

Lest We Forget

Every year has an eleventh of November,
A time to think, a time to remember.

Whether a sky of sunshine or one of rain,
This day still brought both relief and pain.

For long ago, they gazed upon this same sky,
Many wondering where the future would lie.

Some with a gasp and a helpless cry,
Others facing their families with a brave goodbye.

But fear clouded their hearts like a vast dome,
They could only hope someday they'd be home.

Yet dreary they slowly became upon a wait so long,
And by and by they lost their song.

When Christmas approached, along with winds of December,
Alone they sat by the fire, staring at each burning ember.

While memories stirred, of the home they loved so tender,
And though their hearts ached, they needed to remember.

In their souls they still felt the blur of swirling snow
And the beating winds which made the blood flow.

On a field of glistening white spilled out drops of red,
And of those cruel moments, nothing more needs to be said.

Some never did return home, but their sacrifice shines gold,
Such love for their country will always be told.

And for those who came back, with their feet numb and cold,
The story they share shall never grow old.

Today a soft wind does breathe over these same lands,
Breathes out that sweet secret which rests in our hands.

And out on the fields bright poppies wave at me,
So fiery red, as if rejoicing to be free.

Outside our flag flutters wild, as if crying out loud,
Of all those people for whom we should really be proud.

So every year has an eleventh of November,
A time to think, and a time to remember.