

## **Poppies**

So many poppies, falling from above  
So many poppies, each one a drop of blood;  
Every one a sacrifice, the greatest love we know  
Every one has meaning for those standing below.  
Each an individual, each is someone's life  
Given to the 'greater good', given to the strife,  
Lost in many places, such as Ypres, Mons, Verdun  
Each is someone's lover, or brother, father, son;  
Sister, mother, daughter; every life cut short  
Now they wait for judgement in someone else's court.  
What reasons can we give them, for asking them to die?  
To ask them for this sacrifice, for them to say goodbye?  
Did we have to lose them, did we have the right  
To ask them for this ending, this long and final night?  
And do we now ask more of them to fight to save our shores,  
Or are we merely sending them to die in others' wars?  
When you see the poppies, falling from the sky,  
Do you ever think to stop, and wonder, and ask why?  
There's nothing good in dying in some far foreign field  
To fight for someone else's cause, to hope that they will yield.  
So when you see the poppies falling, falling from above  
Remember our brave servicemen, remember them with love  
And do them honour in your hearts, in mind and spirit too,  
Because without their sacrifice, you'd have lost your freedom too.