Undying love

A strange man came to our door,

Said, “Congratulations you joined the war”.

“This is great.” said my dad,

He was excited, but I wasn’t glad.

The man gave a paper that my dad then read,

All night long I had dreams he was dead.

My dad packed his bags and ran out the door,

My mom was in a ball sobbing on the floor.

Guns going “BANG” in my dream,

Every time I think of it I scream.

It's been three years so far without my dad,

Without him, my mom's life is too sad.

I hate seeing my mom like this,

She misses my dad's warm hugs and his sweet kiss.

My dad still hasn't returned and it's been three years,

My mom is still crying out all of her tears.

The doorbell rang and we got kind of scared,

I looked at my mom and we just stared.

My mom opened the door but I didn't see a thing,

But for a second my mom’s heart did sing.

It was my dad, I was crying,

Our love is undying.

We won't forget who fought for us,

It's something we always discuss,

Especially since my dad is one,

I am extremely proud to be his son.

**Come Back My Son**

As he leaves proudly, a tear of my own finds its way down

My sadness and sorrow find its way to my heart

It will be over by Christmas they say

But I feel it will last, just a few more days

It has been two months with a blur

As the lynx in the cold white snow, purr

Days go by as I strive

As I hope that some of them are alive

It has been many months since Christmas Day

Every hour I do my best to pray

Some days go slow and some days go fast

Some days I even have a blast

One year with no return

As I am in more concern

As November 11th is soon to be here

I am in more and more fear

As the soldiers walk down, I see one familiar face

And they all seem to walk at the same pace

Hugging with no fear

All happiness comes with tears

**Broken Without You**

Help me, I’ve been broken without you

And I’ve seen something that I never knew.

Promises broken,

With every word spoken.

There is someone out there,

With their heart open.

Death waiting for me every night

These memories are putting up a fight.

Cruel, violent, horrible deaths.

Watching the soldiers till their very last breaths.

Flashes of fear, fighting the fright.

All of this happening night after night.

Heaps of horror, tanks of terror.

All of this happening acre after acre.

The fire of guns,

The pounding of tonnes,

The booms, and pows, from the handguns.

Suddenly, I look up, and terror spreads,

Was that a bomb? I hope we’re not dead.

A quiet bing, then a loud BOOM!

A white flash instantly blinded my eyes,

And next thing I know; I’m staring at the skies

Let’s not forget for what they did,

For now I live as a happy kid.

The eleventh hour

Of the eleventh day

Of the eleventh month

of 1918.

This is the time I will remember,

For Remembrance day is every November.

These events are worse than the flu,

And I will forever be broken without you.