

At war's end

Life is gone,
Men on the floor,
Forced to fight,
A stone cold war,

Blind and deaf,
Limp and lame,
Filled with horror,
Killed by shame,

With salty tears,
And burnt, dead eyes,
The radio,
Was full of lies

It was not fitting,
Sweet or right,
Gas bombs creeping,
In the night,

It would not end,
And never will,
They will lie dead,
Cold and still,

But poppies grow,
And so do we,
Just take a look,
They set us free

Megan Balmont