

We Will Remember



A field of crimson
Protecting the dead.
Here I proudly stand
Among the others.

My stem is delicate
And flimsy as I sway
Softly in the wind.
People think I'm weak, but I am a strong soldier.

One hundred years have passed,
Life is peaceful without war.
People say that if a soldier dies,
A new poppy blooms.

My petals are as fragile as soldiers' lives.
We will remember
The souls buried
In Flanders Field.

Tomas Howells

