

We Will Remember

A protective crimson carpet,
Blanketing the precious dead.
A unique sea of rippled rage,
Ready for battle.

Our stems are fragile,
Like the lives of soldiers.
Yet we stand strong and proud,
Remembering the fallen.

Before this devastation,
The soldiers were silent and sombre.
We hear the growling crescendo,
A thundering of guns.

We saw the explosions,
Our fields lit up with flames.
The trees were stripped bare,
Flanders fields were destroyed.

A comforting crimson carpet,
Blanketing the dead.
A peaceful sea of remembrance,
We are the poppies!

Tom Williams



