

Poppy Poem

Children crying their hearts out
Grasping a loved one's handkerchief
The time for departure is here
A soldier gone, in the blink of an eye

The screeching of approaching bombs
Shredding the earth
Smoke whaled every second
Making matters worse

Soldiers near their graves lie helplessly
Unable to move
Still thinking about their family
Wishing they could be there

In Flanders Field the poppies lie
Scattered beneath the peaceful sky
Now worn in November on Remembrance Day

By Mariam Maniar