**We won't forget**

*Lest we forget,*

*To those who faced the threat,*

*And vowed their families that they'd reunite,*

*Instead they fought no matter what even if it was day or night.*

*Before was normal but yet it struck with war,*

*As they unknowingly wanted some more,*

*Screams of horror spread through the rubble,*

*Murder would just cause way more trouble.*

*Sadness would lurk through many livings,*

*But all you get is way more wishing,*

*Wishing that soldiers could be alive,*

*But all you need is just to thrive.*

*Yes war is natural but it isn't fair,*

*Yet we should bare for others care,*

*Lifetime is important for so many,*

*Even if it means having a single penny.*

*Peace is gentle hard to grip,*

*Just as easily as it can rip,*

*Fighting more will ruin a place,*

*Not only that but it will be hard to replace.*

But as you get woeful,

You may also get hopeful,

Even though those who sacrificed never got remarked,

They will still always be treated and cared for, in our hearts.

**I am Scared**

I wasn’t scared at first when I marched to my death

Even as we dug the trenches I didn’t think of dying

But as I watched my comrades take their final breath

I stood strong and fought on but on the inside I was crying

I told myself I wasn’t scared as gunfire rained around me

All around me men who were once filled with bravado were shaking

As I heard the wounded’s cries I let myself wonder what it would cost to be free

I fired my rifle back and prayed I wouldn’t join the hurt and aching

I kept telling myself I wasn’t scared as bombs and grenades exploded

Their explosions painted the skies a beautiful mix of red and yellow

No matter how many hours we fought and died, it felt like it was barely noted

I tried to ignore the yells of my dying friends no matter how loud the echo

I gave up on telling myself I wasn’t scared as a bullet hit my chest

Even as I hit the blood-soaked soil I still repeated it like a mantra

I laid in agony feeling my heart beating fast at the thought of external rest

I saw my vision going dark and wanted to cry or throw a tantrum

I was scared when I died in the trenches that had become my grave

Scared and alone despite being surrounded by my fellow soldiers

As life slipped away I could do nothing by lie there pretending I was brave

But as I died it felt like I had been relieved of ten thousand boulders

**Inside the Poppy**

What do you see inside a poppy?

Do you see red pins?

Or old soldiers and statues?

Well I see people losing their kin.

I see soldiers trying to keep enemies subdued.

I see broken families and homes

Children crying when mommy or daddy can’t come home.

You can heal a broken arm or leg.

But you cannot heal a broken heart.

Father to war, sister to factory.

Brother to farm, mother to industry.

The times and the roles are changing.

But the memories shall never start fading.

The poppies show tales of war.

The petals are as deep in colour.

As how deep the dagger dives into our hearts.

That is what I see inside a poppy.

Let us never forget what is inside a poppy.

What its true meaning is.

How powerful it is.

A Tale of War…

**L**ate summer, 1939 the first bullet of a war is shot

**E**ntire armies march to defend their countries

**S**harp barbed wire surrounded our village for protection

**T**he draft is underway, Britain calls to Canada for aid.

**W**orld War I breaks out, no one is safe

**E**ntire armies march to defend their countries.

**F**ront lines of defense hold strong keeping the enemy back

**O**fficers shout out orders keeping people on track

**R**ow by row soldiers line the fields ready to attack

**G**reat heroes rise and fall protecting their country

**E**nemies enter our territories, we hold the line

**T**rees are burnt to ashes, all that remains is rubble and dust.

**Y**ears of war take a toll on the land

**O**n offense than on defense you must be ready at all times

**U**nassuming villages are destroyed, ran over and blown up

**R**unning is not an option, nowhere is safe, we must stay and fight.

**S**oldiers falling left and right, I am filled with fright

**A** test of endurance is underway, this is war

**C**RASH! A plane has struck the land, no pilot found

**R**aids become more frequent, and more deadly

**I**cy cries rise, soldiers are engulfed in poison gas and die instantly

**F**ormally green forests gone, all that remains are the poppies in Flanders Fields

**I**nevitable destruction is on its way and headed straight for me

**C**annons are fired. BOOM here BOOM there, leaving craters the size of a house

**E**arly fall 1945, the last bullet of a war is shot

**S**oldiers stand tall and proud, and honour those who died.

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**In Our Hearts**

In our hearts we remember those who fought bravely for our land,

All kinds of soldiers united to fight hand in hand.

Heroes tirelessly battle and keep the peace every day,

Hands aching, legs weary, they continue anyway.

They fight for peace, everybody to be free,

Doing it for children's lives, like you and me.

They're starving in trenches, forced to be working,

Traveling through vast valleys with nothing but enemies lurking.

In our hearts we remember those who fought bravely for our land,

Forced to trudge through the heavy sea of sand.

Crawling in clinging dense mud towards the enemy lair,

Horrific sights of war almost sent many soldiers into despair.

Soldiers layered with scars sent to hospitals care,

Pursuing the enemy they duck, meeting a sniper’s glare.

Stumbling back they shiver, hearing shouts concerning scarcity,

And memories come flooding back with shocking familiarity.

In our hearts we remember those who fought bravely for our land,

On this day, we all come together to make a stand.

Our allies and enemies were captured during the grody sights of war.

During the battle bullets flew through the air making a violent uproar.

Many were lost in the darkness of war, sacrificing their lives,

Young men left behind weeping children and wives.

The heroic and fearless will never be forgotten,

And their memories will stay forever, whether good or rotten.

**For Whom I Protect**

Once a little boy, freely staring at the clouds,

Now I am a man, a soldier tall and proud.

Fleeting innocence, a feeling now long gone,

For my country, I must fight until dawn.

No more can I just lounge and play,

Lest the guilt might just wash me away.

Leaving behind the child of my past,

An honourable fighter I’ve become at last.

My honour and dignity I must defend,

Fellow soldiers’ virtues protected ‘till the end,

For the souls resting beyond the grave,

The blood-soaked battlefield I must brave.

A silent dove flits through the sombre sky,

Long-gone hopes of peace gliding by.

Poppy fields shiver beyond the horizon,

Tranquillity contrasted by the glare of a gun.

For my friends, this oath I swear.

My children, for whom I dearly care.

To make you proud, father, I will fight.

Mother, I promise you'll soon see the light.

Like the assertive omnipresence of the great maple tree

For our True North, strong and free.

For my dear siblings, to live a good life,

My home, O Canada, we’ll end this strife.

**Not Just a Day**

On the 11th hour, of the 11th day, of November,

We take a time to remember,

The valiant, and never-surrendering,

Their courage, everlasting,

So let’s take step back in time and walk upon the land,

A vision of the past that strikes at hand.

In the flickering flames of candlelight,

The faces, of the soldiers, brave and bright,

Their laughter, their tears, their dreams, and fears,

Are all part of their story that spans through the years

They fought with courage; they fought with grace,

They never gave up, they never lost face,

Though fame excluded many, their deeds were grand,

Their spirit unbroken, steadfast and bland,

Through trials fierce, they stood as one,

Among the bravest, under the sun.

For they gave all for what they believed,

And that is worth more than any prize received.

*This is a day to remember and remark on the sacrifices*

*that were made for the freedom of our country.*

*Lest we forget.*