

Here I Stand



Here I stand, in the field that was once destroyed

By bombs and fires, tanks and trenches.

I remember all those injured soldiers,

Crying and pining for their wives and children.

I can smell the blood of wounded soldiers

Fighting for their country; right here in my field.

I can still taste the thick black smoke that clings to the mud.

The tragic sight of injured, dead bodies lying in the muddy trenches

Will haunt me forever.

Now we stand tall, all my friends and I.

Our fragile petals ripple in the wind,

Our stems as delicate as a soldier's life.

Together we stand here; a crimson blanket covering the dead.

I am a Poppy.

I will never forget.

By Hannah Riedel - Tarr