

My Memories

We hear the cries from the soldiers, and the gunshots
Alas, we run on the muddy paths and find people lots
The bombings and the gunshots ring in my ear
And I feel the war, coming nearer and near
As we trek more and more, we are tired and sad
We stay, we find ourselves becoming mad
Our feet, seared with glass shards, as boots we have none
We trail further, we are hungry, we only have a gun
Green gas fills our lungs
As it spreads and passes on our tongues
“STOP,” I say,
“Don’t go astray!”
We all put on our gas masks
When we are done we run fast
But... a man I hear crying
We are already sighing...

The men on the boats keep rowing
My mate is running
Through the gas, crying for help
I see he’s not wearing a gas mask
I yelp!
I try to save his dear life
But he dies...
I can imagine his sad wife
I am feeling very sad
As he was a bright lad
I wonder how you would feel
As you kneel
Beside your dead best mate
And as he dies you imagine your fate

By Saloni R 5W