Poems for Remembrance

A chance to reflect

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Today Is The Day

Today is the day,
Loudly far in the distance sounds surround me,
Trudging boots squelching amongst the earth approach,
Explosions deafening like sudden claps of thunder,
Is more on its way?

Today is the day,
Inhaling the thick black dusty smoke that seeps in through
the shelters blurring my eyes,
Explosions of ammo dropping to the ground like heavy, fast-running raindrops,
When is the end?

Today is the day,
Emotions twist and turn,
My heart’s throbbing like the beat of a drum,
The pain of fear and the hope of joy mix around my soul,
Is this the end? Will it be over?

Today is the day,
The final siren alerts and the war has ended,
Are we safe? Is the coast clear?

Today is the day,
The coast is clear,
Rings of joy have arrived,
Anger has washed away,
Doves fly by, there’s a twist - instead of war it’s peace.
The Seasons of War

In the war my soldier hears,
His men screaming with many fears,
Gunshots flying through the air,
In the winter when trees are bare.

In the war my soldier sees,
His fellow men dropping to their knees,
Once wasteland, now the poppies grow,
In the spring they softly blow.

In the war my soldier feels,
The dust of the battlefield, will he ever heal?
The trigger of his weapon which is now so cold,
In the summer his men grow old.

When autumn comes war finally stops,
While harvest time beckons a bountiful crop,
Poppies petals burst and flower and bloom,
And now we know there will be no more gloom.
Just the magnificent sun which shines bright,
Like a guiding angel in the morning light.

Seasons will come and seasons will go,
Their memory lives on and this we know.
Dear little Johnny,
Hurriedly leave for the countryside,
Evacuate the treacherous streets of London,
   Stay in the green fields to hide.
Dear little Johnny,
Depart swiftly for the train,
Run like the river now, my sweet,
   I’m sure you’ll see me again.
Dear little Johnny,
Bravely keep yourself whole,
Pray that your father returns home safe,
   Always remember, you’re in my soul.
Dear little Johnny,
Do not dwell upon sombre times,
   Soon we’ll be together as family
And our unbreakable love will bind.
Dear little Johnny,
Hopefully the war will soon end,
I’m searching for you like a mother would,
   Don’t fret, home’s just round the bend!

Dearest Johnny,
I write as your father who battles for you
   There’s much to tell you, this much is true.
Through hard times that we’ve faced,
   There seems to be a change of pace.
A glint of hope, the urge of freedom,
   Harmony lingers; we will lead them.
Sweet poppies blow beneath our feet,
   We’re returning home; loved ones we’ll meet.
   Gracefully doves fly above us, gliding,
Parting solemn darkness, they reveal the sun shining.
I miss you Johnny, my love will still embrace,
   This day there seems to be a change in pace.
We Will Remember Them

War
Separates families from their loved ones,
Shatters hearts across a nation,
Bombs drop like raindrops on rooftops,
All hope overtaken by fear,
The war has begun.

Peace
Gentle doves swoop and dive,
Dusty hands finally touch mine with a soft shake,
Hope solemnly creeps around the corner,
The love between families finally breaks free,
Has peace come?

The soldiers
Good men risk their lives, our heroes,
Heavy boots trample over blood stained battle fields,
Jets soar like swallows gliding over the patchwork fields ready to attack,
They were summoned to war.

Peace
Within the dusty air, a ray of hope appears,
Sand swirls off the golden track,
Happiness rebuilds upon the poppy field,
Where our losses lie, deep in thought,
Peace breaks up war.

The poppies,
Entwine together fixing a bond,
Grow with souls for eternity,
Red, the blood,
Symbolises our peace across a war torn globe,
Together in Flanders’ Fields,
We will remember them.
My Soldier Brings Peace

My soldier has left to fight,
To battle villainous enemies and protect our land.
Rapidly, deadly bombs drop like the pitter patter of rain,
Innocent families rush to life saving shelters as sirens screech and shout.
   Where is he now?

My soldier has left to fight,
To battle and defend our land.
Quickly bullets fly like shooting stars into the smoke filled skies,
Terror evolves as soldiers take their lives for us.
   When will he come home?

My soldier has left to fight,
To battle aggressive rebels and serve our loyal country.
Prickly, glistening wire shines as sharp as knives,
Empty souls camouflage to protect their lives from the war.
   Why did war come?

The doves are here, peace has arrived,
Soldiers return to their beloved families.
Hugs fly through the air like swooping birds,
As families reunite with brave soldiers.
   Joy, happiness, love ... peace.

