

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

***The Poppy:
A Symbol of
Remembrance***

An anthology of poetry
in remembrance of fallen heroes.

**Paul Gilliland
Editor-in-Chief**

Southern Arizona Press

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The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

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Meet the Editor

Paul Gilliland retired after over 30 years of service with the US Army and settled in the high desert of Southeast Arizona, just miles from the historic towns of Tombstone and Bisbee. He holds Associate of Applied Science Degrees in Intelligence Studies, Linguistics, and Education from Cochise College; a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Music Theory/Composition and Technical Theater Design from Olivet College; and a Master of Fine Arts Degree in Music Composition from the Vermont College of Fine Arts. He is an educator; composer of 21st century chamber music; and form poet. He is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP), National Writers Union, Authors Guild, Poetry Society of America, and the Academy of American Poets. He is the Founder and Editor-in-Chief of Southern Arizona Press and currently has two published volumes of poetry, *Hindsights of 2020* and *The Journey of the Fool: A Poetic Journey in Three Parts*, both available through Amazon. He is currently working on completing his third collection of poetry, *Tales from a Southwest Inn*. His poetry appears online in a number of Facebook poetry group as well as published in *Sonnet Sanctuary Anthology Volume 1* (A Romeo Nation), *Open Skies Quarterly Volumes 4, 5, 6*, and *Perceptions* (Shrouded Eye Press), and *From Sunset to Sunrise* (Dark Poetry Society Anthology).

His love of World War One poetry began in the summer of 2006 while working on a project toward his Master of Fine Arts Degree in Music Composition. He was tasked to write a piece of music for a mixed vocal quartet and

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was searching for a text to set to music. In browsing the pages of *The Best Loved Poems of the American People*, selected by Hazel Felleman, he came across a poem that would change his life and set him on a mission of discovery, John McCrae's *In Flanders Fields*. This poem would be the guiding light for that semester and beyond. It was because of the vast research he conducted during that time and since that this anthology came to fruition.

It was his vision to compile a comprehensive book of poetry that not only included poetry from the First World War that for the most part had been lost to history, but also include works by 21st Century poets in remembrance of the fallen heroes from all wars of the last century.

Sincere appreciation to all the poets who provided the beautiful and touching poems of remembrance included in this volume and to Heather Anne Johnson for providing information about Madame Anna Guérin. (<https://poppyladymadameguerin.wordpress.com/about-introduction/>)

All of the World War One poetry in this volume has been verified to be in the Public Domain and the various publications each has appeared in has been notated as much as possible.

May we never forget.

For those interested in hearing Paul Gilliland's musical setting of *In Flanders Fields* along with the text from Moina Michael's *We Shall Keep the Faith*, it can be heard on YouTube at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E35Pks_kYYY

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Why the Poppy?



Scarlett poppies (*popaver rhoeas*), more commonly known as corn poppies, are most associated flower that appeared on the battlefields of Flanders in during World War One. However, the mention of poppies as an international symbol of remembrance dates back to the 19th Century Napoleonic Wars. Although, they have become a modern symbol of sacrifice, the use of them dates back thousands of years. The flower was found in Egyptian tombs dating

back 3000 years and Homer mentions poppies in the *Iliad* by comparing the head of a dying warrior to that of a hanging poppy flower. The ancient Greeks considered the poppies sacred to Hypnos, the god of sleep.

Corn poppy seeds can remain dormant for years and only appear once the soil has been churned and they are exposed to the sun which is needed for the seeds to germinate. They most often flourish as a weed in cultivated grain fields.

Records from the Napoleonic Wars recorded how the destruction of war transformed bare land into fields of blood-red flowers which grew around the bodies of the fallen soldiers.

The Romantic poets celebrated the poppy as the flower of the deepest sleep.

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John Keats in “To Autumn” writes:

*Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies ...*

The corn poppy was used as a mild sedative to ease pain. Dioscorides, the physician who accompanied the Roman armies and wrote *De Materia Medica*, had identified the corn poppy as a tranquilizer as early as circa 50 AD.

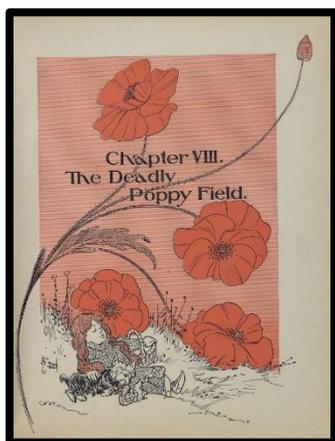
The corn poppy was an emblem of death long before the First World War, with its red petals the color of blood and its black seeds the color of night. It was used in Ancient Greek funeral rituals and was the funeral flower during the Neanderthal era. Some legends state Persephone wore a poppy as a symbol of her death-like state while imprisoned in the underworld.

In 1935, archaeologists entered the “Cave of Bats” in southern Spain and found poppy capsules with locks of hair in baskets placed by human remains dating back as far as 4000 BC.

In Thomas Cooper Gotch's 1912 painting *Death the Bride*, death is shown as a beautiful bride, surrounded by poppies.



In the 1939 movie *The Wizard of Oz*, the Wicked Witch of the West cast a spell over a poppy field to make the characters fall asleep, however in the original manuscript by L. Frank Baum, the poppy field has its own enchanting and dangerous power without the witch being involved.



“They now came upon more and more of the big scarlet poppies, and fewer and fewer of the other flowers; and soon they found themselves in the midst of a great meadow of poppies. Now it is well known that when there are many of these flowers together their odor is so powerful that anyone who breathes it falls asleep, and if the sleeper is not carried away

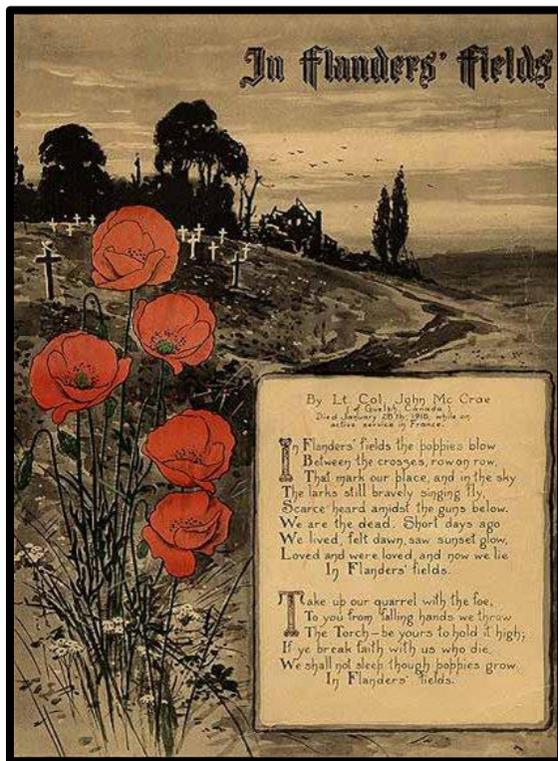
*from the scent of the flowers he sleeps on and on forever. But Dorothy did not know this, nor could she get away from the bright red flowers that were everywhere about; so presently her eyes grew heavy and she felt she must sit down to rest and to sleep.” – L. Frank Baum, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, 1900.*

By the second year of World War One – 1915 – the mention of poppies began to appear in letters sent home from the war. Men wrote of how “no-mans” land was a blaze with scarlet poppies. They appeared on the battlefields of the war due to the digging of trenches, artillery shells, and shrapnel that stirred up the ground and exposed the seeds to the sun. Letters written by soldiers referred to the fields of poppies and poppies were mentioned in many soldiers’ poems.

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The Glasgow Herald wrote in November 1920:

There is one flower, and one flower only; associated with the Great War. That is the scarlet Flanders poppy, which has become the British Flower of Remembrance, thanks to the appealing lines written on its inspiration by Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae in 1915. Every man who knew the battlefields must have been impressed by the multitudinous poppies which so soon leapt up and flourished amongst abandoned trenches. Nowhere perhaps, were they more noticeable than in the chalk ground of the Somme area.



In 1917, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Campbell Galbraith captured them in the following:

Red Poppies in the Corn

- W Campbell Galbraith

*I've seen them in the morning light,
When white mists drifted by.
I've seen them in the dusk o' night
Glow 'gainst the starry sky.
The slender waving blossoms red,
Mid yellow fields forlorn.
A glory on the scene they shed,
Red Poppies in the Corn.*

*I've seen them, too, those blossoms red,
Show 'gainst the Trench lines' screen.
A crimson stream that waved and spread
Thro' all the brown and green.
I've seen them dyed a deeper hue
Than ever nature gave,
Shell-torn from slopes on which they grew
To cover many a grave.*

*Bright blossoms fair by nature set
Along the dusty ways,
You cheered us, in the battle's fret,
Thro' long and weary days.
You gave us hope: if fate be kind,
We'll see that longed-for morn,
When home again we march and find
Red Poppies in the Corn.*

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William Campbell Galbraith, CMG (1870-1946) was a supply officer for the 47th (London) Division Army Service Corps (A.S.C.), Territorial Forces (T.F.), from 1914-1919. He was awarded the Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George (CMG) on January 14, 1916. His poem, *Red Poppies in the Corn*, was published in *The Westminster Gazette*, August 15, 1916, page 2 and was included in *A Treasury of War Poetry – British and American Poems of the World War, 1914-1919*, page 222 edited by George Herbert Clarke (Hodder and Stoughton; London/New York/Toronto; 1917). He also published *Airson Tir agus Teange (For Country and Tongue) and Other Poems*, 1904; *Highland Heather and Other Songs*, 1906-1910; *Soldier Songs from Picardy and Other Poems*, 1915-1917; *Ships*, 1918; and *The Commercial Sale of Shipping*, 1908.



The Man and the Poem



John McCrae

John Alexander McCrae was born on November 30, 1872 in Guelph, Ontario to Lieutenant-Colonel David McCrae and Janet Simpson Eckford.

His older brother Thomas (16 December 1870 – 30 June 1935) became an assistant resident at John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland in 1895 and was associated with Dr William Osler, the preeminent medical educator of his time. In 1912, Thomas became Professor of Medicine at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and in 1930 became president of the Association of American Physicians. John's sister, Geills, married James Kilgour, a justice of the Court of King's Bench of Manitoba.

John was a resident master in English and Mathematics at the Ontario Agricultural School in 1894 and completed in Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Toronto and returned to study medicine on a scholarship. While attending medical school, he tutored other students to help pay his tuition. Two of his students were among the first female doctors in Ontario.

John graduated in 1898 and became a resident at Toronto General Hospital. In 1899, he joined his older brother Thomas at John Hopkins Hospital.

In 1900, John served in South Africa as a lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Artillery during the Second Boer War (1899 – 1902) and upon his return was appointed professor of pathology at the University of Vermont in Burlington where he

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taught until 1911. He later taught at McGill University in Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

In 1902, he was appointed resident pathologist at Montreal General Hospital and later assistant pathologist at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. In 1904, he was appointed as associate in medicine at the Royal Victoria Hospital. At the end of 1904, he studied for several months in England and became a member of the Royal College of Physicians.

In 1905, he set up his own practice while he continued to work and lecture at several hospitals. The same year, he was appointed pathologist to the Montreal Founding and Baby Hospital. In 1908, he was appointed as a physician to the Alexandra Hospital for Contagious Diseases. In 1910, he accompanied the Governor General of Canada, Albert Henry George Grey, 4th Earl Grey, on a canoe trip to Hudson Bay as the expedition physician.

When Britain declared war on Germany at the beginning of World War One, John was appointed as a Medical Officer and Major of the 1st Brigade Canadian Field Artillery. He treated the wounded during the Second Battle of Ypres in 1915.

It was May 1915, during the Second Battle of Ypres, a town in the Belgium province of West Flanders. Then Major John McCrae was working in a dressing station bunker near the shore of the Yperlee Canal. At 8 a.m. on May 2, 1915, his dear friend, Lieutenant Alexis Helmer, Canadian Field Artillery, was blown to pieces by an eight-inch artillery shell. His scattered body parts were gathered, put into sandbags, assembled into an approximation of the human form on a military blanket, and



Lieutenant Alexis Helmer

buried in a makeshift battlefield grave near the Essex Farm after nightfall. Helmer was a former student of McCrae at McGill University and the two had formed a close friendship while serving together. At the funeral, McCrae stood in for the chaplain and recited from memory extracts from the Order for the Burial of the Dead.

