

Remember the War

Lying down amongst the trees,
With aching chests and shaking knees.
Now wading through the sticky mud,
Once was earth, made wet with blood.

Trudging away from the shells and fight,
It's many a day I've gone through strife.
For several days I've had no sleep,
And without my boots I've cut my feet.

It's not just me who sought to escape the war,
My comrades stumble over blood and gore.
We attempt to march over the soggy ground,
And there's not a bit of energy left to be found.

Staggering in the mist that's between us and the trenches,
In my chest a pain builds up and out it wrenches.
Many struggled valiantly to put on their gas mask,
And as I tried it was for me quite a task.

I saw a man who dropped his mask
It touched the bog and sank down fast.
He staggered round and cried in pain.
We watched him trip and shout again.

As we watched in helplessness, the fog around us thickened,
And just because I couldn't see, my heart rate quickened.
Then out of the mist, close enough to see,
The man without the gas mask came stumbling close to me.

I grabbed the man and dragged him, from the poisonous mist,
And as we neared the wagon, my fist tightened round his wrist.
On seeing the wagon carrying men from the fight,
I could see there was no room for another in plight.

So I had to carry the coughing man away from the war,
And as he coughed, he spat out lots of blood and more.
As we walked I thought of my family at home,
And I knew that they could never fight the war alone.

The men on the wagon are a sorrowful sight,
As is the man I carry with all my might.
I felt his body contort in pain,
And I looked at the soldiers injured and lame.

Glory isn't in death and pain.
Neither is it in carnage and maim.
One attacks, the other has to defend,
And all wait for the war to end.

By Weilin Wong (5W)