

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

In Silence

Thick, wet mud.

Cold, red blood.

The trickle of crimson running between my eyes, the essence of life, a tear-like cry.

And there I lie.

In the thick, wet mud.

A bullet, buried deep inside my head,

the solid piece of gunpowder and lead that forces me to lie here dead.

For I am dead, here where I lie, unable to speak my last goodbye, to friends who fight bravely on, as the sun breaks into early dawn.

These men fall like lumps of stone and so many seem to die alone.

They lie around me like empty husks as the war rages on till dusk.

They hang over wire laced with barbs, and some of them the trenches guard.

But all around the land they lay, these comrades, friends and foes each day.

We watch as men we've naught seen before lay down their lives to lie with us, to die with us, oh how I wish they would deny me thus.

Let me not see another fall, another name for Death to call. On his great list, he observes it all.

With gravitas and great romance, and barely even a second glance, he strikes us down with burning lance.

And yet we see, with empty eyes. We see nothing that does surprise.

Then, we rise. Taken up by many hands back across the hard-fought lands.

They place us in a simple grave. Us who were the true, the brave. But then with shock and disbelief, we see a nation warmed by grief. The children's children of the ones we knew, the ones who stand in silence.

You.

I see that you remember us. And being dead I make no fuss, but if there was something I could say, from here in darkness wherein I lay.

"Seize each and every single day, and never throw your life away. Sing every song and each refrain, feel greatest joy and sweetest pain. Know that when life is done and blown away, you'll join us here where flowers sway. Live a life of work and strive, then hear the call of Death. And join us, with your sweetest, dearest, final breath."

In silence.