

"Eleventh of the Eleventh"
Written by L Taylor, 11/11/21

11th of the 11th,
Soldiers lost, but not forgotten,
Lay in the soil after years,
Fields become their coffins,
With each rainfall comes pain and memories,
The sky sheds their repressed tears,
For our tomorrow, they gave their today,
Home visits forever a delay...

11th of the 11th,
Men aged young to mature,
Step out of their trenches full,
No grass to see, just the fallen,
Beaten black and blue,
With war comes sorrow,
No fun like the posters say,
Those excited to be recruited,
They'd never see the next day...

11th of the 11th,
Modern day we live in,
Red flowers embracing pride,
Worn to respect, remember and represent,
Those thousands who died,
However red petals show,
Facing the sun of everyday and so,
Screaming out to us to remember those
Who lost their last breaths...

"The washed away blood of the fallen are collected in the Poppies and shown
to the world for all living souls to look upon..."