



We Will Remember

A heart full of sorrow,
But our hearts are not hollow.
For the brave soldiers we meet,
Do not let them be beat by devastating defeat.

Here we stand tall,
With no fear at all.
Here we silently lay,
And here we will stay.

We stand here and remember,
The eleventh day in November.
We watch the bodies pass by,
Stand and watch and wonder why.

You can hear the gunfire,
As you hear the heartbroken cries.
We bloom now on grass green,
Where once the trenches have been.

We stand where the brave soldiers once stood,
Now we remember what once evolved.
Has it all been resolved?
Here we stand; the fragile poppies.

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Emily Louise Bunney

