**History before our Eyes**

A day full of pain

For all those who remain

Valiant soldiers left to fight

They will be remembered every night

But on this specific day

Where we all come out and say

Lest we forget

To the Veterans that will be met

So many soldiers sacrificing

So many sleepless nights and loads of fighting

So many who fought and never backed down

And their valor earns them a crown

Those who fought for our country

Are now encompassed in our study

We must stand for a moment of silence

For those who suffered in violence

We respect

And in our eyes we reflect

To be defended

And to never take our lives for granted

**The Fragments of War**

Today we remember the lives that were taken,

 They all waved goodbye, their homes to be forsaken.

We commemorate their bravery, poppy in our fist,

 The sacrifices being made, only to enlist.

Fighting in their trenches, knee deep in sorrow,

 Not knowing if there’d be any tomorrow.

Some soldiers would never return back to home,

 Forcing their future generation alone.

Many leave, many go, but not all of them return.

 We all give them the gratitude that all of them earned

With crimson gashes, and bones shotten

They are the dead, but none go forgotten.

We came out victorious, but so many lives lost.

 Many questions unanswered. Was it too high a cost?

The soldiers won battles and evaded attacks

 Making sure every last enemy had collapsed

And while we all hope that combat is no more,

 We all still pick up the fragments of war*.*

**Dear adamant opposition,**

I am one, separated into two.

It all comes down to your point of view.

Either side, either team,

both in rage, but I’m from in between.

Guilt of the creation of violence, pride for my land

which to choose, I do not understand.

The cloud forming a mushroom will never leave my mind.

Was I really serving on behalf of their side?

I will never let go nor misunderstand

the ones who’ve died in no man’s land.

I served my country with my heart and soul,

never imagining what the events would hold.

Can we end this futile war of freedom?

The precious community is like a soulless slum.

These cold muddy trenches, I cannot withstand.

The picture of my family, still kept tight in my trembling hand.

No time to shed a tear, midnight will strike.

Although reluctant, I will state we are very alike.

Why does peacekeeping require such violence within it

When they are the complete opposite.

No time to sleep, the evil will attack,

But to them, we are the rivals, I realize as I look back.

The battle of trauma, cannot be described by the word sad

Who will be victorious, the good or bad?

Who is the last man standing, we will never know.

Simply doing their duty, where the blood-red flowers grow.

So dear opposition, I have a question.

When will you finally stop the aggression?

Forever in My Heart

You will always lay forever in my heart.

I was devastated when your depart,

Came so sudden, it came so soon

You lit up my world, like the moon.

  Millions wounded, millions in graves.

All of us, being held as slaves.

Of the war, of this sorrowful time,

 No one can escape this awful crime.

The veterans, brim with tears,

Remember the pain and horror of all those years.

Many of us, not revived.

The soldiers who never arrived.

On this day, the poppies sway.

We remember all who fell away.

From their homes, from their wives,

Those who were the wonder of their lives.

Your coat was returned with plenty of grime.

I think of this melancholy time.

The people of our country, united as one.

This day is almost done.

We remember all what you have done,

For our country, for our son.

I was devastated by your depart.

You will always lay, forever in my heart.

A Moment of Memories

The sound of bullets being fired rings in my ears.

My fellow soldiers falling in front of me brings me to tears.

A moment that reminds me of my traumatizing fears.

The innocent lives that had been taken away made me want to fight for my country,

For then I could bring peace back and end this malevolent journey.

It is a day that will always bring distress upon me.

I tried to stay valorous for my family and friends,

However, I couldn’t stop wondering what will happen when the war ends?

Every year, I try not to think about it so my memory mends.

So many people, even those who were not on my side

Had been injured, hurt and millions have died.

The second it comes back to me, I wish I could hide.

Looking back from now, we had gone through so much pain,

So we could live our peaceful lives away from the dark rain.

Then, I remember that more stories remain.

We were the good side, the right side, the others were wrong,

For evil had lured them into thinking they were strong.

A time that will never end for me, so I try not to ponder on my thoughts for long.