At dawn the next day, while outside the entrance to his dressing station, he looked upon the wild corn poppies and freshly dug graves, each with a wooden cross. At the end of his duty, he sat on the tail gate of an ambulance he wrote the 15 lines of *In Flanders Fields* on a page torn from his dispatch book in only 20 minutes.

At this point, there is some speculation as to what happened regarding the poem. One account states that a young sergeant major in McCrae's unit, Cyril L. C. Allinson was delivering the mail and observed McCrae working on the poem. He noted that McCrae would look toward Helmer's grave as he wrote. When finished, McCrae handed the poem to Allinson in exchange for his mail. As McCrae read his mail, Allinson read the poem and was so moved by how it was an exact description of the scene in front of them, he immediately committed it to memory, writing it down once he returned to the rear.

According to another account, after McCrae read his mail, Allinson returned the poem to him and watched as he crumpled the poem into a ball and tossed it aside. The young sergeant major retrieved the poem and showed it to other soldiers. McCrae was finally convinced to submit the poem for publication.

Major General (then Lieutenant Colonel) Sir Edward Whipple Bancroft Morrison wrote of McCrae and his poem:

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This poem was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the sixteen days of battle, he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus, the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery. Just as he describes, we often heard in the mornings the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him [McCrae] in which he mentions having written the poem to pass away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded, and partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic metre.

McCrae is thus believed to have worked on the poem for months as time allowed between treating the wounded soldiers before he considered it ready for publication. McCrae submitted it to *The Spectator* in London, but it was rejected. He later sent it to *Punch*, that published it on December 8, 1915 anonymously, but later attributed the poem to McCrae in the year-end index.

In Flanders Fields

- John McCrae †

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the Dead, Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*



As the poem appeared in *Punch*

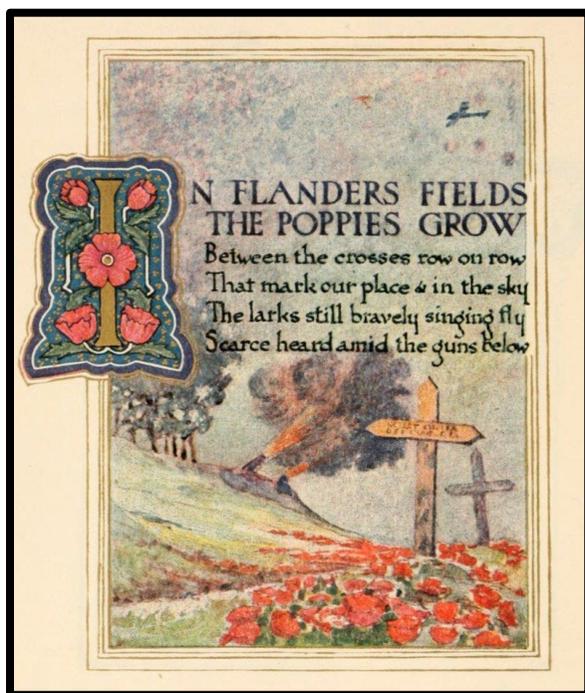
* According to Allinson, in the original draft of the poem the final word of the first line was "grow". There are only a few known original copies of the poem in McCrae's handwriting that exist today and both words are used in the different versions. More than likely, "grow" may have been used in the initial draft, but was later changed by McCrae, through editing, to "blow" so not to repeat the final word in line fourteen, which some consider bad form when writing a Rondeau. In a handwritten entry in the diary of Clare Gass Fonds, a nurse stationed with McCrae, the poem appears on a page dated October 30, 1915 with the word "blow" ending the first line. This indicates that McCrae had made the change prior to

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submitting it to *Punch* and they did not request permission to change the ending of the opening line.

On June 1, 1915. McCrae was ordered away from the artillery to establish the Number 3 Canadian General Hospital at Dannes-Camiers near Boulogne-Sur-Mer in Northern France. For eight months the hospital operated in Durbar Tents and in February 1916 was moved into the old Jesuit College in Boulogne-Sur-Mer.

After *In Flanders Fields* appeared in *Punch* on December 8, 1915 and McCrae was named as the author in the year end index, the poem became one of the most popular poems of the war. It was used in a number of fund-raising campaigns and translated into a vast number of languages. The United States printed extensively along with *America's Answer*, written by Robert William Lillard following McCrae's death. (Lillard's poem appears later in this book)



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The Anxious Dead

- John McCrae †

*O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)*

*O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.*

*Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.*

*Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep;
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.*

This is the last poem McCrae wrote before he died. Published in the London *Spectator* in September 1917 and posthumously in *In Flanders Field and Other Poems* in 1919. Set to music as *Oh Guns, Fall Silent* by Rose Pringle; (Luckhardt and Belder, New York in 1919).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

McCrae was promoted to the acting rank of Colonel on January 13, 1918 and named Consulting Physician to the British Armies in France. He contracted pneumonia that day and later developed cerebral meningitis. On January 28, 1918, McCrae died of pneumonia with extensive pneumococcus meningitis at the British General Hospital in Wimereux, France. He was buried the following day, with full military honors, in the Commonwealth War graves Commission section of Wimereux Cemetery.



Southern Arizona Press

A Flander's Grave

- Nathaniel Nathanson

*In Flanders fields peace reigns to-night;
Quiet are they who led the fight –
And bravely fought, but had to die,
That Freedom's banner still should fly
And Justice triumph over Might.*

*Upon one grave by moon made bright,
God looks down from an unknown height,
Where now one sleeps who wished to lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Where poppies bloomed, there now is white –
For snow adds glory to the site
Of his grave who in days flown by
Had loved those fields where skylarks fly.
He sleeps now, in the calm moonlight
In Flanders fields*

Nathan Nathanson was born January 6, 1899 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was a teacher, student, and writer in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He wrote *A Flander's Grave* in honor of Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, buried in Flanders in 1918. First appeared in the *Philadelphia Enquire*. It was included in *Poems of Today*, edited by Alice Cecilia Cooper (Ginn and Company, New York, 1924)

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

To Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae

(Died in Flanders Jan 28, 1918)

– Marie L. Eglinton

*Others have fought, like you, and some have sung
Of scarlet bloom upon the fields of death;
And we have watched, and we have listened, wrung
By helpless feeling, till the quickening breath
Of justice fanned our listless wills to flame,
And pushed to proof the lovers of her name.*

*From yours and from your comrades' failing hands
We caught the torch, thank God, noy quite too late.
Oh. We were shamed indeed, if His commands
From faithful lips like yours had had no weight –
If we had broken faith with you who died,
And, in the breaking, no disgrace descried.*

*Now, though your body lies on well-won fields
Your eager spirit still its power wields
To mind us if the task so well begun.
To warn us lest your toil be all undone.
The pageantry of peace be pasteboard show,
While waiting horrors skulk in leashed row!*

*Speak to our souls in every sunset hue:
Bid dawn, returning, spread your faith anew!
Memorial cross, dismantled gun, affirm
The power of wills like yours to end the term
Of mortal greed, inhuman hate and pride.
And found the Reign of Truth for which you died!*

Marie L Eglinton. From a newspaper clipping in a scrapbook circa 1925.

In Memory of LtCol John McCrae
- Stella M Bainbridge

*Across the fields of Flanders
The snow lies as a pall,
And moaning o'er the wasted land,
The winds arise and fall;
But he, who sang in Flanders fields,
Has passed beyond their call.*

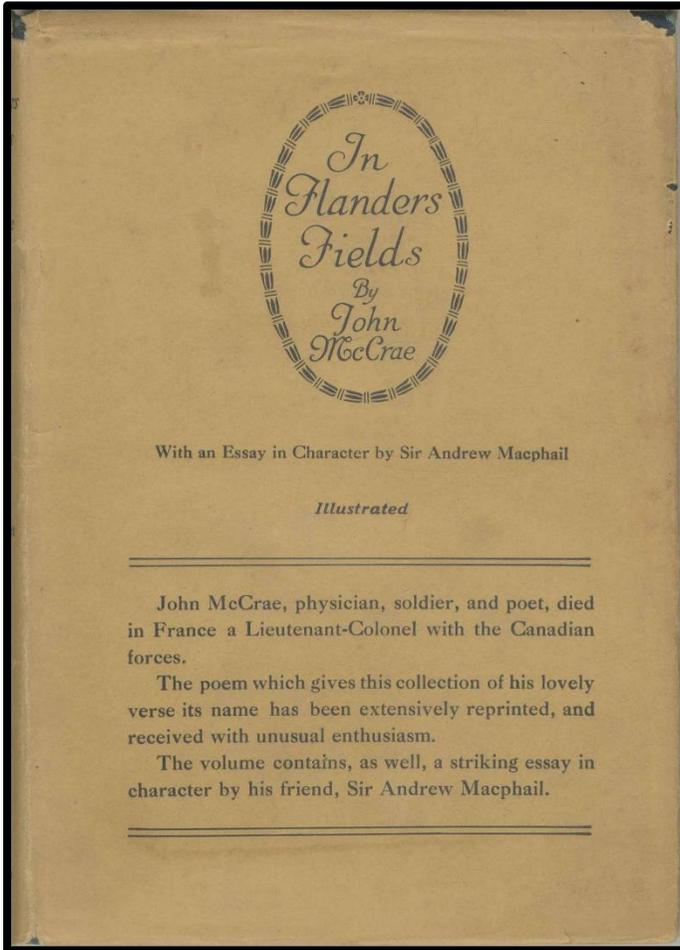
*The spring will come to Flanders,
And poppies bloom again-
As when he marked them sentinel
Upon the cross-strewn plain;
And they will breathe of love and life
Triumphant over pain.*

*And when we dream of Flanders-
Torn land of griefs and fears-
We shall recall his memory
Through all the coming years;
When silence broods o'er Flanders fields,
And peace enshrines our tears.*

Stella Marguerite Bainbridge, Originally published in *The University Magazine* at McGill University and later in *In the Day of Battle - Poems of the Great War*, selected by Carrie Ellen Holman, (Williams Briggs, Toronto, Canada, 1916).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

A book of McCrae's works, *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems* was published the following year.



Cover of the first edition of
In Flanders Fields and Other Poems,
(Williams Briggs, 1919)

The Last Farewell of John McCrae

- Henry Polk Lowenstein

*A long farewell to Flanders Fields!
I mount! I now no longer feel
The sting of death. I upward soar
And sweet melodies outpour
To him, for Him to me revealed.*

*To gaping wound and broken wheel,
And muddy trench and flashing steel,
And bursting shell and cannon roar,
A long farewell!*

*To scenes of youth and church-bell peal,
To out-door sports and mother's leal,
And manhood's hope and sunny shore,
And earthly pleasures all no more,
And bleeding hearts that never hear,
A long farewell!*

Henry Polk Lowenstein (1859-1946) was born in Monroe County, Tennessee. He was educated at White Hall, Illinois and was a lawyer and judge in Kansas City, Missouri. He was a prolific writer of magazine verse. This poem was published in the author's book, *Memorial Poems*, (Henry Polk Lowenstein, Kansas City, Missouri, 1921).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

A SOLDIER'S VERSE-LETTER FROM THE CAMP.



To the Truest of Pals.

MY MOTHER.

The Lord watch for ever between me and thee,
When we are absent one from the other ;
Are the words that I send with heart full of love
To my best of dear pals, my mother.

'Twas many days since that I left my loved home,
To answer Old England's cry,
The parting was hard and tho' she tried to be
brave,

There were tears in my dear mother's eyes.

"God bless you" said she, "God bless her" say I,
For of mother's no man had a better,
And while I'm in Camp here, or out at the front,
She knows I shall never forget her,

So cheer up, dear mother, my truest of pals,
Tho' at parting your heart may feel sore,
We will all look forward with hearts full of hope
To true happiness when with you once more.

