

## 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, 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 the legions 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 their countries call  
That we at home, in peace may live  
Then wear a poppy, remember, and give.