**From the poppies point of view**

Listen, hear the wind rustle the trees,

and listen to the crinkle of the leaves.

listen, and we will tell you our story.

We have been present for many years,

we’ve seen happiness, and thousands of tears.

There were moments of merry in our path,

but instead there came a horrible bloodbath.

We are the poppies.

    We have watched it all,

we have watched the soldiers rise and fall.

We have seen the wreck, the chaos, the destruction,

and we have also observed the reproduction.

We have felt the dripping blood,

and the yucky, sludgy mud.

We have felt the bleak rain,

and have been stroked by the blood of the soldiers slain.

We are the poppies.

We have heard the lies and the sighs,

and the awful, hateful battle cries.

We have heard the *Bangs! Crashes!* And *Booms!*

And seen the very few soldiers emerge from the fumes.

We have smelt the putrid diesel from the tanks,

and the odour from the soldiers in the ranks.

We are the poppies.

Now you see that there was a time,

When we were the only bright colour you could see through the grime.

We were the ones that couldn’t look away.

Rooted to the ground, by a stem of betray.

Now we have finished telling you our tale of woe,

as we sit *Between the crosses row, on row.*

We are the poppies.

We are the poppies that symbolize remembrance, respect, and appreciation for the soldiers that fought and still fight for our rights and freedom.

Military Service

                                                  I am one of the few, who survived,

                                 I survived the war and here is my story and how I thrived.

                                             These are the stories of how I have lived.

                                      The morning were cold and the nights even colder

                                   I still remember how my friend got shot in the shoulder,

                               The gunshots were like suns illuminating the lightless night.

                                      Sometimes the young ones remind me of my own,

                             Sometimes I can’t focus on the attackers coming into our zone.

                                           Sometimes I just can’t bear the loud BANGS!

                                                     The enlisting was the worst

                                               Some days I thought I’d be the first,

                                                         First to die of course.

                                               There had been times when I fought,

                                                That my friends beside me got shot

                                                I couldn't believe their family’s pain.

                                                         I was a colonel’s inferior,

                                The tanks were coming and were much more superior

                                       We were all tired and I thought I was anaemic

                               But we had to. If we didn’t then our base was in danger,

                                 Then we saw a jeep which was much stranger

                                       While we were losing hope a bomb dropped.

                                                       Our planes were here!

                                                        We were out of tears,

                                                       We won back our base.

                                        We returned home and were much more wiser

                                     I could see clear because I had a foggy visor

                                                       That was war service.

**Poppy, Poppy**

Poppy, poppy, to whom do you **blatantly** call?

I call to everyone, so I call to all.

Poppy, poppy, who do you ultimately represent?

I represent all the soldiers, and their battle time spent.

Poppy, poppy, what should come to our mind when we think of the people who fought?

We remember and appreciate them. All actions count. Even every last thought.

Poppy, poppy, what do you **pre-eminently** show?

We want world peace, so amity on earth should grow and grow.

Poppy, poppy, when should we wear you **augustly**, and pray?

Wear me whenever, but please, wear me proud on Remembrance Day.

We should always be grateful for what we get,

Therefore, we wear a poppy, *lest we forget.*