

Intermediate Poem 3rd Place

Jacob A.

Branch 406 – Barry's Bay

Zone G-7

The Cost of Freedom

Where did the sound go that deafened the ear,
Down in the fields of mourning?
Are the cannons gone that we so feared,
Or a trick we should take as a warning?

Where is the scent that clogged up the air,
Down in the fields, so smothering?
Perhaps that scarlet stench faded off,
Made by innocents felled just this morning.

Where are the screams that plagued my mind,
Calling for mothers and crying?
The war can take many, I hear,
But has someone soothed their sighing?

Who are those that are coming near,
With a red and white flag waving bright?
Have they come to free us from our captors,
Who've stolen good men in the night?

Why do the people come out of their homes,
And do I see laughter and smiles?
They must know something that we do not;
It's been treacherous outside for a while.

Is that the sound of victory I hear,
With joyful shouts, tears, and guns waving?
Yes! Break out the photos of loved ones dear,
For the Canadians are here and rejoicing.

We are the people held too long
By those who took nations by force.
We've been saved by troops clad in white and red,
And life will return to its course.

We tell this with a quiet sigh,
And reflect on life's regret.
We triumphed in loss, but lost innocence,
So we choose never to forget.