

How Can We?

Everyone stood still
The bugle played loud and clear
For a long minute

Flowers sat in pockets
Red and bright, like the grounds
Could we forgive this?

The happiness and
The cry from the families
The bloodshed remained

The sheer cold they faced
As their great, humble hearts paced
What they did for us

How can we give back?
What they did for us, can we?
The bugle had stopped.

By Priyonty Saha 6E

The dark night fell,
as I lay in bed
The pain and gunfire
Fill my head

My sister curled up next to me
Her whimpers fill the air.
But I can't hear her anymore
My senses filled with despair

The soldiers' lines up,
One by one
Guns at the ready
Seizing the absence of sun

It was quiet,
My ears no longer rang
I rest, tired and limp
Then...Bang

The loud shocks of death,
the exploding bombs of war
It echoes throughout the town
Begging and crying for more

My breathing ceased,
My lungs a locked door
My clothes a soaked red
As my body hit the floor

The world bled a rich white,
As my face uncurled,
My body felt light,
As I entered a new world

I dance in a field of flowers,
A smile on every copy,
As I will be remembered,
My blood on every poppy.

By Annabel Lakilak 6E

War - in remembrance

Fields of poppies filled the land,
Clouds above, the flowers fan,
On fields barren, roots torn,
The end of a war, the poppies are born

Soldiers from our place, young and old,
Fought in the warmth and the cold,
Not only for them, but for us too,
Now we won't face what they've been through

Now these poppies stand with grace,
Standing to show us the soldier's place,
We mustn't forget them, as they are why-
We are still standing here and still alive.

By Sivasorubini 6E