From *Alfred*

[All Rights Reserved]

Lionel Winton, 22 Queen's Road, Brighton.

The Answers and Response Poems

Following the publication of “In Flanders Fields” in *Punch*, it was republished throughout the world. The result of this widespread circulation led a number of individuals to pen poems in response to McCrae’s work.

America’s Answer

(Rest Ye in Peace)

– Robert William Lillard

*Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead
The fight that you so bravely led
We’ve taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep,
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
When once his own life-blood ran red
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders Fields.*

*Fear not that ye have died for naught;
The torch ye threw to us we caught,
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And freedom’s light shall never die!
We’ve learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders’ fields.*

Robert William Lillard (1859-1952) wrote the poem after the death of John McCrae in January 1918. First published in the New York Evening Post. Published as *A Canadian’s Appeal from Flanders’ Fields, with America’s Answer*, Vaughan Printing, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (1918), in the *The*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Ladies Home Journal (October 1918), in *The Mathematics Teacher* (December 1, 1918), and in *Soldiers of the Great War, Volume I* (Soldiers Record Publishing Association, Washington D.C., 1920). Later published in *Prose and Poetry, Eighth Year*, (L. W. Singer Company, New York, 1929).

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In Flanders Fields (An Answer)

– Lieutenant Jimmy A. Armstrong

*In Flanders Field the cannon boom,
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above; like eagles, fly.
The fierce destroyers in [of] the sky;
With stains, the earth wherein you lie,
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders Field.*

*Sleep on, ye brave, the shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell,
Shall wake you not, for all is well.*

*Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart, an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe, or sleep with you,
In Flanders Field.*

Lieutenant Jimmy A. Armstrong was from Beloit, Wisconsin. His poem was transcribed in the diary of Ella Jane Osborn, an army nurse stationed in an evacuation hospital in France dated 29-30 July 1918. Published on February 10, 1918, in the *New York Times Book Review*. The poem appears in *The Ohio Farmer*, Volume 143, dated February 1, 1919, credited to Charles Burleigh (C.B.) Galbreath. The poem was later published by Galbreath in his book *This Crimson Flower* (Stoneman Press, Columbus, Ohio, December 1919).

The Torch-Bearers

– Brenton A. Macnab

*In Flanders Fields the bugles blow.
There helmed our ranks; and, row on row,
Our place is marked; the torch in hand
To keep the faith whose flame be fanned,
Who won his cross where poppies grow.*

*We know our dead! What time ago
We lived akin where maples blow!
The cause they loved we love – we stand
In Flanders Fields.*

*The quarrel – waxed fiercer – with the foe
Goes on, we deal him blow for blow.
Sing on, ye larks, who bravely fly;
Your note recalls a purpose high,
Sleep on, ye brave, where poppies grow
In Flanders Fields*

Brenton Alexander Macnab (*sometimes spelled McNab*) (1863-1948) was a poet from Montreal, Quebec, Canada. He served as the Managing Editor of the *Montreal Star* from 1892 to 1912. In 1903, the *Montreal Star*, along with the *Toronto Telegram*, created the Canadian Associated Press. Macnab served as the Founder, Vice President, and Editor of the *Montreal Daily Mail* from October 8, 1913, to 31 August 1917. In 1914, he began publishing an afternoon newspaper, *The Evening News*, in Montreal, with the first edition appearing on May 27, 1914. He also served as the editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*. He was listed as a member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society in 1913. He published a book of verse, *The Seasons* (Val Morin, Quebec, January 28, 1919). The *Torch-Bearers* appeared on page 910 in the *Christian Register* (also referred to as *The Unitarian Register*), Volume 97, September 19, 1918.

From Other Fields
(Reply to "In Flanders Fields")
– John Mitchell

*Oh! sleep in peace where poppies grow;
The torch your falling hands let go
Was caught by us, again held high,
A beacon light in Flanders sky
That dims the stars to those below.
You are our dead, you held the foe,
And ere the poppies cease to blow,
We'll prove our faith in you who lie
In Flanders Fields.*

*Oh! rest in peace, we quickly go
To you who bravely died, and know
In other fields was heard the cry,
For freedom's cause, of you who lie,
So still asleep where poppies grow,
In Flanders Fields.*

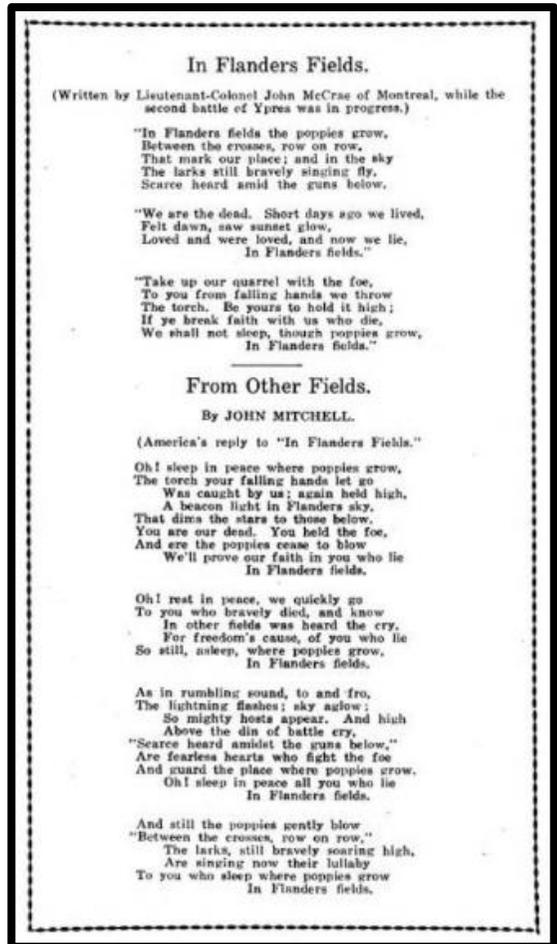
*As in rumbling sound, to and fro,
The lightning flashes, sky aglow,
The mighty hosts appear, and high
Above the din of battle cry,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below,
Are fearless hearts who fight the foe,
And guard the place where poppies grow.
Oh! sleep in peace, all you who lie
In Flanders Fields.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*And still the poppies gently blow,
Between the crosses, row on row.
The larks, still bravely soaring high,
Are singing now their lullaby
To you who sleep where poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.*

Written in 1916. Published in the *New York Herald*. Later in the *Detroit Motor News*, 1918 and *The Jersey Bulletin and Dairy World*, Volume 38, Number 6, Page 218, February 5, 1919 (photo at right).

(Unverified information on this poem includes the following: John Mitchell (b. 1863) was a Scottish poet. *From Other Fields* was included in his book *Bydand – Poems of War and Peace* (William Smith and Sons, Aberdeen, 1918))



Southern Arizona Press

In Flanders Now
– Edna Parliament Jaques

*We have kept faith. Ye Flanders' dead,
Sleep well beneath those poppies red,
That mark you place.*

*The torch your dying hands did throw,
We've held it high before the foe,
And answered bitter blow for blow,
In Flanders' fields.*

*And where your heroes' blood was spilled,
The guns are now forever stilled,
And silent grown.*

*There is no moaning of the slain
There is no cry of torture pain,
And blood will never flow again
In Flanders' fields.*

*Forever holy in our sight,
Shall be those crosses gleaming white,
That guard your sleep.*

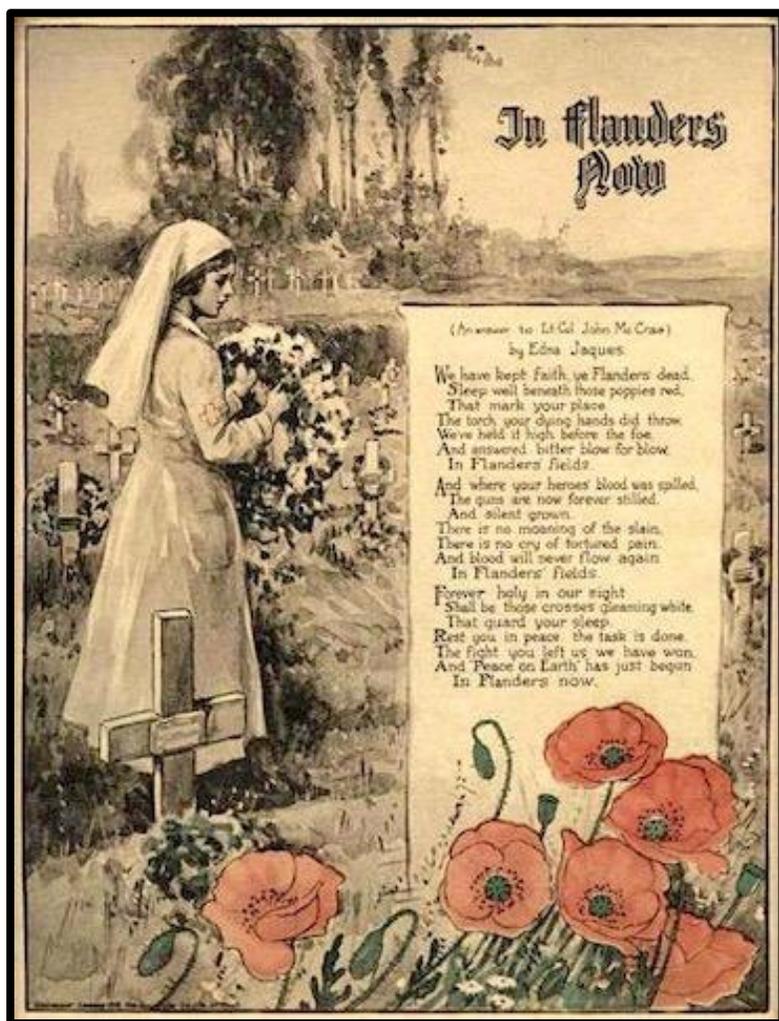
*Rest you in peace, the task is done,
The fight you left us we have won,
And "Peace on Earth" has just begun,
In Flanders now.*

Edna Parliament Jaques (1891-1979) was a Canadian poet, author, and public speaker. *In Flanders Now* was published in the Aylmer Express Newspaper on December 26, 1918 and by the Heliotype Company of Ottawa, Canada, 1919. Her response was recited a part of the ceremony for the dedication of the United States Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington, Virginia with a copy placed in the memorial chapel. The poem was later printed on a card along with the Belgian national anthem and sold



The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

for 10¢ a copy with sales exceeded \$1,000,000 toward the war relief fund. By the time of her death, she had published 13 books and had sold over 250,000 copies.



In Flanders Fields (Victores Requiescunt)

– Charles Burleigh Galbreath

*In Flanders Fields the winds are low,
ON high and shadowy scud clouds go,
While gently falls the silent snow;
And crosses stretch their arms of white
Above a welcome robe of light
In Flanders Fields*

*The war-worn world has found release,
And in the chaste and hallowed bed
Serenely sleep the martyred dead,
While falls the benison of peace
In Flanders Fields*

*Sleep, visitors, sleep when falls the snow,
When spring returns, when poppies blow;
Our legions heard your mute appeal,
They kept the faith through fire and steel,
And when the battle flags were furled
Your torch illumined all the world
From Flanders Fields.*

Charles Burleigh (C.B.) Galbreath (1858-1934) was a writer, historian, educator, the State Librarian of Ohio (1896-1911 and 1915-1918), and the Secretary and Librarian for the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society (1920-1934). He served as the first president of the the National Association of State Librarians in 1900. *In Flanders Fields (Victores Requiescunt)* is dated November 27, 1918. Appears in *The Ohio Farmer*, Volume 143, dated February 1, 1919. Published by Galbreath in his book *The Crimson Flower: In Flanders Fields, An Answer, and Other Verse* (Stoneman Press, Columbus Ohio, December 1919).