The doves are here, peace has arrived,
Boots come off, weapons are laid down.
Kisses land on families cheeks as soft as floating feathers,
As children join hands with their father - the soldier.
   Joy, happiness, love ... peace.

The doves are here, peace has arrived,
Fighters report home to their eager families,
Love is in the atmosphere, happiness and laughter
As families bind together once more,
   Joy, happiness, love ... peace.

My soldier, my hero.
Memories To Spare

Sitting alone in front of flickering flames,
I stare deeply at sepia images reflecting my life.
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.

The medal pulls me back to a time of regret...
Painful memories echo throughout my head
As if had all returned,
Slowly snapping back back to reality
I realised the uniform really was no fake,
It had all happened.

The noise was as painful as a mournful whale song
Rumbling across the dusty planes.
Losses that lie in Flanders Fields haunt me through my age
Though love can still lie just around the corner.
Memorable experiences I have been through,
Though some happy,
Some painful
But never will I forget.

Whilst sitting here I still pray for them now
Those who are there to conquer war create peace.
I’m not a solider anymore
But I pray for those who were summoned
Just like me.
Be Home Soon Daddy

Be home soon daddy,
My head in hands, slumped in a corner,
I stare deeply into the pictures showing the fun times we had together,
Those pictures come to life, the memories dance across the room.
I wonder if those memories will ever come to life again?

Be home soon daddy,
The clock is ticking I count every day down on my calendar until the time
you arrive home,
You are in my heart every second of the day,
As I pray for hope, joy, happiness and a life without fear,
I know you are here with me.

Be home soon daddy,
Memories surround me from picture to picture - I cry,
I cry for love, safety and for that day to come when you arrive home.
My heart pounds like a beat of a drum,
Solemnly, lonely, distraught yet hope is still within me,
Will that day come when you arrive home and I can run into your arms
and know you are safe?

Be home soon daddy,
Still slumped in a corner praying for you,
Daddy please come home soon,
I just miss life without you.
All of the Pain

Sitting alone in front of flickering flames
I stare deeply at sepia images reflecting my life.
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.
The medal pulls me back to a time of regret...

I recall my friends, sprinting towards hiding spots hoping not to be seen.
Their shouts of fear consume me and their words circle around my heart.
I will always remember their bravery.

Then I remember happy memories...
Gazing into my loved ones eyes for the first time,
Softly holding her gaze like a bird wrapping its wings around its chicks.

But then I snap back - reality.
I pick up the medal, I am a hero.
More memories fly through the air and my head feels heavy.

All of the pain, I remember.
Regret

Sitting alone in front of flickering flames,
I stare deeply at sepia images reflecting my life.
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.
The medal. Pulls me back to a time of regret...

Dust billowing like tornadoes, trenches hurriedly dug.
Shouts of terror echoing through my head as gravel sprays
over me in a monstrous wave.
Blistered hands, frost bitten legs. The invasion.
Guns surround us. Smoke wrapping around us, choking.
The pull of a trigger - a final click,
Then...

I snap back.
Uncontrollable flashbacks igniting themselves in the
hearth.
Hung up beside the frames, a uniform.
Upon it, a name.
A soldier’s name.
War Torn

Peace, there is still some peace,
To find it war must cease.

Sounds of rapid gun fire explodes in front of my eyes,
As deafening as a local air raid sirens I hear their cries,
Crushing bombs land in deserted towns,
Who will be lost? Who will be found?
Peace, it grows within the battle ground,
The hope, we saw, we found.

Hope it weaves amongst the mud,
Through rivers of ruby red blood.
Slowly I observe marching troops,
Rising across the horizon like a dove as it swoops.
Hope, I hear quiet in the streets,
Unity, peace, love will one day meet.

Light, it appears when all is lost,
But darkness echoes, is this the cost?
Vast fumes surround troops like spilling ink,
The battle engulfs us, shadows grow in the brink.
Light it shows the way,
That’s what all soldiers say.

A soldier brings peace, peace overcomes war,
A soldier tries his best, although countries are broken and torn,
A soldier is courageous and never sad,
This soldier is one just like my dad.
War and Peace

I hear terrifying bombs crashing to the ground,
Frantically I hurry to the shelter to take cover,
Guns firing like stars shooting across the midnight sky,
I wonder if peace will return to our land?

As gentle rain washes horrid memories away,
Animals emerge to nose about healthy food,
Children run around as free as birds,
Stillness, untroubled days again.

I touch glistening wire as sharp as daggers,
I slip into a wet, cold mud bath.
Freezing cold winds wrap me in ice,
I wonder if peace will return to our land?

