Remembrance Day Poems from 2021

**On the Battlefield**

On the battlefield,

We realize our meetings with death arrive without delay

As people turn to corpses, and light turns into darkness

Our enemies will pull the trigger without dismay

On the battlefield,

As we fight those we despise,

The thud of my fellow soldiers,

Signals that they've met their demise

On the battlefield

From the chests of dead men, poppies grow

Blooming from their brave sacrifices

To ensure that their stories shall be retold

On the battlefield,

Thin is the line between death and life

And men utter their final breaths

As death cuts with its sharp, unforgiving knife,

On the battlefield

Men must ignore the fallen’s cries

Blood is shed, and tears are wept

Knowing that dead men never rise

***Those who never came home***

Today we remember the veterans who served

The suffering and trauma they never deserved.

Some people will be destined to be alone,

Because their family members were those who never came home.

They went to war at such a young age,

But what awaited them made me gauge.

The discolouring sky fills souls with despair.

Watching colleagues drop one by one they could not bear.

The soldiers fighting, bleeding and dying still strives,

They are hoping that the fight would be worth their lives,

Bangs of gunshots and booms of bombs are deafening.

Years later some still hear ringing and roaring.

It ended on the eleventh of November,

Though they are gone we still remember.

We wear the poppies that grow covering the soldiers’ gravestones;

Above our hearts, we pin them to remember those who never came home.

**Off To War**

Posters were read

“I’ll go off to war.” They said

New and uncertain

Scared and confused

Quite a few tears were shed

More than 1 million loved ones went off to war

More than forty-five thousand loved ones died to that war

So many hurt and in pain

Others perished

Fifty-five thousand loved ones gave blood for that war

Poppies grown in rows and rows

They are there to show

The people that fell

To enemy's weapons

Oh, how have we sunk so low

Why do we fight

Can we just rest for the night

For we are all weary

And done with these quarrels

Can we just rest for the night

We are done with the dispute

Nothing else to shoot

Time to go back to our homes

With family eagerly waiting

But for our fallen comrades, one last salute

All those brave Canadians, gone, never seen again

All heroes, those alive and those slain

Always remembered

Never forgot

We owe our lives to that domain

**Courage**

We will always remember

And never forget

The soldiers of war

We are in their debt

Fear spreading

Across the valley

Troops rushing in

Ready to rally

Angry sky

glared down at the field

All men asking

for a bield

Hiding in trenches

from all the dangers

With all different troops

Horseback and rangers

Faces covered

in sweat and dirt

People sadly

unbearably hurt

Soldiers fall

onto the ground

Undercoats of snow

Hearing terrible sounds

If only we could know

What was going through their minds

Things that happened long ago

In our hearts at this time

**Our Heroes**

Our heroes are the ones who fought in the war

They sacrificed their lives to save us all

They took risks until they could no more

They stood strong and would not fall

During the war there were many casualties

Soldiers witnessed their friends get wounded and suffer

Loss of loved-ones devastated a lot of families

But our soldiers continued to strike harder and with greater power

They fought the enemy even when they were defenseless

Our soldiers attacked the enemy with their weapons

They battled to prove that the fight was not pointless

But during the fights they also learned some lessons

We should remember the ones that lost

They decided to fight even though it was deadly

They are the ones who went out and fought

They continued to go and attack the enemy

Now we can go see the graves

Of the people who fought on the battlefield

They belonged to the ones who fought in past days

And now they are placed in Flanders Field

**A Soldier’s Night**

I can still see the battlefield appearing in my mind.

I can still see our soldiers hurt, straggling behind.

They are all hungry and thirsty, waiting for food to arrive.

But they are still fighting to stay alive.

To see their beloved wives.

I can still hear the battlefield in my eardrums.

I can still hear the airplane’s hum.

The sound of bullets floods my ringing ears.

With all the sounds of the bombardiers.

Remembering it brings back tears.

I can still smell the battlefield lingering in my nose.

As all the smell of gunpowder and blood rose,

The smell of mud and sweat started to disappear.

All of our soldiers were in fear.

As the possibility of death was near.

I can still feel the battlefield with my bare hands.

With only craters across the lands.

The feeling of dry mud on my hands makes cracks in my skin.

I still feel the grip of the gun holding me like a pin.

I feel all the pain within.

