

A MISSION OVERSEAS

by Cole Curnew, Stephenville Crossing – Junior Division Poetry

Hearing the drums beat down the lane
One hundred on an overpass in the mournful rain
Six brave troops came home forever home to stay
To go under that overpass on the Veterans Memorial Highway

It was in an operation, conducted far overseas
In a land flat and barren, without any trees
The orders came in and they were told to move out
The numbers seemed good, so few had much doubt

Come now we are off to save the oppressed
Throw your boots on your feet, come on now get dressed
So they went on their mission with hearts full of zest
They were all killed that morning by man with bombs on his chest

The country was shocked by the deaths of these men
The mourning was practiced in every city, town, moor and glen
They had died for freedom, giving it to those who had not
For an equal world of peace is what they sought

So we should remember the fallen well
Make peace with our enemies in memory of those who fell
Strive for a better world or live in regret
And put on a poppy, lest we forget