

## Inspirational Echoes

Bombs and gunshots once rang through this plain,  
Left only is the wind whistling through the graves of the slain,  
If only they could rise and tell us their tales,  
If only these brave Canadians, can narrate the details,  
Would they tell us of what they had to leave behind?  
Or the dangerous duties, they may have been assigned?  
Willingly performing, to help those they never knew,  
So that the world would be at peace, for me and you,  
Despite all the misfortune that they knew they were going to face,  
The thought of death, in a completely random place,  
They didn't have proper food, and faced danger everywhere,  
They were tired all the time, as time to rest was rare,  
But now the war is over, now there are no more attacks,  
The dead ones have been buried, honored with a few plaques,  
They once walked, they once talked, and they once lived above the ground,  
But now they lie under, forever, frightened by the lack of sound,  
Yet tragedy has still followed living soldiers, all the way to their home,  
Disease has ravaged, and many have found family members under gravestones,  
Some come back to face poverty, some take pills to survive,  
Some suffer through trauma, and don't even want to stay alive,  
But every year, on the eleventh of November,  
We tell them we know their sacrifices, and will remember,  
And that we'll follow their footsteps, and not stay silent,  
Call out for change, and against the wrong, to be defiant,  
Whether it be against poverty, war, lack of education,  
Or global warming, lack of water and discrimination,  
We will fight, not with weapons but actions,  
Against bad policies, showing dissatisfaction,  
All the while thinking - Lest we forget  
Lest we forget