But now, as there was no more strife,

 I only see the faces of my children and wife,

Hear the cheers of my children,

Smell the flowers in my wife’s garden,

And feel the smiles of my family.

The war is over.

**For those who’ve lost**

For the people who lost their parents.

For some people, all that's left of their parents are pieces, and pictures and poppies.

They can only remember what they did together, before they became lifeless bodies.

They have movies to watch and songs they can sing.

They have memories and stories but not the real thing.

For the mothers who lost their children.

For some mothers, all that’s left of their children are memorials and music and memories.

They can only remember their youth spent together, but their legacy lives on for centuries.

They have movies to watch and songs they can sing.

They have memories and stories but not the real thing.

For the folks who lost their friends.

For some folks, all that's left of their friends are flowers and ‘lest we forgets’.

Only time can repay the price that they paid to help us fortify our land against threats.

They have movies to watch and songs they can sing.

They have memories and stories but not the real thing.

For the society who lost their siblings.

For some societies, all that's left of their siblings are songs and how they were separated.

They can only remember what they did together, before they became commemorated.

They have movies to watch and songs they can sing.

They have memories and stories but not the real thing.

For those who’ve lost.

**Do you know?**

Do you know the tales

Of men who fought for us day and night

Fighting far past 11:00 pm

Their eyes full of sorrow and fright

Nevertheless they fight for what is right.

Do you know the tales

Of those with a ghostly pallor.

Losing their families, homes, and lives.

The soldiers who fought with bravery and valour

Who fell despite their power.

Do you know the tales

Of those whose beds lie six feet under

Their stories echo in our heads

They fought through lightning, rain and thunder

Brave soldiers fill my mind with wonder

Do you know the tales

Of those who couldn’t hide.

We must keep these stories alive,

To remember those who fought for privilege and pride

Lest we forget those who died.

**What was left behind, for a better place**

The ones we lost for the great fight.

The ones who fought for a safe place.

We remember those who have healed, and those who have not.

The ones who didn't make it but pushed until the end.

Scared, hurt and killed for us and world freedom.

We remember the many sacrifices made for what this world has become today.

Come together. Learn, thank those who gave and risked all for us and their children's safety.

The loved ones, spouses and friends they had to leave and risk never seeing again.

We remember what had to be taken from them for the safety of our country.

Crash, Pow, Boom are noises that make soldiers quiver when heard.

The terror in minds and hearts when they knew what was coming.

We remember that sounds could shake a soldier's world off and on the field.

The soldiers who made the world what it is today.

Who left behind a family and a life.

Remember, thank.

The soldiers are rocks standing strong.

They went to war with one good thought at mind.

The world will be a better place.

**The Wallet**

Who’s wallet is this? I think I know.

Its owner is quite silent, though.

Photograph memory of a girl with a bow.

I watched him die. I feel sorrow.

I give his wallet a shake,

Out comes a Reichsmark which I did take.

A sonorous yell he did make,

The distant waves on the shore do break.

The wallet is brown, leather and plain,

I pray to our Lord he suffered no pain.

He lies there now in his final sleep,

A soldier’s end is his to keep.

His life was the first I took,

A secret I’ll tell only in this book.

Never again will I speak of this time,

To no one, not ever, nor family of mine.

**Terrors**

**T**he terrors of war will never fade.

**E**ven when it is far away, the grief and loss will always stay, haunting me ‘till the day I break.

**R**emember those who now lay under a muddy bed.

**R**emember the tears that would run down a mother’s face as her child lays on their deathbed.

**O**h, the bombs will go ‘BOOM’, and chaos will strife.

**R**emember them, they fought for your life.

**S**o on November 11th at 11 o’clock, we have a moment of silence to remember the war.

**O**h, why should we remember the war, you ask?

**F**inally, the question is asked.

**T**here were soldiers who fought day and night for the world to be right.

**H**appiness came at last with a price, some loved ones didn't come home that night.

**E**ven years later, the damage took its toll, the world was never the same after the war.

**W**hen the clock strikes eleven, think of the courage they must have shown.

**A**ll the challenges they faced and overthrown.

**R**emember them, they fought for your life.

**Lest We Forget**

On Remembrance Day we think of our freedom and how it came to come,

How some came back while some lie under a bed of snow and dirt,

On Remembrance Day we thank our soldiers with compassion and love,

Though they may feel proud they still share sorrow that shall not be seen,

They think of the times they fought and fought, and shot and shot.