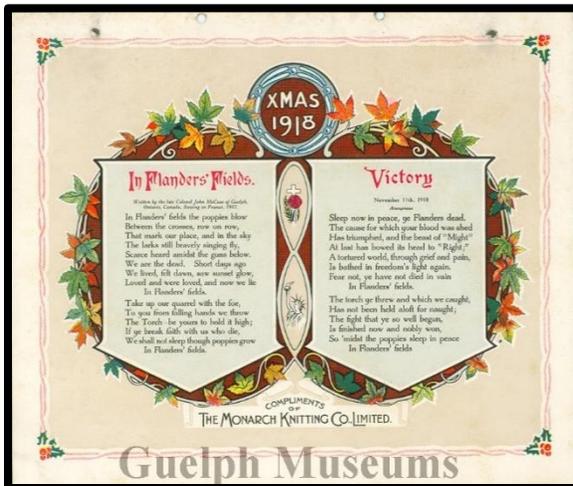
The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Victory
Anonymous

*Sleep now in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The cause for which your blood was shed
Has triumphed, and the beast of "Might"
At last has bowed his head to "Right;"
A tortured world, through grief and pain,
Is bathed in freedom's light again.
Fear not, ye have not died in vain
In Flanders' fields.*

*The torch ye threw and which we caught,
Has not been held aloft for naught;
The fight that ye so well begun,
Is finished now and nobly won,
So 'midst the poppies sleep in peace
In Flanders' fields*

11 November 1918, Printed on a card titled "Xmas 1918" compliments of The Monarch Knitting Company, Limited. Found in a scrapbook circa 1925.



Mother of One Who Sleeps in Flanders Fields

- Mark A. McGruder

*In Flanders fields, where poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
One marks your place, and in the sky
The stars in silence standing by
Will sing your praises, while they glow,
And all of those who died*

In Flanders Fields –

For us.

*You're not the dead, who days ago,
Lived, moved, felt dawn, saw sunset's glow,
Loved and were loved and now you lie*

In Flanders fields –

For us.

*In Flanders fields for us you died.
Time and its changes will not hide
Nor dim the glory you have won:
But every age till time is done
Will sound the praise of you and yours
And all of those who died*

In Flanders fields –

For us.

Mark Austin McGruder (1879-, Kansas City, Missouri, Missouri Senator (1916). Poem published in the *Toronto Globe*, 1918 and *The New York Time*, March 17, 1918. McGruder wrote to the *Toronto Globe* that McCrae's verse "has created more favorable comment than any wartime poem written thus far." The poem was included in the *History of Pettis County Missouri* by Mark A. McGruder (Historical Publishing Company, Topeka-Indianapolis-Cleveland, 1919).



Answer to “In Flanders’ Fields”

- Lizzie Chambers Hull

*Dead heroes of the Flanders fields,
Sleep dreamlessly and well, nor know
One doubt of those to who has passed,
From stiff'ning hand and heart-beat slow.
That sacred torch ye guarded to the last.
A million eager hands have grasped
They Flanders torch!*

*Then let the poppies blow and grow.
In sorrow bow their stately heads;
The ‘brave larks’ trill a blessing low,
In requiem, o’er thy patriot beds;
For we, to whom thy holy trust was given,
Shall bear that light through earth and heaven
Thy Flanders torch!*



Lizzie Chambers Hull (1841-1924) was a poet and wife of Edward Brodie Hull. Her *Answer to “In Flanders’ Fields”* was published on page 94 of the *Missouri School Journal*, Volume 36, Number 2, February 1919. In 1911, her poem *Missouri* won a contest for the Missouri State Song out of more than one thousand manuscripts submitted and she was awarded a prize of \$500. In 1913, the Missouri chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution instituted a contest for a musical setting of the poem and the setting by Julia Stevens Bacon won the prize.

Esprit de Flanders

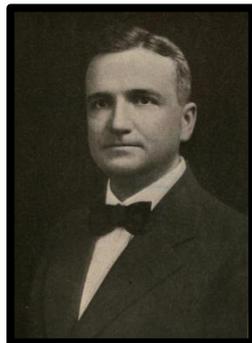
- Edward J. White

*Spirit of Flanders' poppied field –
Most radiant gen in Freedom's shield –
While you soar skyward with the lark,
The millions here have caught the spark;
Freedom t'no tyrant's might shall yield!
Your Dead have passed with sunset glow –
Earth's bravest mortals here below!
We loved them, and shall sleep with them
In Flanders' Fields.*

*We joined you 'gainst the brutal foe,
Held high the torch and brought him low
On Flanders' Fields. We praise the day
You lighted for our fleet the way
Amid the U-boats and the spray
To Flanders' Fields.*

*Your dead ne'er charged nor died in vain
Amid the schrapnel [sic] and the rain
On Flanders' Fields. War's rage is run;
It punished well the cruel Hun!
So sleep in peace, your victory's won
On Flanders' Fields.*

Edward Joseph White (1869-1935) served as an attorney for the Missouri Pacific Railroad and in 1913 was elected president of the Missouri State Bar Association. He also served as the director of the National Bank of Commerce of St Louis and the Lawrence County prosecuting attorney. He authored six legal works between 1903 and 1911. His *Esprit de Flanders* was published on page 94 of the *Missouri School Journal*, Volume 36, Number 2, February 1919.



***Response to Colonel McCrae's
In Flanders Fields***

– Mrs E. W. Crosby

*In Flanders Fields, where poppies grow.
We see the crosses row on row;
They mark the place where brave lads fell,
That peace on earth might always dwell.*

*For old men's wars Youth paid the price,
Climbed Calvary's hill of Sacrifice;
Was it in vain their blood was spilled
In Flanders fields?*

*God calls! Life's war will not be wone
Till love abides with every one.
To you who gave your all, we cry,
We'll keep the faith, though we may die
Like you who fell where poppies grow,
In Flanders fields.*

Mrs. E. W. Crosby. This poem was published by the author in a volume of verse entitled *Thoughts*, copyright 1919.

To Those Who Sleep in Flanders Fields
(A Canadian Response)
- James Ferres

*Heroes, sleep on! In that long row
Of graves, where Flanders poppies grow;
The larks, with hearts undaunting, sing,
And, rich in hope, their music fling
Where guns have scattered death below.*

*Me call you dead; ye are not so,
For you the Unsetting Sun will glow;
Your deeds will kindred souls inspire
And fill with patriotic fire;
Grief on your graves her tribute lays,
And Gratitude her homage pays,
And Love, with proud yet wistful eye,
Keeps vigil, where ye sleeping lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Still more now is your fight our own,
The torch that from your hands was thrown
Shall not be quenched, but held on high,
The faith ye teach us shall not die.
Then take your rest in slumber deep,
Doubt not that we the tryst will keep,
Nor dream that ye in vain have died,
FREEDOM shall not be crucified;
Through summer shine and winter snow
Sleep, where the drowsy poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

James Ferres (d.1926) was the son of James Moir Ferres who was the one-time owner of the *Montreal Gazette*. This poem, considered to be his best, was written in Montreal in September 1918 and was published in

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

the *Montreal Star*; on page 16 of the *The University Magazine*, McGill University, February 1919, Volume XVIII, Number 1; and on page 76 of the April 14, 1919, in *The Canadian Gazette*.

TO THOSE WHO SLEEP IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

(A Canadian Response.)

Heroes, sleep on! in that long row
Of graves, where crimson poppies blow;
The larks, with hearts undaunted, sing,
And, rich in hope, their music fling
Where guns have scattered death below.

Men call you dead; ye are not so,
For you the Unsetting Sun will glow;
Your deeds will kindred souls inspire
And fill with patriotic fire,
And Memory, till our life depart
Will keep you living in each heart.
Grief on your graves her tribute lays,
And Gratitude her homage pays,
And Love, with proud yet wistful eye,
Keeps vigil, where ye sleeping lie
In Flanders fields.

Still more now is your fight our own,
The torch that from your hands was thrown
Shall not be quenched, but held on high,
The faith ye teach us shall not die.
Then take your rest in slumber deep,
Doubt not that we the tryst will keep,
Nor dream that ye in vain have died,
Freedom shall not be crucified;
Through summer shine and winter snow
Sleep, where the drowsy poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JAMES FERRES.

Montreal, September, 1918.

Reprinted from the "University Magazine."

Southern Arizona Press

Sleep in France

- Katherine Paul

*They sleep in peace, those boys of ours
Under the soil of France.
'Neath winter snows and springtime flowers
And the breezes as they dance.
So let them rest, the lads so brave,
Yes, rest there side by side
With freedom's flag to guard each brave
The flag for which they died.*

*They rest so well, the flag unstained
By greed or lust or fear,
They died for honor – well attained
For all we hold so dear.
So ladies, sleep your last long sleep,
When courage won the day
Mute memories for France to keep
Of all we had to pay.*

*Oh mothers, you who gave your sons,
Be first to say "I know
My boy would lie where freedom's guns
Laid hate forever low.*

*His body may be far away
His spirit's close me,
So rest, dear lad, yes rest for aye
In France across the sea."*

Published in the *New York Herald*, 1919.

On Flanders Fields

– Henry Polk Lowenstein

*On Flanders Fields the sun beams bright,
The silver moon looks down at night,
And clustered stars from heaven shine
Upon the long-drawn battle line,
From darkness to ternal light!*

*The little mounds and crosses white,
From lowly vale to mountain height,
Have marked this place a holy shrine,
On Flanders Fields!*

*The pulseless here they won the fight,
In that great battle for the right,
And now their souls in peace recline
And rest in that Great Heart-of-Mine
While curtain falls without affright,
On Flanders Fields!*

Henry Polk Lowenstein (1859-1946) was born in Monroe County, Tennessee. He was educated at White Hall, Illinois and was a lawyer and judge in Kansas City, Missouri. He was a prolific writer of magazine verse. This poem was first published in the author's book, *Memorial Poems*, (Henry Polk Lowenstein, Kansas City, Missouri, 1921).

O, Let Me Sleep in Flanders Fields

Henry Polk Lowenstein

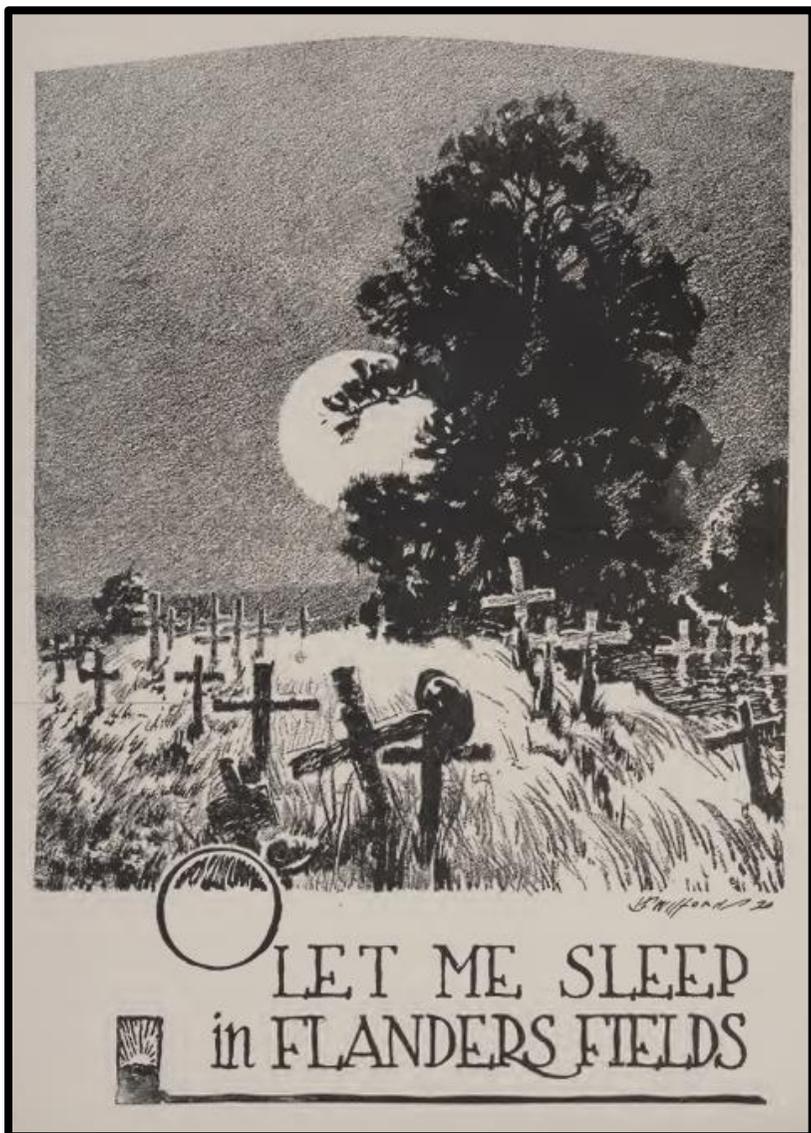
*In Flanders fields, O, let me sleep,
And wake me not, and never weep
For me I rest in perfect peace;
And till all earthly life shall cease,
I shall in silent slumber sleep.*

