

War Poem

A lost child wanders aimlessly
Glances up at the sky
Wondering if her daddy is there
Watching and blessing from above
Shattered lives

Ready to fire
Thunder of shots, reload
Havoc spreading like a disease
Screams echoing everywhere

Two teams tearing apart the sky
In the end
Nothing but bodies
On the face of the earth

Bodies dumped like rubbish
Blood painted across the globe
Unprepared to depart the world
Spirits haunting the surviving soldiers

A war as deadly as this
No-one even dared to speak of
The little girl
With tears racing down her cheeks
Saying Daddy you left me

Poppies prostrate in Flanders Field
Representing bold soldiers who lost their lives
May they rest in peace
And be remembered always

By Zaid Maniar