Smash, boom, pow, bang,

Every day they concede their actions as they battled for years,

When we only do so November 11th for just a few hours,

Consoling that they gave freedom is not enough when their friend will remain gone for centuries to come,

For a day we live in their shoes but once we dig down deeper there's more than tears and fear,

They wandered for weeks withstarvation knowing what they signed up for.

The end would be their salvation,

With lots ofdedication and more than a little trepidation,

On Remembrance Day we still remember even though there’s nothing left,

Poppies still grow in Flanders Fields.

Lest we forget

**Poppies Bloom**

When war breaks out, and people fight

People live and people die

But even through all the gloom

Poppies still bravely bloom

The sky is dark and full of haze

As bombs are lit and set ablaze

But even through all the fumes

Poppies always stay abloom

As the number of casualties strike past a million

Fields are left with a coat of vermilion

But even through the nights of loud booms

Poppies always stay in bloom

The soldiers that die are marked with a cross

Next to the many beds of moss

And even no matter the gloom

Poppies Bloom

A Poppy is to remember those who have fought

Lest We Forget

**The 11th Hour**

On the 11th hour of the 11th day,

I see images of fallen soldiers and remember,

To do my best to honour their sacrifice and surrender.

On the 11th hour of the 11th day,

I wear my red poppy with pride,

And see the soldiers stride.

On the 11th hour of the 11th day,

I hear the ‘Last Post’ echo all around,

Filled with melancholy; a very sad sound.

On the 11th hour of the 11th day,

I am thankful for the freedom that they won,

I am beholden to what they have done.

On the 11th hour of the 11th day,

Years from now,

I hope the world still remembers their vow.

**Trauma**

Deep inside I try to let go

but I can't

The trauma I faced

will haunt me till the day I die

I can’t cry

I can’t breathe

I can’t feel

It will never be normal

I will never be normal

I get up too fast

  BANG

Another gunshot has been fired

  BANG

I know it’s in my head

It has to be, right?

I'm no longer me

Will I ever be?

No

I will never be the same

**Is this the end?**

I can see the bombs coming down

Hitting the next door town

I can see soldiers running around holding guns

Carrying bags that weigh tons

I can hear bullets getting shot over and over again

BANG! BANG! BANG!

I can hear the others cough

While cannons go off

I can smell the sickening smoke

It’s making me choke

I can smell the burning flesh from my leg

While I beg, and beg, and beg

I can taste the revolting mud in my mouth

Hiding from the enemy coming from the south

I can taste the saltiness on my lips

While I fall and trip

I can feel the chunky blood dripping down my face

Falling onto the ground leaving a trace

I can feel the dead bodies of my friends

Is this where everything ends?

**peaceful war**

I was shot by a bullet

Two days ago

I fell to the ground

Engulfed in the snow

My friend found me

But it was too late

I felt some tears

As he carried my weight

He dug and dug

Just for me

In the battlefield

By a tall tree

I could feel all

Of the heavy feet

Thump, thump, thump

Juddering the street

I am so calm

Yet I am so sad

My family doesn’t know

They’ve lost their dad

Day and night

I hear gunshots

I yearn to emerge

But know I cannot

I fought for peace

And now I rest in peace

It is a peaceful war

At least for me

**Never alone**

In World War I, the trenches were used

Helping to protect the soldiers confused

Sleeping in the cruel, cold wind

At night they were blind

Some lives were lost

They paid a cost

To defend our country

We kneel on one knee

Anywhere you go you see the loss of despair

Bombs going off everywhere

Bam, Boom, Bash

Explosions causing a crash

Some soldiers stayed

While some disobeyed

Of what I’ve experienced

I feel delirious

Ever since then, my desire is to go back home

Where you know you’re never alone...

