

James - Age 13

Poppies are free, they just grow

In their fields, row on row.

Below crimson petals, sun-kissed

Lie the corpses, they will be missed.

They were free to stay at home,

In their small cottages, all alone.

Instead they chose to go to war,

And because of that, they are no more.

Poppies are free, to blow in the wind,

Or on some schoolboy's blazer pinned.

But the men they signify, brave and strong

Lay dead in the dirt, all along.

So celebrate, we now have a reason

But remember, as our precious freedom,

Can be gone in a flash, like did the Hun,

With the squeeze of a trigger, the flash of a gun.