



A Poem For Remembrance Day

“Please wear a poppy”, the old lady said
And held one forth, but I shook my head.
Then I stopped and watched, to see how shed fare
Her face was old, and lined with care,

Yet beneath the scars, the years had made
There remained a smile that refused to fade.
A boy came whistling down the street
Bounding along on his carefree feet.

His smile was full of joy and fun
“Lady” he said, “can I have one?”
As she pinned it on I heard him say
“Why do we wear the poppy today?”

The lady smiled in her wistful way
And answered “this is Remembrance Day
The poppy is the symbol for the gallant men and women who died in the war.

And because they did, we are free,
that’s why we wear the poppy you see
I had a boy about your size, with golden hair and big blue eyes.

He loved to play and jump and shout, free as a bird he would race about
As the years went by he learnt and grew, and became a man as you will to,
He was fine and strong with a boyish smile,
But he seemed to be with us a such a short while
When the war broke out he went away
I can still remember his face that day.

When he smiled at me and said “goodbye
“I will be back soon, so please don’t cry” But the war went on and he had to stay
All I could do was wait and pray.

His letters told of an awful fight
I can see it still in my dreams at night
With the tanks and guns and the cruel barb wire
And the mines and bullets, the bombs and the fire.

Until at last the war was won
And that is why we wear the poppy, son”
The small boy turned as if to go
Then stopped and said “Thank you lady, I’m glad I know”

That sure did sound like an awful fight,
“But your son, did he come home all right?”
A tear rolled down each faded cheek, she shook her head but didn’t speak.

I slunk away, head bowed in shame,
And if you were me, you’d have done the same,
For our thanks in giving is often delayed
Though our freedom was bought by those who paid.

And so, when you see a poppy worn
Let us reflect on the burden borne
By those who gave their precious all
When asked to answer that duty call
That we at home, in peace may live
Then wear a poppy, remember, and give.

Anon

