

A War to remember

It started as an adventure

But ended in Death!

The loss of their

Friends, family and their precious loved ones

Like a river, blood flows

Soldiers lie dead, innocent lives lost

Surrounded, by bright red poppies,

Which still do grow.

Then buried in Flanders field,

Where all of them did go,

Their friends, family and their precious loved ones,

Weeping with sorrow for they'll never return.

The horrid trenches,

Were they would of stayed,

The guns the noise watching friends die right

In front of your eyes, it must have been horrible

That is why we celebrate the 11th of November

To remember the sacrifice of the brave,

With pride we wear our red poppies

Lest we forget.

By Zara and Talia

