



WE WILL REMEMBER



A sea of red
We watch over you
Poppies like a soldier who died
A red petal like a soldier
Who cried for help?

I can see red fields of blood,
I can hear the horror of soldiers dying,
I can hear the gun shots,
Carpets of blood.

Stand to attention and salute,
Like boots marching towards
A gun shot sound, like a firework.
A bomb dropping on men.

A soldier helps to save his friend,
The trees have ripped from the ground
We shall never forget,

We are the poppies.

Thomas Portlock- Smith



