

# Leaving For The Front

(To Peter Scher)

**Before dying I must just make my poem.  
Quiet, comrades, don't disturb me.**

**We are going off to war. Death is our bond.**

**Oh, if only my girl-friend would stop howling.**

**What do I matter? I'm happy to go.  
My mother's crying. You need to be made of iron.**

**The sun is falling down on to the horizon.  
Soon they'll be throwing me into a nice mass grave.**

**In the sky the good old sunset is glowing red.  
In thirteen days maybe I'll be dead.**

**Alfred Lichtenstein**

Translated from the original German by Patrick Bridgwater