Sun fading over peaceful fields,
Moonbeams shine on sleeping children,
While clouds melt like marshmallows,
The wind slumbers in harmony at it's home.
My Memories

Sitting alone in front of flickering flames,
I stare deeply at sepia images
reflecting my life
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.
The medal took me back in a time if regret....

Suddenly flash backs start, I am back in time
Images tell a story of pain and joy.
Memories of pain were my thoughts then,
Moments of fear come back to me.
My uniform hangs on a hanger neatly,
That brings me back to when I was awake by six,
No water, no food,
we starved....
A gun lay on the table,
I remember picking it up every morning, filling it with bullets
then.... fire!
I remember the loss and tragedy, sorrow and pain,
I remember all these things because,
I am a soldier.
I fought in the war.
I stare at sepia images,
Reflecting my life.
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.
Peace and War

Instantly I smell smoke dancing through the air like a graceful ballet dancer.
WAR
The morning is bright, strong, shining.
Hope is still here,
Doves circle in the air gliding and swirling.
PEACE

Frantically I hear shrieks of terror,
Screams I never witnessed before,
Like claps of thunder shooting through the air.
WAR
Gradually I see happiness around the streets.
Citizens stagger from hiding places for the first time in weeks.
PEACE

Repeatedly I wonder will this ever end?
Will the dictator halt this war?
Or will there be more death and murder?
WAR
Then a burst of joy fills our hearts,
The hard working fighters return.
We can touch them
We can hear them
We can see them
They have brought peace.
Flashbacks

Sitting alone in front of flickering flames,
I stare deeply at sepia images reflecting my life,
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.
The medal pulls me back to a time of regret...

I saw the death of friends and family,
Robert passed away a hero,
He took a bullet for me,
I Will Remember Him.

I heard the sounds of descending bombs,
A bombardment.
Screams of soldiers all around me,
I Will Remember Them.

I felt the cold skin of dying soldiers,
They are injured,
Guns strapped to their arms,
I Will Remember Them.

Planes swept into enemy territory,
Diving like birds,
I Will Remember This.
War, Peace

Slowly I glance at my heroic dad fighting the world. Hopefully wishing for survival - where is he now? Thankfully I look at him making his way across the quiet land. AM I DREAMING?

Gradually I reach for him, Frantically I grab his dust filled hands. AM I DREAMING?

Slowly I hear bombs dropping like rain drops, I hear guns firing like stars shooting across the pitch black sky. AM I DREAMING?

This is war.

Hope comes my way. Soft voices echo from the distance, He will return and come home to me.

Could that be him in distance? The morning is bright and love is coming my way, He is returning.

Slowly I hear birds making music, War has ended, I have lived though war! The doves flown home.

He is here, I can touch him, I can feel his smooth hands As my palm touches his. My father, my hero.
Come and Go

Day after day, they come and go,
They lay on dust covered beds,
Conditions are harsh, hours long,
But it’s for the best.

Day after day, they come and go,
Bugs scattered around the room,
Like hundreds and thousands,
Stories, so many stories,
They haunt me and gather in my head,
But it’s for the best.

Day after day, they come and go,
Sand dances across the blood-stained floor,
Staggering soldiers flow into the crowded tent,
Like a running water fall,
My family is out there, alive?
But it’s for the best.

Day after day, they come and go,
One by one, adventuring back into a world of pain, sorrow, hope.
Sandy deserts soar by,
But it’s for the best.

Day after day, they come and go,
Every day the same,
On my own, as lonely as a leaf twirling in a bed of black smoke,
But it’s for the best.

Day after day, they come and go,
Rumours of hope skip by,
Then, deep in my heart hope appears,
Joy, laughter enters soldier’s smiles,
Was it for the best?

Day after day, they come and go,
War begins to fade,
Like a lost memory.
Hope overcame war,
It was for the best.
Memories

Sitting alone in front of the flickering flames,
I stare deeply at sepia images reflecting my life.
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.
The medal pulls me back to a time of regret and death.

I am relieved that war has not killed me,
This medal, bad and good memories.
I won’t forget these memories.
I can remember the sound of bombs as loud as a clap of thunder.
The buildings as old as a century wall, crumbling every second.
I am a soldier, fighting is over for me.
Back To The Past

Sitting alone in front of flickering flames
I stare deeply at sepia images reflecting my life.
A life of pain, fear, confusion, love and pride.
The medal pulls me back in to a time of regret.

I walk in my bedroom
I stare at my old tattered uniform.

I get hauled into the past,
My life of choices - life or death.

The echoing bangs and booms still remain in my mind,
Slowly I lay down in my bed
I try to clear my mind, but now all has stopped,
The haunting memories vanish.