

**Senior Poem 2nd Place**  
**Ben W.**  
**Branch 231 – Rideau Lakes**  
**Zone G-2**

# Red

Red

A meaningless color of its own volition  
But partnered with white, becomes our identity  
Partnered with darkness in swaying fields  
It reminds us of those that fell protecting that identity

A town comes full circle  
Full circle around the granite standing stoic against the sky  
A symbol from our history, the ones before us  
Representing life itself

A lone cenotaph  
United to nothing other than the names carved into it  
Unlike our hearts, red and white  
Which are bound together by the loss of past victory

Time and people change and fade  
Memories often dim  
But the stone remains  
Like the center-point of some medicine wheel  
Bringing together red, yellow, black, and white once more

And as snowflakes flit to the ground one sees an image  
A torn battlefield blanketed in snow  
Where all the colors were united before  
This time on the ground  
Cold fingers void of life  
Still holding tightly to a thought just out of grasp

And so we are left  
With an image in in our heads  
And red united with darkness  
Pinned over our hearts  
A flower of remembrance...