*You do me wrong to stir and sweep
Away my fondest hopes, and keep
Me from my rest and just release
In Flanders fields.*

*Disturb me not, but let me sleep
Right where I an, and never weep
Again, for I shall never cease
To live and make my light increase,
As time rolls on in silence deep,
In Flanders fields*

Henry Polk Lowenstein (1859-1946) This poem was first published in the *Kansas City Star*, 1920. Published in the author's book, *Memorial Poems*, (Henry Polk Lowenstein, Kansas City, Missouri, 1921).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance



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Decoration Day
– Henry Polk Lowenstein

*Of all the days in the fleeting year,
The saddest and sweetest and one most dear
To us is Decoration Day,
When we scatter the flowers o'er the blue and the gray.
And honor the khaki, far and near.*

*With neither malice, hate nor fear,
They marched away 'neath sky so clear,
To make this day the glory-day,
Of all the days.*

*The widow's sigh, the orphan's tear,
The mother's love, the father's cheer,
And the poppies' blushing heads that sway
'Neath country's flag and sun's hot ray,
Make this the day, where death is peer,
Of all the days.*

Henry Polk Lowenstein (1859-1946) This poem was first published in the author's book, *Memorial Poems*, (Henry Polk Lowenstein, Kansas City, Missouri, 1921).

The Coming of Peace

– A. M. Fox

*Rest ye in peace ye Flanders dead
The cause for which your blood ran red
Is finished now. And we did keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
Beneath the sod all poppy blown
Where crosses mark the spot o'ergrown
Where once the guns dread death had sown.
For freedom's cause you lie asleep
In Flanders Fields*

*And so the nations yet unborn,
Until the dawning of that morn
When all shall rise, will hold the torch ye threw on high.
Nor let the light of Freedom die,
This is the oath that we have sworn
By Flanders Fields*

Published in Toronto, 27 April. From a newspaper clipping in a scrapbook circa 1925.

Ye Are Not Dead

– Frank E. Hering

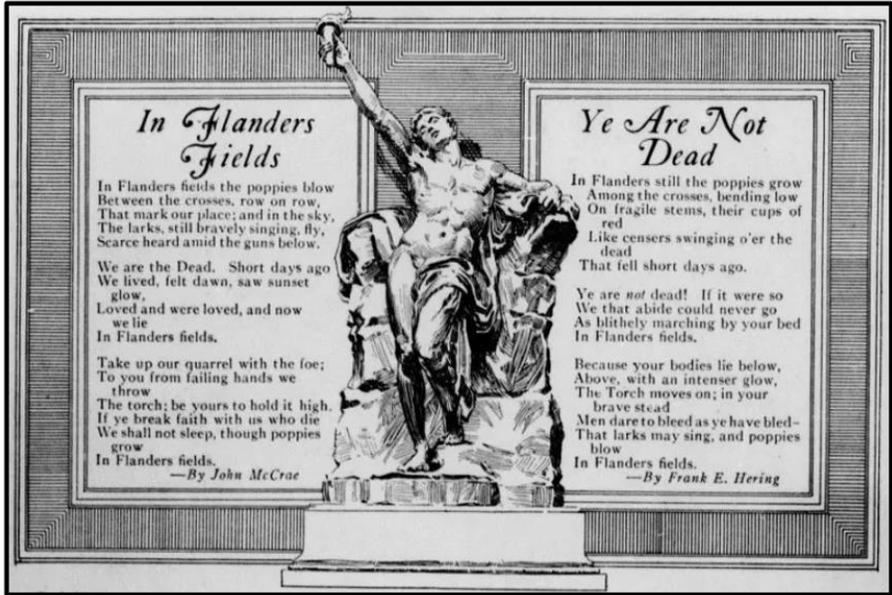
*In Flanders still the poppies grow
Among the Crosses, bending low
On fragile stems, their cups of red
Like censers swinging o'er the dead
That fell short days ago.*

*Ye are not dead! If it were so
We that abide could never go
As blithely marching by you bed
In Flanders fields.*

*Because your bodies lie below,
Above, with an intenser glow,
The Torch moves on; in your brave stead
Men dare to bleed as ye have bled –
That larks my sing, and poppies blow
In Flanders fields.*

Frank E. Hering was from South Bend, Indiana. His poem appeared in the *Gold Star Honor Roll: Record of Indiana Men and Women who died in the service of the United States and the Allied Nations in the World War* which was published in 1921. He was an initiate of the Phi Gamma Delta chapter at Bucknell University and as Notre Dame's first full-time football coach in the late 1890s, was known as the "Father of Notre Dame Football." He was involved in making Mother's Day a holiday and the Fraternal Order of Eagles recognized him the "Father of Mother's Day."

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance



As the poem appeared in *Phi Gamma Delta Magazine*

Southern Arizona Press

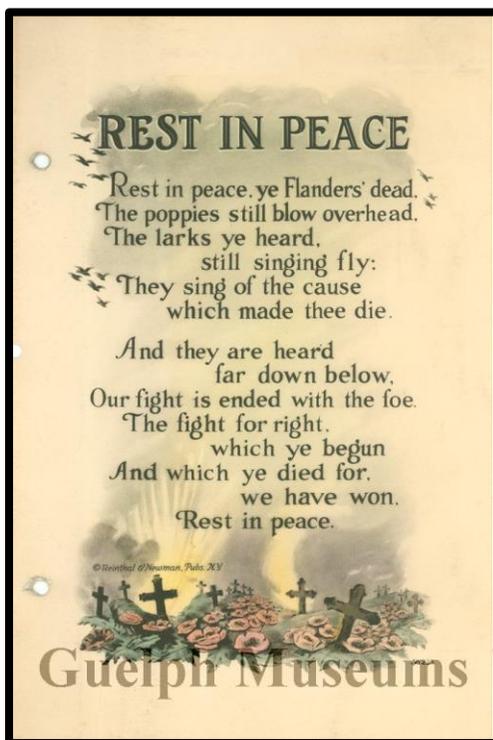
Rest in Peace

– Author unknown

*Rest in peace ye Flanders' dead
The poppies still blow overhead,
The larks ye heard, still singing fly:
They sing of the cause which made thee die.*

*And they are heard far down below,
Our fight is ended with the foe.
The fight for right, which ye begun
And which ye died for, we have won
Rest in Peace*

Reinthal & Newman, Publishers,
New York. Printed on a card.
Found in a scrapbook circa 1925.



The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

In Flanders Fields
(In memory of John McCrae)
– Author Unknown

*Sleep in peace, ye Flanders dead,
While 'twixt the crosses o'er your head
The poppies blow, and in the sky,
The larks so blithely singing fly,
And all is quiet down below.*

*Ye are the dead. In life's full flow
We live, feel dawn, see sunset glow,
Love and are loved, and yet we sigh
In Flanders fields.*

*Your quarrel's ended with the foe,
We caught the torch you down did throw,
We've kept the faith and held it high
That not in vain would brave men die,
So, rest in peace, where poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

From the service of Eleanor McGee, American Red Cross nurse at Base Hospital #23 "The Nouvel" located in Vittel, France 1918-1919.

The Ladies and the Mission



Madame Anna A. Guérin



Moina Bella Michael

In early 1911, a French woman named Madame Anna A. Guérin began a career in the United Kingdom as a lecturer for the Alliance Française, providing lectures on famous historical French women such as Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, and Josephine Bonaparte. She toured for most of each year, but always spent her summers in France.

In 1914, while still lecturing for the Alliance Française, she agreed to go on annual lecture tours to the United States. In October 1914, just after the outbreak of the First World War in Europe, she arrived in New York City. Although she would not officially be a war Lecturer until America had entered the war

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

in 1917, she gave her Alliance Française lectures and discreetly told audiences of her country's suffering in the war.

At the end of each of her lectures, a third party took donations and forwarded them to a relief agency in France. Evidence suggests that the Alliance Française actively approved and allowed this fund raising to take place at her lectures. As a war lecturer, Anna raised funds for the American Red Cross (for their work in France), the Food for France Fund, French invalid soldiers, and French widows and orphans.

Additionally, as an official war lecturer for the U.S. Council of Defense she became involved in the country's War Bond drives. Her reputation preceded her. Whenever she canvassed an area already visited, she would raise even more money. People felt privileged to listen to her speak and she received positive reviews written by people who were bewitched by her. There were even tales of grown men crying when she described the suffering in France.

When the influenza pandemic of 1918 caused the closing of schools and prevented public gatherings in the US, Anna's tour was cut short, and she returned to France.

In September 1918, Moina Belle Michael, a professor at the University of Georgia, took a leave of absence to work with the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) Overseas War Workers in New York City. She had a desk set up in the basement of Hamilton Hall, Columbia University where she helped coordinate the transportation of fallen soldiers from New York City to their hometowns.

On Saturday, November 9, 1918, while on duty for the 25th Conference of the Overseas YMCA War Secretaries which was being held at Hamilton Hall, Columbia University in New York City, a soldier placed a copy of the November 1918 edition of *The Ladies Home Journal* with a dog-eared page on her desk. When she had time to read it, she discovered the marked page and found a poem titled *We Shall Not Sleep* (also known as *In Flanders Fields*) by John McCrae.



Although she had read the poem before, she became extremely moved by the final verse:

*To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

She later described the reading as a spiritual experience; as though silent voices were whispering to her. From that moment on, she pledged to always wear a red poppy of Flanders as a sign of remembrance.

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Her story continues that three men who were attending the conference appeared at her desk, thanked her for her efforts, and gave her a check for \$10. She decided to use the money to buy red poppies and showed the men the poem. They took the poem back to the conference and following adjournment, returned to ask her for red poppies. Although she had no poppies at the headquarters, she promised she would get them that afternoon in the city. That afternoon, she visited multiple novelty shops featuring artificial flowers, none of which had red poppies. Finally, at Wanamaker's, she found a large red poppy, which she bought for the budvase on her desk, and two dozen small silk red four-petal poppies, fashioned after the wild poppies of Flanders.

After making the purchase, the young girl who served her inquired why she was searching for single petaled red poppies. After Moina told her the story, the girl related that her brother was currently sleeping among the poppies behind the battlefields of France in a few-months' old soldier's grave. This further convinced Moina that the choice of the poppy as a symbol of remembrance for those "sleeping" in Flanders Fields was no coincidence.

When she returned to the Conference headquarters for the evening, the men crowded around for poppies to wear. She had pinned one atop her cloak collar, and the rest she gave out until the last poppy was pinned on the collar of the YMCA secretary of the 25th Conference.

This became the birth of the Flanders Fields Memorial Poppy.

On that same day, she quickly penned her own response to McCrae's poem on the back of a used envelope.

We Shall Keep the Faith

- Moina Bell Michael

*Oh! You who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet - to rise anew!
We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With All who died.*

*We cherish, too, the poppy red
That grows on fields where valor led;
It seems to signal to the skies
That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
On the flower that blooms above the dead
In Flanders Fields.*

*And now the Torch and Poppy Red
We wear in honor of our dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught;
We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought
In Flanders Fields.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Meanwhile, Anna was halfway across the Atlantic when the Armistice was announced on November 11, 1918. She thought her work was over, but within days of being back on the European continent, she was summoned to Paris and asked by the French government to return to America to form the American-Franco Children's League to raise money for charity.

