

THE POPPY

*Upon the fields of Flanders
The poppy brightly stands,
A vivid splash of scarlet
On a quiet piece of land.*

*So many red poppies
Now sway in their fields of corn,
Bowing to a lost generation
Now yet, another one is born.*

*Let them not forget the fallen
History should be well read,
For without its knowledge
Ignorance again will count the dead.*

*So for the fading Khaki
And also for the grey,
Stand for two minutes' silence
And for peace let us pray.*

*On the eleventh hour
Of the eleventh day,
In the cold chill of November
An echo gun does bray.*

*The armistice was signed
On that bitter winter day.
For the first time guns lay silent
Bayonets broken in the clay.*

*The sounding of The Last Post
I hear the bugle blow,
For those mothers' sons now lie
Where the poppies freely grow.*

*One frail old soldier
Recalls his comrades' last stand,
And contemplates so many white
crosses
That saturate the land.*

*Once in that far flung corner
The flower of youth did brightly
stand,
Their splash of blood
remembered
Upon that quiet piece of land.*

By Paul Palmer,
overall winner of the poetry competition
as reported in the Harborough Mail on 17/11/2011