

My Poem:
Black and White or shades of Grey

The graves are weathered
And ghostly white
All are bathed in a creamy light
Over there the graves are black.
None will ever come marching back

Why do we honour some soldiers so?
Not for killing
That I know.

Wasted lives of Friend and foe.
Brave, courageous they died alone

A war is not fought by a single man
The Private does
Not make the plan.
My generation would like to feel
All can be forgiven
That time can heal

We can honour all the soldiers so
For they were brave
That I know.
If you saw how these men died
Perhaps these differences
Could be put aside.

My photo

