

Poppies for the Brave Soldiers

All month you will wear, this November,
That little red flower we know.
A poppy that helps us remember
The ones we lost long ago.

Soldiers who fought in the battles,
Soldiers who conquered the field,
Soldiers who gave their lives for us,
For our freedom, they'd never yield.

These soldiers defended our country.
They stood for us through thick and thin.
To protect us was their sole mission,
And to do that, they said, "We must win!"

Grandmother lay in bed all day,
Wiping the tears from her eyes.
Grandfather passed away from this world
To the place where Heaven lies.

Grandfather was called to the battle,
On a warm July afternoon.
In '43 he crossed the ocean,
Where he joined a waiting platoon.

Several months passed, and day after day,
Grandmother worried and waited.
"Her love for him fueled her pain," Mom would say.
"It added grief to her hatred."

Grandmother hated the war and the fighting;
Hated to think that her love should die.
Whenever she thought of Grandfather's face,
Uncontrollably, she'd start to cry.

On a cold day in December,
When snowflakes danced through the air,
A telegraph came with a letter,
A message filled with despair.

Grandmother never forgot that time,
When the message arrived at her door.
Now whenever she pins a poppy on me,
She says, "Remember who this is for."

So here's to the glory and sadness,
And here's to the flags that they wave.
Here's to our country's defenders,
With poppies for our soldiers, the brave.

by Emily Lehune Worsley Central School Grade Eight