

All are still



Silence surrounds us,
I think of home.

All those nights where
the stars twinkled.

A different sky to the
-roy red one that's now
covering the up.

The colours of the night
Paint the fear of
myself and the other
men.

All are still when the
first bang sounds.

That's it.

It's time.

We each blink at one-
another before we go over
the top.

No turning back now.



By Ewa Jones

95MP

My War: time spent at the Front

My eyes open to the confusion of the dawn,
as light as night, as grey and smoke filled as ever.
The tracer's fire and parachute's flare shadowing everything underneath.
The cool smog and fog filtered out the sky,
only broken by splintered shards from the sun.
The noises filling my head are those of snarling rats gnawing at my rotting feet;
fighting each other for the best bit of flesh.
My head is encircled by the screams of bullets and paraphernalia of men dying.
We march, aimlessness back and forth,
feet slopping in the trenches of blood
and inches of mud beneath me, stretching out for miles.
Heads bowed,
seeing only the man in front,
waiting with dread for the call,
sharp and clear,
to rise up to shout and shoot
or be shot,
and if i say no ...
to be shot amongst my own.
But maybe now i will have less fear
for my bad life
and hell that may soon await
maybe an earned release afterwards

Amelia Claridge

ON NO MANS LAND:

My life will die, along with my mind before I get
to sleep softly, under this sky above
that is stained Red, with my brothers life.
his heart wont beat, his eyes don't see
but he will feel no pain, thats me. on no mans land.

The patterns we forced into the mud, are now ruined
wretched, no better than dust.

The blow of the whistle, the snipers call
watching yet another young ^{boy} ~~man~~ fall, youth fled
from his face, aged with war. But to die in peace is
what we pray for. on no mans land.

Our prayers go unanswered, the war goes on,
and every night another man gone.

The shrapnel scars me as I fall to my knees
my heart contracts as a wave of green envelops me.
Rubbed thumbing as bloody men sigh with relief.
on no mans land

But darling i still think of you, and all the strain its
causing us, our home and family ripped apart, waiting
to hear the dead beats of our hearts. But I'll return,
my pain adform. But life will carry on, on no mans
land.

But I may lie for evermore on no mans land
A ting, reverending sleep on no mans land.

Georgie sartin.

How would you feel?

How would you feel,
when patriotic glory tugs
at your heart? Those proud
Smiling faces waving you off?

How would you feel,
Marching through a mud-soaked
trench, your eyes suddenly fixed
to a dead Tommy's swollen face?

How would you feel;
when you're at the ladder, with
bayonets fixed, waiting for the
whistle? Your chum beside you
vomiting and choking on his
words?

How would you feel,
when you're trapped in a shell-hole,
guns raining death, over your head?

How would you feel,
when bullets slice through your
flesh? Do desperate screams summon
the stretcher bearers?

NO

They are faced down in
Flanders Field.

Proud Poppies

*Up from the sweat and the grime and the mud,
Through the shaken earth, the corpses and blood,
Holding the terror, the sadness and grief
In each crimson petal and every leaf,
Bringing the memories of the lost men,
Reminding all of the horror back then,
Flooding the Flanders' fields with a rich red,
Creeping so silently up from the dead
Are soldiers returning from their deep grave –
Poppies standing tall, defiant and brave.*

By Daisy Stewart

