

A Memory

Clutching a teddy

Not wanting to say goodbye

Tears pouring from eyes

Steam obscuring the sky

Whistle blows, time to go

Gun shots hit the sky

Screaming fills the air

Flesh unzipped, blood everywhere

A soldier cowers in a trench

Scarlet flowers in the mud

Each poppy a symbol of someone's death

We shall never forget

Two minutes of silence every year

At the eleventh hour, the eleventh day, the eleventh month

A grave dug, a soldier buried

A blank expression on a face

A mother's tear, a dropping pearl

A memory held close

By Nusaybah Syed and Zainab Patel