On December 4, 1918, back in New York, the 28th Conference of YMCA Overseas Secretaries meeting at Columbia University, informed Moina Michael that they had adopted the emblem of a poppy in the following letter:

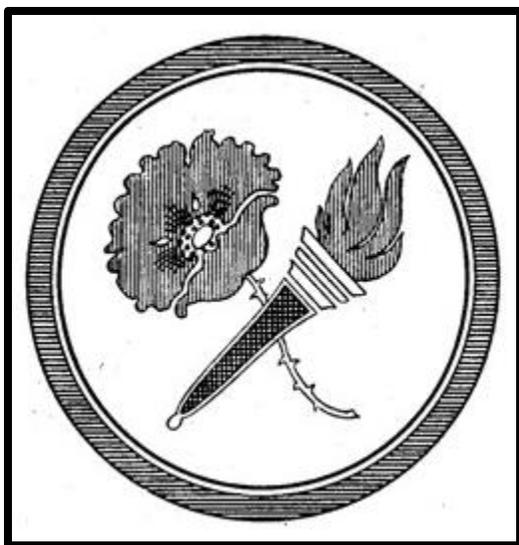
My dear Miss Michael,

This is to inform you that the twenty-eighth Conference of the Overseas Y.M.C.A. Workers, at their sessions adopted the Poppy as the emblem of their organization. This was done in recognition of the brave men who gave their lives in devotion to a great cause on the Fields of Flanders where Poppies grow. It will be a constant reminder to us that we too must give our lives unsparingly in service.

Wishing you success in the effort to have other organizations adopt this emblem.

*I am. Sincerely yours
John G. Jury
Pres, 28th Conference Y.M.C.A*

Following the adoption of the Poppy by the Conference of the Overseas YMCA Workers, Moina entered into a contract with a publicity agent, Lee Keedick, and a lawyer, Otho L. Ferris on December 13, 1919, relating to her idea for a Victory Emblem consisting of a Victory Torch and Poppy entwined.



On December 26, 1918, Moina applied for a US patent for her Victory Emblem badge design. On February 6, 1919, the Calvary Baptist Church in New York City adopted her Victory Emblem and on February 14, the first official use of the Torch and Poppy emblem was unveiled in Carnegie Hall during a lecture by Canadian ace pilot Colonel William Avery "Billy" Bishop.

On March 11, 1919, Moina was granted a US patent for her Victory Emblem and five days later, March 16, the American Legion was formed in Paris, France by the American Expeditionary Forces veterans.

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

That same month, Anna took up the challenge to form the American-Franco Children's League and returned to the US. The League aimed to aid needy French children and promote the friendship between the US and France which had begun in 1776.

As Anna was returning to the US in March 1919, Moina moved back to Georgia and resumed her position at the University of Georgia. With the return of thousands of former servicemen, she realized there was not only a need to honor the memory of those who had died in the service of their country, but also a need to help those returning with mental, physical, and spiritual needs as well.

During the summer of 1919, Moina taught a class of disabled servicemen and learned firsthand the needs of these war heroes. It was that class that gave her the idea to expand the scope of her Poppy idea to one of raising funds to help all servicemen who needed help for themselves and for their dependents and several patriotic organizations in Georgia adopted her Victory Emblem.

The first contact between Moina Michael and Anna Guérin appears to be a letter written by Anna in 1919. She stated that someone had given her a postcard with Moina's poem, *We Shall Keep the Faith*, and a poppy and wished to compliment her on the poem.

Meanwhile, during the summer of 1919, Anna was forming an American-Franco Children's League in each state she visited with prominent people becoming members of her committees: State Governors, State Superintendents of Schools, Commanders of the American Legion, local Presidents of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Chair of the local War Mothers' Associations.

As each State Committee was formed. League members organized "Poppy Days". On October 8, 1919, Anna addressed the Gold Star Mothers of Baltimore at their first convention. These were women whose sons had been killed in France. She read McCrae's *In Flanders Fields* and spoke of poppies as the symbol of war heroes and discussed conducting Poppy Days and asked the Gold Star Mothers to assist. Her proposal was accepted.

The first "Poppy Day" was held on October 25, 1919 in Baltimore, Maryland. Anna financed the making of 10,000 artificial silk poppies in Baltimore for the event and the funds raised were sent to France.

Moina's campaign to create a national symbol for remembrance, her Victory Emblem, did not get excepted very widely, but in mid-1920, she was able to get the Georgia branch of the American Legion to adopt the poppy (minus the torch) as its symbol. From September 27 to 29, 1920, Moina accompanied the American Legion delegation from Georgia to the National American Legion's Second Convention in Cleveland, Ohio. During the convention, the delegation from Georgia submitted the Resolution to adopt the Poppy as the Memorial Flower of the American Legion.

Anna had been invited to attend the National American Legion's second Convention in Cleveland, Ohio as well. In her role as a spokeswoman for the American and French Children's League, she addressed the Legion members on her "big idea" for an Inter-Allied Poppy Day. There was already support for the poppy to become the Legion's memorial flower since several State Legion Commanders, including the one from Georgia, had sent resolutions to the Legion Headquarters suggesting it. This convention would be the only time Moina Michael and Anna Guérin would ever meet in person.

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

The Flanders' fields poppy idea was adopted unanimously by the committee of the 48 states presidents to whom she spoke and was later accepted by the convention from the platform resolving to adopt the poppy as the American Legion's official flower to memorialize the soldiers who fought and died during the war. The Legion committed to support future "Poppy Days" and it was at this convention that American Legion veterans christened Anna "The Poppy Lady of France".

**SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION
OF
THE AMERICAN LEGION
Cleveland, Ohio
September 27, 28, 29, 1920**

**Resolution No. 83: Adopt the Poppy as the Memorial Flower of The American Legion
Origin: Georgia
Submitted by: Convention Committee on Resolutions**

WHEREAS, A movement has been instituted to adopt the poppy of the memorial flower of The American Legion throughout the nation; and

WHEREAS, Out of this should come some symbol to perpetually remind us, and to unflinching teach coming generations of the value of the "Light of Liberty," and our debt to those who helped to save it for us by paying the supreme sacrifice, and that we may not forget that

"In Flanders's field the poppies grow

Among the crossed—row on row."; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, By The American Legion in National Convention assembled in Cleveland, Ohio, September 27, 28, 29, 1920, That the movement to have the poppy adopted as the memorial flower of The American Legion be endorsed; and, be it finally

RESOLVED, That the National Convention adopt the poppy as the official memorial flower of The American Legion.

On May 19, 1921, the *Gettysburg Times* reported that the American Legion has adopted the poppy as its Memorial Day flower and on May 30, 1921 (Memorial Day), thousands of tiny red silk flowers were distributed throughout America by the Legion and other patriotic organizations, the world's first nation-wide "Poppy Day."

In September 1921, delegates at the Auxiliary to the American Legion Convention agreed that disabled American war veterans could make the poppies sold in the United States to

generate the needed income for veterans who had no other income.

In August 1921, Anna arrived in Liverpool, England and took examples of her French-made poppies to Field Marshal Douglas Haig and his newly formed British Legion where she pitched her idea for an Inter-Allied Poppy Day. Her plan was for all allied nations to raise funds for veterans, their dependents, and other victims of the war through the sale of commemorative poppies. Haig approved the adoption of "Poppy Day" before the end of September and ordered nine million poppies which were to be sold for the first time on 11 November of that year.



On November 11, 1921 the poppies proved to be a huge success and sold out almost immediately, raising more than £106,000 to help veterans with housing and jobs; a considerable sum at the time (over £5 million by today's standards).

In August 1922, the poppy was adopted as the official memorial flower of the Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) at its national convention in Seattle, Washington.

Initially in 1920, Anna proposed that the poppies would be made in France. Allied nations would be able to buy them, and Anna's League and US veterans would benefit from the profit, however, in 1924, the American Legion Auxiliary instituted the National Poppy Program to protect the memorial poppy from becoming commercialized. This ensured that a disabled or hospitalized veteran makes every Auxiliary poppy. The first poppy factory was built in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania that same year. At this same time, the VFW registered the name "Buddy

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Poppy” with the US Patent Office. The term “Buddy” was coined by the poppy makers as a tribute to their comrades who did not come home from the war or who were scarred and crippled for life

Each year, American Legion Auxiliary volunteers distribute more than 25 million red crepe paper poppies in exchange for contributions to assist disabled and hospitalized veterans. 100 percent of the income goes to helping veterans.



The wearing of poppies in remembrance continued to spread around the globe to more than 50 other countries including the United Kingdom, Canada, France, Belgium, Australia, and New Zealand where they are typically worn on 11 November which is their Remembrance or Armistice Day, the day that commemorates the signing of the armistice of 1918 that ended the First World War.

In honor of Poppy Day, the following poem by Canadian Poet, Stella M. Bainbridge was published on page 9 of the *Brandon Daily Sun* Newspaper on November 11, 1922.

Poppy Day
(November 11th, 1921)
- Stella M. Bainbridge

*Leaf by leaf the flaming ashes of the maples
have been shed;
The snow has spread its covering; the singing
birds are fled;
And now the earth a silence keeps,
remembering her dead.*

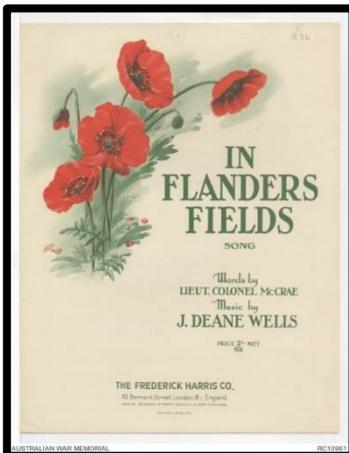
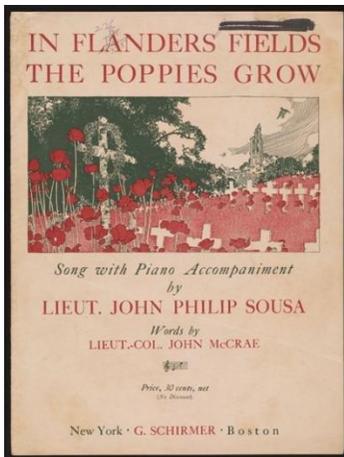
*Redder than the maple's bloom the poppies
where they sleep;
And the winds that sweep across our land o'er
them a vigil keep;
But the harvest shall be golden in the day
God's angels reap.*

*O by these crimson tokens of a love which
cannot fade,
Let us pledge us to the battle for the sacrifice
they made –
Till the fellowship of nations at the feet of God
is laid.*

Editor's Note – There continues to be controversy as to which woman may be the first to have established the poppy as a symbol of remembrance or established the first "Poppy Day." Although they only met once and there was very little communication between the two of them, they both played an important part in the establishment of the poppy as the symbol of remembrance and the adoption of "Poppy Days" across the globe.

Flanders and Poppies in Song

The response to McCrae's poem was not only honored with poems and the establishment of annual "Poppy Days", but with music as well. By the mid-1920s over 55 composers across the United States had set this poem to music including Charles Ives (1917), John Philip Sousa (1918), and Arthur Foote (1919).



In addition to the setting of McCrae's text, as well as the text of several of the response poems, a vast number of lyricists and composers between 1918 and 1924 wrote songs that paid tribute to the fallen and those laid to rest in Flanders Fields.

