

Left behind

He walked across the muddy plains,
The place where he once served,
Artillery and shot gun shells,
In the mud, preserved,

He thought about the trenches,
The place he couldn't sleep,
Men with wounds and broken hearts,
All thrown in one big heap,

He stamped on ground below him,
Then shed a single tear,
Hoping that some life would grow,
From small seeds dead with fear,

He wondered where the man was now,
The one he couldn't save,
In some field amongst the trees,
Writhing in his grave.

Megan Balmont