

## **My War Poem**

No choice but to go  
Parents, children left behind  
A tattered teddy  
Gripped real tight

Whistle shrieks, time to go  
Advancing, swallowed by the smoke  
Parents waving  
A train disappeared from sight

Dead bodies litter the meadow  
Limbs ripped off. A present unwrapped  
And cast aside

Thinking about family and friends  
What would they be doing?  
She sleeps in Gran's room, not her own  
Memories possess her  
Whatever situation  
He's in my heart forever

**By Amena Ansara**