

Why do the Poppies Fall

Why do the poppies fall?
In the Royal Albert Hall,
Tumbling down to a carpet of red
Covering everywhere you tread.

Many years have passed
Men and boys left our shores.
They went to fight and save
All of them so young and brave.

No easy Euro-star trip!
Laden down with bags and kit.
Distant land, families missed
Still thinking of the loved ones they kissed.

No holiday fun, only mud and trenches,
The gas, the rats, the stench.
Bullets flying, bayonets fixed;
Blood, sweat and tears mixed.

Living in underground tunnels – trying to keep spirits high,
Not knowing if it is day or night.
The command comes to leave and fight
They rise to find the enemy in sight.

Coats and weapons weigh them down,
In the thick dark mud so many drown.
Bodies buried where they fell,
Oh the bad news they will have to tell!

White head stones in smart rows
Where some of them are no-body knows.
The grave yards are tended with love and care,
Visitors – so many – can only stand and stare.

Some have no final resting place
Families will always remember that face
Bright and clean – a name etched on a wall
That is why the poppies fall.

By Rosanna Billington aged 13 years

June 2013