

Senior Poem 1st Place
Clark P.
Branch 625 – Richmond
Zone G-5

Laughing Child. A poem of Remembrance

Laughing child you hold your gun, you think the battle will be won.
At Christmas time you'll be home, as heroes at your newfound throne.
But you knew naught, what we know now. The horrors wrought, a silent vow.
That rocks the world, in which you fought. The time you served will not be forgot. The mud is
Deep, the water's cold. A brother lost, and fears untold.
Of a day that comes, with fog and fire. The day you fear the mortal ire
Of the foes you do not know, for a country, alone, you go.
To war.
And in the shadows a feeling creeps, a memory of something sweet,
Loved ones at home who do remember, your little flame, your burning ember.
This flame it is your legacy, your life. Your entirety. We do not remember what you said,
"Goodbye" "See you soon" "I love you too". These words are not for us all to remember.
They are for those who heard them. They carry the spark. It is they that cast it into the fire
That is history, that is war, that is your funeral pyre. And from those sparks be it yours or others
You are remembered as courageous brothers. Who fought arm in arm against another,
Back to back. You protected each other.
Until you died.
I am afraid it's true, that is how we remember you. Your sacrifice is all we knew, about the man
(or woman too) that gave their life in a battlefield. What they received? A collective tomb. A
Monument. A song or two. Then we remembered, it came back to us, we who could not or did
Not stand and die with you. That there is something that we should do. We shall stand in
Silence, our forged alliance. We can stand all of us back to back. And side to side.
With people who have *not* died, people who did not have to fight for their lives.
But all of us who stand in taciturnity. Remembering. We wear a poppy in the remembrance of
you. The fallen, condemned to death by a war that you chose. Where it was *you* that rose, to the
Challenge, where your ember was extinguished.
But the fire that is history burns ever still. Lest we forget, those who died and were killed.