In Flanders Field

- Rebecca L. Finch

(Verse)

*My heart is out in Flanders Field,
Where poppies gay
Nod heads all day,
Like sprites at play
O'er graves in Flanders Field.*

(Chorus)

*O Flanders Field! O Flanders Field!
My heart is there all day.
O Flanders Field! O Flanders Field!
My heart is there all day.*

(Verse)

*My heart in out in Flanders Field
Where crosses white
O'er eyes so bright,
Now closed to tight,
Our Boys in Flanders Field.*

(Chorus)

*O Flanders Field! O Flanders Field!
My heart is there all day.
O Flanders Field! O Flanders Field!
My heart is there all day.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

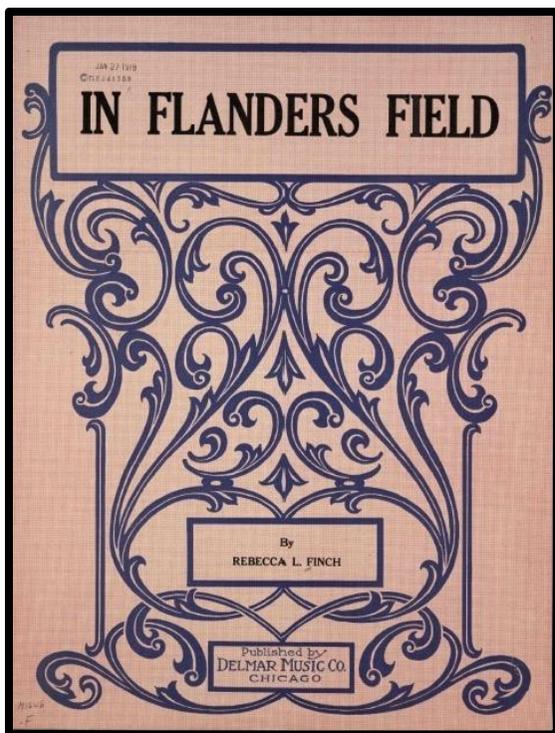
(Verse)

*In Flanders Field, In Flanders Field,
'Mid poppies gay
My Heart will stay,
Nor ever stray
From the graves in Flanders Field.*

(Chorus)

*O Flanders Field! O Flanders Field!
My heart is there all day.
O Flanders Field! O Flanders Field!
My heart is there all day.*

Words and music by Rebecca L Finch, (Delmar Music Company, Chicago, Illinois, 1918).



In Flanders Field (An Answer)

- Henry Polk Lowenstein

*Sleep on, brave soldiers, sleep
Sleep where the poppies grow
Sleep on brave soldiers
In your places, row on row.*

*The larks still soaring in the sky
Still bravely singing, soaring high
Away above the cannon's roar
Scarce heard amid the guns as yore
Before you slept in Flanders Field.*

*The faith with you we've kept
And battled with the foe
On crimson fields by you
We're slept where poppies blow*

*The torch you flung to us we taught
With blistering hands we've bravely fought
To hold it high to guard you through the night
And at the dawn to guide you to the light
When you awake from Flanders Fields*

Words by Henry P. Lowenstein, music by Nell L. Marshall; (Page 7 of the *The Muskogee Times – Democrat*, December 21, 1918). Published in the author's book, *Memorial Poems*, (Henry Polk Lowenstein, Kansas City, Missouri, 1921).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

In Flanders Field
(An answer to Lieut.-Col. John McCrae's poem entitled 'In Flanders Field')
Words by Henry Palt Lowenstein. Music by Nell Marshall.

The image shows a handwritten musical score on aged paper. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a consistent rhythm. The paper shows signs of age, including some staining and a slightly yellowed tone.

Sleep on, brave soldiers, sleep sleep where the
The faith with you we've kept and battled

pop-pies grow. Sleep on brave soldiers --
with the foe: On crimson fields by

in your places, row on row.
you we've slept where pop-pies blow.

The lark's still soaring -- in the sky. Still bravely
The torch you flung to us we caught with blissing

singing soaring high. Away above the
hands we've bravely fought To hold it high to

cannons... roar. Scarce heard amid the guns as yore
guard you through night And at the dawn to guide you to light

Before you slept in Flanders field.
When you awake from Flanders field.

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Page 7 of *The Muskogee Times – Democrat*, December.21, 1918

Southern Arizona Press

In Flander's Fields

- Miss R. Contant

*The tender leaves are coming out
And lovers too are going out
But I know of one brave girl so true,
Who weeps for one brave boy she knew,
Resting in Flanders field.*

*And now she says "What can I do,"
Death somehow, I must woo,
I must revenge my beloved
As a nurse to Flanders, she then fled.*

*Her tender years are passing by,
Her love for him shows in her eye,
But what cares she now for honor, fame,
She soon will be with him again,
Resting in Flanders field.*

*In Flanders field red poppies grow,
Her grave in red they show,
But with her rests a tragedy,
Now her love at last can hold full sway.*

Words by Miss R. Contant, music by Leo Friedman, (North American Music Company, Chicago, Illinois, 1918).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

In a Beautiful Flanders Field

- Charles Mylott

*There's a land far over the ocean,
That will live in my memory,
Tho it's ruined and broken hearted,
It's wonderful to me.*

*There sleep the heroes who answered the call,
They heard the nation's cry
A proud little mother of one brave land
Sing this lullaby.*

(Chorus)

*There are chimes ring out every evening
With their message of peace and love
O'er the land once covered with gardens,
A blessing from above.*

*They seem to tell of their courage and strength,
Under the shot and shell;
Let's all do honor to this noble land,
Were they so bravely fell.*

Word by Charles Mylott, music by H DuFrerre, (National Literary and Publishers Service Bureau, Hannibal, Missouri, 1919).

Asleep in the Fields of Flanders

- Jas H. Glennon

(Verse)

*A mother and father stood watching
Our brave boys march gallantly by,
Fresh from the fields of Flanders,
While Old Glory floated high.*

*The mother was silently weeping
For their own dear boy dead over there,
But the father turn'd gently to her,
And whispered in her ear.*

(Refrain)

*He's asleep in the Fields of Flanders,
Under the poppies of France,
Wrap'd in the Stars and Stripes, dear,
Asleep in a hero's trance.*

*There is no grief in our hearts, dear,
For the lad that we loved was true,
Only pride that he died for Old Glory,
Gave his life for the Red, White, and Blue.*

(Verse)

*In homes where the star in the service flag
Has changed from blue to gold,
The story of that young hero
Will in after years be told.*

*But tho' the heart may be lonely,
And filled with sorrow's wight,
Let us think he's not dead, but sleeping,
He has gone on a mission great.*

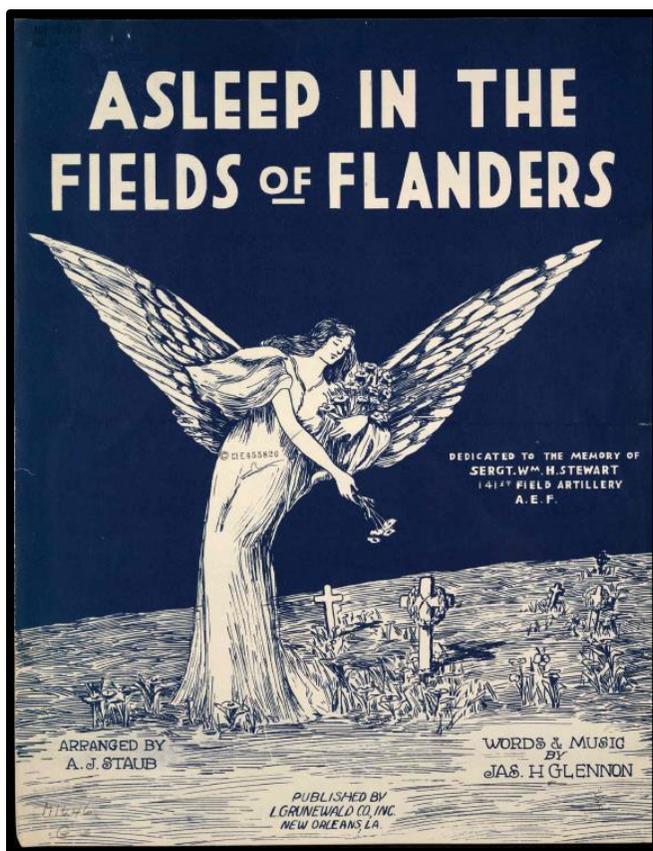
The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Refrain)

*He's asleep in the Fields of Flanders,
Under the poppies of France,
Wrap'd in the Stars and Stripes, dear,
Asleep in a hero's trance.*

*There is no grief in our hearts, dear,
For the lad that we loved was true,
Only pride that he died for Old Glory,
Gave his life for the Red, White, and Blue.*

Lyrics and music by Jas H. Glennon, (L Grunewald Co, Inc, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1919).



Southern Arizona Press

In Flanders Field

(With Revised Lyrics)

- Herbert Miles and Marjorie Trotter

*In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly;
Above the crosses low they soar
Where once was heard the cannon's roar.*

*We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and we lie
In Flanders fields 'Oh heed our cry;
If wrongs we fought shall still abide
How shall we slumber side by side?*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields, 'mid sunset's glow.*

Revised lyrics and music by Herbert Miles and Marjorie Trotter, (C. W. Thompson and Company, Boston, Massachusetts, 1919).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Moonlight on Flander's Field

- Dore G. Carney

(Verse)

*The moon shines bright on Flander's field,
Where grim shadows 'mong white crosses steal.
The dear ones are sleeping
And fond friends are weeping
They cannot awake but are safe in God's keeping.*

(Refrain)

*Dear friends, cease weeping, look up and smile,
Remember your loss means for only a while
Think of him as he kissed you goodbye,
I stand for right, So darling don't you cry.*

(Verse)

*The moon shines o'er their beds tonight,
Those dreamers of home and Liberty,
Their duty to country and flag come first,
And God in his might, will do what is right.*

(Refrain)

*Dear friends, cease weeping, look up and smile,
Remember your loss means for only a while
Think of him as he kissed you goodbye,
I stand for right, So darling don't you cry.*

Words by Dora G. Carney, music by Artie Bowers, 1919. Entered in the Library of Congress on January 5, 1920.

On Flander's Field

- Florence Bartch

(Verse)

*When flow'rs in Flanders bloom once more
And each returns to his own shore,
Let's plant a flow'r to those who fell
On Flanders field.*

*In ev'ry state the poppy grow,
As well as bluebell and the rose,
The poppies there in France
A noble fragrance yield.*

(Chorus)

*On Flander's field the poppy grow,
It's perfume mingling with the rose,
The poppy blooms above the brave,
The songbird sings above his grave,*

*So let us plant that flower here,
To honor those whose courage dear,
A noble pow'r shall always wield,
The boys who fell on Flander's field.*

(Verse)

*Who knows but word to them may creep
Who rest in that eternal sleep,
A poppy we will plant to those
Who fought and fell.*

*And they will see and understand,
That here in their own native land,
We have remembered and we
Keep their mem'ry well.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Chorus)

*On Flander's field the poppy grow,
It's perfume mingling with the rose,
The poppy blooms above the brave,
The songbird sings above his grave,*

*So let us plant that flower here,
To honor those whose courage dear,
A noble pow'r shall always wield,
The boys who fell on Flander's field.*

Words by Florence Bartch, set to music by George Graff Jr, (World Music Publishing Corporation, New York City, 1919).

Poppies of Flanders

- Clare Hamil Reidy

(Verse)

*Once again in Flanders' fields
The poppies bloom anew
And lift their lovely heads to great
The morning sun and dew.*

*While Flanders folk in reverence bow
their tired and weary heads
They tell that this year poppies bloom
In deeper, lovelier reds.*

(Refrain)

*Poppies of Flanders,
blooming so red,
Trying to teach us,
that their roots caress our dead*

*Seeking to show us
In their deeper blooms,
How peacefully they rest
In nature's tombs,*

*So, bloom on, oh poppies,
Bloom forevermore,
Whispering to our heroes
Love words from this shore*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Verse)

*Always now in Flanders' fields
When poppies bloom each year
And bow their wondrous heads above
A soil to us now dear*

*We'll pause a moment in our stride
To offer prayer and tear
To poppies red, and heroes dead,
Who give each other cheer.*

Lyrics by Clare Hamil Reidy, Music by George Graff Jr., (World Music Publishing Corporation, New York City, 1919).

