

## Meeting Death

Silence, as souls leave us,

Sorrow, we feel their loss,

The darkest hour,

All lost in a blood shower.

Regret, pain, courage, power,

Marked by the blood red flower,

Those soldiers rest with love,

Beautiful spirits set free like a dove.

And now we remember,

The eleventh of November,

Poppies blow along that land,

Like a flood of sand.

Let us never forget,

Their sacrifice, their purpose set.

By Jessica Fletcher.

