

Row by Row

By Andrea Bell

White crosses run neatly, row after row
Memories of soldiers we'll never know.
Boys who left home their duty to serve,
In a war that soon will destroy every nerve.

Boys with big dreams and ideals held aloft,
Carries their girl's cheek, so pink and so soft.
A low whispered goodbye, see you soon, in her ear,
As his company is off to a place filled with fear.

Innocence and dreams quickly fade,
As he faces the horror that power has made.
Domination of all is his foe in this fight,
And he grasps his gun as he lies down at night

Notes to his love tucked safe and away,
One of the reasons he sits here today.
His fingers caress a photo well worn,
As he waits for the signal, a loud battle horn.

The waiting is almost worse than the fear,
As action is needed to draw peace so near.
The short war grows past long days into years.
Each one marks death with many more tears.

He then hears the news he thought never would come,
The war it is over, the Allies have won.
Yet death doesn't stop, it grows, still it grows.
Red fields still fill, more crosses in rows.

He came once a boy, now leaves a young man,
Changed by the word, but would still take a stand.
A stand for world peace, against wrong and for right,
Another day, another reason to fight.

As memoires fade and time moves along,
Ceremonies, poems and veterans gone,
As we live to watch crosses still grow,
Year by year and row by row.

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