

We are the Poppies

A scarlet filled field,
Salute the fallen,
We stand tall and proud
Never forgetting the fearless soldiers.

Silent, sombre, suffering men,
Wait for the war to come to an end.
As they wait,
The poppies bloom all around for comfort.

The men full of sorrow, taste the choking smoke
Of burning death and destruction.
Brave heroes they are, searching for hope,
Will they ever see their beloved family again?

They listen to the thunder of guns being shot,
As they frantically try to find their way out of the trenches
Without being hit.
Oh, how they hope they will not die.

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Salute the fallen,
We stand tall and proud
WE ARE THE POPPIES!

Leela Thomas

