
















Remembrance











In grimy old film dips, you see us suffering,
Pant double, old before our time,
Legs shaking with fear,
Torrents of yellow, soupy water soak us as we trudge,
Many men, bootless and injured, limping towards certain
death,
Wire all shocked and blind from the sights that we
see,
Remember our bravery,
Remember our names.













On gravestones, you see our names,
Rats the size of cats scurrying over us as we
sleep,
Bodies crawling and twitching from lice and fear,
The fighting, a thunderstorm that never ends,
Gurgure, like a dozen angry hornets but with a far
deadlier sting,
Screaming bullets whistling past our ears,
Remember our faces,
Remember our names.





In diaries, you read our history,
Tropic tales of injuries and death fall the battlefield,
The trenches like muddy ponds rotting our feet,
Creeping through trenches oozing with a sea of red blood,
The lime ticking waiting for the moment we strike,
Our clothes are crawling with bugs and beetles,
Skin red-raw,
Remember what we fought for,
Remember our names.



In faded old photographs, you see our faces,
In our dreams, they plunge at us,
Guttering, choking, drowning,
Carry the torch for us,
Take our place,
Look at the poppies now on rows that mark our resting
places,
Remember the days when we could smile,
Remember our names.