Every year, we wear our poppies and have a moment of silence

To remember those who died from a war of violence.

We cry in front of the graves and leave a message of condolence.

A moment of thoughts that ring in my ears.

A moment of memories that brings me to tears.

A moment that reminds me of my traumatizing fears.

**The Cost of Victory, the Price of Defeat**

I flutter and flap in the wind, watching my soldiers charge Vimy Ridge

I see them struck down and strike down the enemy

When they die, my heart’s cries are piercing

Machine guns cut down men, mortar rounds fall in numbers so great

They outnumber falling rain, sleet, and snow.

Tides of blood washed away the exhilaration

And replaced it with sorrow

The brave run away; the horrors of war, too atrocious

Canadian men finally break the lines,

Causing unexpected chaos amongst the enemy.

I feel triumphant when the enemy finally fall

But the sight of all those dead and wounded

Crush the joy I feel

My great Canadian men

Are lying dead in the ground,

Never to see family, friends, or anything again.

I am raised to show Allied victory here, but I don’t feel it

I cry for the families who will mourn for the soldiers

I commit to never omit.

I lead another crusade,

The defenses crush the Dieppe Raid.

I am captured by the enemy as my soldiers are slaughtered

I am a trophy of war

I was treasured as a sign of independence,

And now?

I am a mark of ascendance.

I am raised by the enemy

The thought of my situation has no remedy

I am treated as though I am worthless.

I am Canada

I am strong

I will overcome.

Silent Heroes

As I circuit through the cemetery,

Observing all the crosses.

Inspecting all of the names.

Shaving the stone of its mosses.

Each name recites a story.

A tale tinted by time.

An outlandish tale so gruesome,

It’s one filled with blood and grime.

Though some soldiers aren’t remembered,

We must grant them their deserving salute.

We must make them feel greatly cherished,

As if it is truly absolute.

The stories were never documented,

Lost to the ever-moving clock.

But still ones that lead to our Canada,

One built on peace, block, by block, by block.

As the doves soar through the blue sky,

And the poppies get caught in the breeze,

For the soldiers that could not subsist,

I wish for them to rest at ease.

As Remembrance Day is put into session,

We acknowledge their everlasting duty to protect,

And as we check our calendars for the 11th,

We acknowledge that it is our duty to reflect.

They Kept Their Hats On

Even when times were hard, they kept their hats on.

They fought everyday, no matter if it was dusk or dawn.

Soldiers walking fearlessly, pushing silent cries,

Never knowing who was the next one that dies.

The dreaded day had arrived, July twenty-eighth,

Some of them wanted to leave and give up, while others kept their faith.

 Ever since the first day, sadness and fear filled the air.

Everyone was secretly hurting, but all they could do was care.

They kept on fighting, even if their friends were dying.

They kept on fighting to prevent themselves from crying.

The fight was costing everyone their sanity.

Couldn’t they just be at peace?

Blood dripped from head to toe as soldiers fought.

Fight, fight, fight was what they were taught.

The many soldiers in agony made ear splitting screams,

Soldiers sobbing, wishing that wars were just bad dreams.

During the war, families faced the term “refugee”.

They hoped that the war would end so they could be free.

From each corner there were cries, issues, and fights.

Why couldn’t they stop?

The fateful day had arrived, November eleven.

While some made it out alive, others went to heaven.

We should be thankful that the fighting countries put their problems in the past.

It’s nice to live and know that there is peace at last.

*God help us all*

Soldiers are dreaming in hope.

Who will help us cope?

Blood, sweat and tears fall down

Drip, drop

“Back home by Christmas,” they said

My toes were numb and covered in blisters

Will I ever see my beloved spouse?

Soldiers are dreaming in hope.

Who will help us cope?

Blast, bullets and shards fly through the sky

whistle, thump.

“This is a war to end all wars” they said.

My heart was cold like a stone.

Why does my heart feel so cold?

Soldiers are dreaming in hope.

Who will help us cope?

Who will hear my cry for help?

Help me find my soul

In this battle of death

God hear my cry and help us all.