz: Straßenszene (1936), Lithografie auf Papier, Colby College Museum of Art, Geschenk der Eheleute D'Amico (1974.089)



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The cold bites of the dirty air.
The buildings crumble
Like the dreams of the people,
A city that glitters no more.