



Remembering the Longest Day


By Isabelle A, 9A

Do not call me a hero
When you see the medals that I wear
Medals make us not the hero
They just prove that I was there.

Do not call me a hero
now that I am old and grey
I left a lad, returned a man
They stole my youth that day.

Do not call me a hero
when we ran from the wall of hail
The blood, the fears, the cries, the tears
We left them where they fell.

Do not call me a hero
Each night I stop and pray
for all the friends I knew and lost
I survived my longest day





Through the Day and Through the Night

By Daniel J, 9P

All the men on the front lines fight
Through the day and through the night.
For future friend or future foe
In the lines, their poppies grow

Back home, the children's hopes and fears
"Will Dad survive these long years?"
Mother's comfort their children's fright
Through the day and through the night

On the front, a different story
Fighting for a distant glory
and the day after the fight
A silent day, a silent night.