**Never Forgotten**

On Remembrance Day

We all pray

About the brave

And the heroes in their grave

We honour them by the poppies we wear

To show them that we care

In addition we must say

Thank you for protecting us every single day

They fought for peace in our country

So we could all live freely

They wanted the world to be peaceful

For this we are thankful

I wish the heroes could be saved

What they did has me amazed

All the soldiers who chose to fight

Will be in our thoughts day and night

Fantasize seeing the bodies of millions

Knowing that most were just innocent civilians

I would drop then instantaneously cry

 Many didn’t get a final goodbye

As I sit in my room

I picture all the bangs and booms

They risked their lives so we can be free

To save the innocents like you and me

**That Horrible Summer**

My dad told me he’d be back soon

He said the latest would be June

I almost wish I didn’t believe him

So if he never comes home I wouldn’t be grim.

Time slowed down as the war raged on

And most days I’d be up ‘til dawn

As my mother and brother cried

I tried to hide what was burning inside.

As I sit here in my room

I can picture the bangs and the booms

The horrors they see through the smoke

And the final words they spoke.

We’d been picking up the clues

But the day we got the news

It was very hard to bear

But at least we were aware.

Our family was broken

It was like our hearts were stolen

And we could never recover

From this horrible summer.

They fought for the innocent

To make the future more transcendent

They battled for many years

In hopes that we wouldn’t shed any tears.

So think deeply for those two minutes

Wear your poppy and commit

For every soldier that didn’t forfeit.

**Heroes of War**

We think of the time when the world wasn’t sane,

We remember the time when we all were in pain.

 Sons and Fathers leaving mothers and wives,

Children all wondering why they had died.

Gone into war with guns blazing,

Lost soldiers lying there, eyes gazing.

Spending the coldest winter on war strengthening defenses,

Deadly raids on enemy trenches.

 They fought in the sky, bullets were the only sound.

They cheered and applauded as enemy planes came down.

They gathered *Intel*, stealing maps and documents,

We reward them by building historical monuments.

 These men set off in fear and trepidation,

They could have run away but they fought the temptation.

The horrors that they saw, they will never forget,

Leaving that battlefield, minds filled with regret.

Years of fighting on battlefields of affliction,

Families receive that letter, wishing it was fiction.

We can only imagine their suffering and pain,

But as their lives were lost, they did not die in vain.

I couldn’t thank you then, but I can thank you now.

Thank you for your bravery,

Thank you for your vow,

For fighting for me and others,

You are truly and forever will be a

 Hero of War.

**The trauma of war**

In retrospect, I still rememberthat day

 Dad said he had to go away

He told me he would be back soon

But I knew he would still face doom.

A few years later we opened the door

To find him there saying there was no more war

We wept with happiness, we wept with hope

But only later did we find that he suffered to cope.

Even at night we could hear him weep

He wouldn’t talk, he was losing sleep

Later we learned that it was PTSD

He even struggled to say a word to me.

Sometimes our family would cry and shake

Worrying this was all he could take

We were missing big on family camaraderie

Without the dad we knew, we had no key.

Then a miracle happened one day

When dad got up to say

He had gone through hell, pain and more

All thanks to the trauma of war.

**Never Forget November**

 **N**ovember 11, we take a moment of silence for soldiers

**E**ach soldier that fights may die

**V**olunteering to protect our country

**E**very family waiting for us to come home in one piece

 **R**est in peace to the soldiers who risked their lives

**F**or every soldier comes a story

**O**nce enjoying life at home

**R**ise for a moment of silence

**G**etting injured while our blood leaks like water

 **E**very soldier who’s gone, lest we forget

**T**renches that we lived in during wars

 **N**ever doubting the ones that fight for our country

**O**n our way home thinking life will be better but deep inside were scarred

**V**ows to never quit even if it means losing

**E**ach landmine that unlucky soldiers step upon

**M**ourning because my friend passed

**B**ayonetsshoot and slash

**E**ach soldier getting trench feet

**Rest in peace**

***A poppy’s point of view***

As a poppy, I’ve seen many things.

Some were good, and many were not.

I remember when the war started,

All the soldiers approached the battlefield, their stomach in a knot.

I heard the cries of the soldiers, either seeing someone fall,

Or as they fall to the ground.

Hiding in the trenches,

Quiet as a mouse.

Thinking how hard this is,

But always fighting for their country.

When the final battle ended,

Cheers erupted from everywhere.

Every soldier that attended,

Was thanked from the bottom of our hearts.

Those that were lost,

Will forever be remembered.

They wanted to save the country, but it came with a cost.

I think back, and remember.

The things soldiers did for us.

Which is why it’s important to wear me,

While we discuss,

Remembrance Day.