

ALEKSANDRA HALCHENKO \*



## A woman at war...

A woman at war...  
A rose arose from the dark-dark dirt,  
Her lipstick is blurred  
Her best dress is sold.

Her soil is tired,  
Exhausted from blood.  
Her warmth undesired  
Her jewels in mud.

A woman at war...  
A princess in need.  
They come to her door,  
They want her to quit.

She opens the door...  
Her arms are wide open,  
Her heart is exposed.  
At this very moment,  
They trembled and lost.  
A woman at war...

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French female collaborators punished, Paris 1945