Remembrance Sunday, Barnabas K 9K

We were men, from towns, farms, hills
Trained together behind oak shields
Left home in search of glory
Died in clothes stitched and soggy

We couldn't rest within those fields
Torn, tattered and unreal
As planes, horses and men fell
Due to those horrid shells

No, we couldn't rest within those grounds
Where no bells rang at nine or twelve
And no one placed flowers on our stone
As we belonged in Britain, not Belgium

But finally, our bodies were found
Bloody and buried in the ground
And we could release the grasp on our hoes
As out of the fields, something grows
A Flower, so red and nice
The opposite of what was our lives

Now we rest in the clouds
High above the battlegrounds
And every year the poppies grow
Each petal, a soul lost in the war

Each petal a drop of blood

The Great War, Lily S 9M

Why 'great' and not 'horrific'?
Why 18 – so specific.
Hundreds of men, dying every day,
Hundreds of men, not turning away.

An example – Jack Cornwell,
Fighting to the death – he did well.
Yet only 16 like so many others,
Trying so hard to be like their brothers.

Chlorine gas – incinerating.
Death was prominent – no hesitating.
Struggling, lying there,
No one was anywhere.

Nightmares turned to life,
Dreaming of their wife.
Hoping to go home but knowing it's not possible,
Hoping and hoping but death is unstoppable.

The Eleventh, William J. K

One month, the mindless slaughter seized.
The eleventh
One day, all troops told to lower their arms.
The eleventh
One hour, a document caused the violence to end.
The eleventh

Six feet under, solid with fear,
65 million waited to hear
Their freedom was, at last, theirs
One month, one day, one hour.
The eleventh

Upon return, some families joyous
Their fathers, brothers, sons returned
Alive and well, those fortunate souls.
Others less lucky, found deceased.
The news arrived one day,
The eleventh

Thankful villages, envied by those,
Told their loved ones would never be home.
Four years they waited, to see those they loved,
Only to find their loved one wouldn't come.
Taken before that glorious hour,
The Eleventh

The dead now live, without fear
To the misfortune of those they held dear.
Six feet under, just as before
They rest in peace, no quarrels or foes
Remembered eternally by those they loved

The eleventh, our day of commiseration
For those, taken by the human misinformation
That war is fortunate, and yield great things.
If only we realised before this day.
The eleventh