Only a Poppy from Flander's Field

- Annie Richardson

(Verse)

*Hundreds of poppies have I seen,
But none like this from Flander's field,
It tells me of the sacred ground,
It grows upon the many mounds;
It tells one of the battles fought,
And of the glorious vict'ries wrought.*

(Chorus)

*Only a poppy from Flander's field,
Dyed deep with heroes blood;
From wounds that now have all been healed
By God's eternal love.*

(Verse)

*Only a poppy from far off France,
It says they died sooner than yield;
It tells of nights of anguished pain,
It also says they live again,
I love that poppy dyed with blood,
Which grew in Flander's mire and mud.*

(Chorus)

*Only a poppy from Flander's field,
Dyed deep with heroes blood;
From wounds that now have all been healed
By God's eternal love.*

Words by Annie Richardson, set to music by Leo Friedman, (North American Music Company, Chicago, Illinois, 1919).

Contented in Flanders Field

- Mattie B. Thomas

*They're sleeping sweetly in Flanders Field,
Where poppies grow in Flanders Field,
Content they're resting in Flanders Field,
And soft winds blow in Flanders Field.*

(Refrain)

*In Flanders Field, In Flanders Field,
God's angels watch o'er Flanders Field.*

*The rains fall softly in Flanders Field,
And balmy air in Flanders Field,
We'll tread so gently in Flanders Field,
And breathe a pray'r for Flanders Field.*

(Refrain)

*In Flanders Field, In Flanders Field,
God's angels watch o'er Flanders Field.*

*The birds sing sweetly in Flanders Field,
The have their joys in Flanders Field,
The Lord walks softly in Flanders Field,
He's with our boys in Flanders Field.*

(Refrain)

*In Flanders Field, In Flanders Field,
God's angels watch o'er Flanders Field.*

Words and Music by Mattie B Thomas, (Mattie B Thomas, Roff, Oklahoma, 1920).

A Grave in Flander's Field

- J Patterson

(Verse)

*A mother sits in silence
And her heart for him does yearn,
Her memory goes back to todays gone by,
To the day that he enlisted
And he promised to return,
He kissed her then and said his last goodbye.*

*A cross marks where he rests now,
"Neath rays of setting sun,
Where he fell o'er there, his noble flag to shield
And on it his inscription,
"Dear Lord thy will be done,"
As peacefully he sleeps in Flanders' Field.*

(Chorus)

*The war is long since over.
Yet still her thoughts do stray
Back to the scenes of childhood
When just a boy at play*

*When he used to wave the old flag
For which he died to shield
And she sees again her boy
As he sleeps in Flanders' Field.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Verse)

*She sees again her boy at play
A child there at her knee,
His books are lying scattered on the floor,
And she looks up at his picture
Of the day he went away
And said goodbye, alas! Forevermore.*

*Though numbered with the fallen,
He did not fall by chance,
For the same old flag for which he died to shield.
Is waving now with vict'ry
It waves o'er shell scarred France
As peacefully he sleeps in Flanders' Field.*

(Chorus)

*The war is long since over.
Yet still her thoughts do stray
Back to the scenes of childhood
When just a boy at play*

*When he used to wave the old flag
For which he died to shield
And she sees again her boy
As he sleeps in Flanders' Field.*

Lyrics by J Patterson; set to music by Leo Friedman, (The Rivera Music Company, Chicago. Illinois, 1920).

In Flanders Field
- Myrtle M. Longnecker

(Verse)

*In Flanders fields the breezes blow
The tall white lilies to and fro.
Beneath the sod the heroes lie
Above the birds go singing by
In flow'r of youth they gave their all
In answer to the nations call
Brave lads who lie in Flanders fields
At rest in Flanders fields.*

(Chorus)

*In Flanders field, In Flanders field
Just a cross to mark the spot
Of the lads we'll not forget
Fond love and tears, thru all the years
In our hearts the memories shield
Of our lads in Flanders fields.*

(Verse)

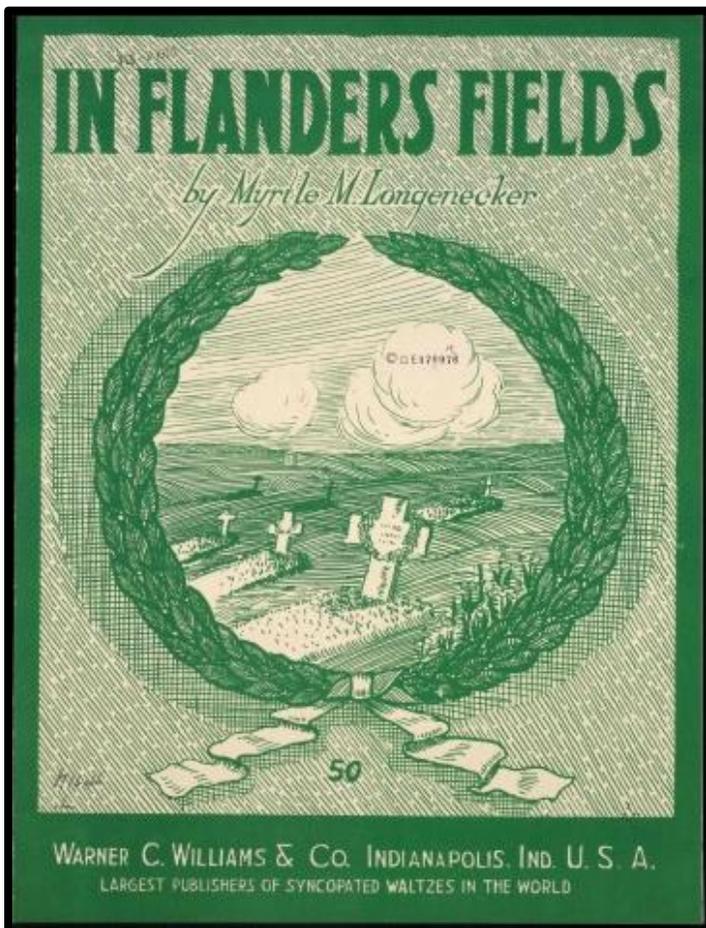
*The setting sun at close of day
Casts sadly now its ling'ring ray.
Upon the spot by true hearts bless'd
Where lie our soldier boys at rest
The evening zephyr murmurs low
And whispers that we lov'd them so
The twinkling stars that gleam above
Will guard the boys we love.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Chorus)

*In Flanders field, In Flanders field
Just a cross to mark the spot
Of the lads we'll not forget
Fond love and tears, thru all the years
In our hearts the memories shield
Of our lads in Flanders fields.*

Words and music by Myrtle M. Longenecker, (William C Williams and Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1920).



To the Heroes of Flanders Field

- Effie Haskins

*How sweet to sleep in Flanders field
Beneath the poppies red;
To live, to fight, to conquer all,
Yet live as not the dead.*

*Like him who died upon the cross
For sins of other men,
Thus, it was with you in Flanders field,
You died to conquer sin.*

*In lives of men you'll always live,
Their heroes you will be.
It was for us your fought and died
That we might all be free.*

*In Belgium's tongue your name will be
The saviors of their land;
For truth and right your motto was
Forever may it stand.*

*You left your home, your dearest friends,
The Land you loved so well.
In foreign land, 'mid foreign tongues
You faced a living hell.
You gave your life a sacrifice,
That friend and foe might see
The fettered chain of bondage broke
This sinful world made free.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*May we take up the broken chain
That is so nearly done.
And rid the world of all the sin
That's wrought by German Hun.*

Words by Effie Haskins, set to music by Jean Navarro, (The National Literary and Publishers Service Bureau, Hannibal, Missouri, 1920).

Memories of Flanders Fields

- J. Kenneth McDonald

*In far of hills of Flanders
Where peaceful scenes now lie
Our fallen brave are sleeping,
Beneath an azure sky.*

*Awake them not in slumber
Although their sleep be long,
Bring back a dream of summer,
With Flanders sweetest song.*

*(Chorus)
Bring back the mem'ries of Flanders field
Where the sweet poppies grow
In flow'ry dell where the crosses dwell
O'er the brave of long ago.*

*Bring back a dream
of the campfires gleam
And the sweet yearning smiles of dear, old pals
Sleep on old comrades you did not yield
Mem'ries of Flanders field.*

Words by J Kenneth McDonald, set to music by Charles E McCord,
(McCord Publishing Company, Birmingham, Alabama, 1920).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance



TO MY FRIEND AT
THE FRONT.



I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE OLD MAN,
BUT I GUESS YOU'RE SOMEWHERE RIGHT.
GIVING A GOOD ACCOUNT OF YOURSELF,
PERHAPS IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FARE OLD CHAP,
BUT I GUESS YOU'RE GETTING ALONG,
'TIS A DEUCE OF A JOB YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT,
AND I RECKON YOU'RE GOING IT STRONG.
'TIS BUT A WORD OF CHEER I SEND
BUT I WISH IT STRAIGHT AND TRUE.
AND I HOPE YOU'LL SOON BE BACK AGAIN
WITH OUR KING'S BEST THANKS TO YOU.

TERRY

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Wake Ye of Flanders Field

- F. R Brant

(Verse)

*In Flanders Green
A cross is seen
TO mark the grave
Of Her who gave,
Her life to save,
Her land in Realm alien*

(Refrain)

*Deep in her sleep
The posies creep
Around her tomb
In sweet perfume
The poppies bloom
Deep in her sleep
Deep in her sleep
God's angels keep
Her soul alight
Forever bright
"till ends the night
Deep in her sleep.*

(Verse)

*On Flanders field
She stands revealed
Immortal clay
Till Judgement Day
When He shall say
Wake ye? Of Flanders Field.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Refrain)

*Deep in her sleep
The posies creep
Around her tomb
In sweet perfume
The poppies bloom
Deep in her sleep
Deep in her sleep
God's angels keep
Her soul alight
Forever bright
"till ends the night
Deep in her sleep.*

Words by F. R Brant, set to music by George Graff Jr, (World Music Publishing Corporation, New York City, 1920).

Wonderful Poppies of Flanders

– Hal Talbot

*There's a spot across the ocean
where the scarlet poppies grow
And the bird's sweet song is saddened,
Just as if they really know.
'Tis a place where countless heroes
For their country nobly died
Though I'm sad and lonely now
I often think with pride:*

*Wonderful poppies of Flanders
Poppies of wonderful hue.
Flowers that the angels,
Have washed with their tears.
They bring me comfort,
Through long, lonely years.*

*I've read a story of love divine
In your petals of brilliant red.
God, in his goodness, has sent you to mark
The graves of our glorious dead.*

*Wonderful poppies of Flanders
Poppies of brilliant hue.
Flowers that the angels,
Have washed with their tears.
They bring me comfort,
Through long, lonely years.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*There is love, devotion, honour
In each little scarlet flower.
I'd kiss each one so fondly
If I had but the power.
May the angels always tend you
Is my constant hope and prayer.
For I know that God remembers.
All the heroes sleeping there.*

*Wonderful poppies of Flanders
Flowers of brilliant hue.
Flowers that the angels,
Have washed with their tears.
They bring me comfort,
Through long, lonely years.*

Words by Hal Talbot, music by Arthur Stroud, (Herman Darewski Music Publisher Company, London, England November 29, 1921). Listed in the Catalogue of Copyright Entries, Part 3: Musical Compositions – New Series, Volume 16, Part 2, Last half of 1921, Nos 8-13, Page 26423.

There is a Little Green Field in Flanders

- John H. Panzy

(Verse)

*We have often heard of great men
Of noble deeds they've done
And through their work of strenuous days
The honors they have won.*

*But now today are still greater men
Whose earthly work is done
They rest across the water
Beneath the Flanders sun.*

(Chorus)

*There is a little green field in Flanders
Where you will find many a little green grave
Of the boys that were the heroes
Who died Democracy to save.*

*They carried Old Glory with them
We=here over then now she does wave
Now with tribute we will honor them
The bravest of the brave.*

(Verse)

*The boys that have seen the hardships
Winters that were cold and blunt
But held their positions steady
Against the Western Front*

*But we will not forget the boys
Who fought across the zone
Where grief was in place of joys
Who suffered in the Argonne.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Chorus)

(Verse)

*Now poor France she was a weeping
For no hope there could be seen
Until over came the brave boys
Of the U.S. Marine.*

*Now poor France she then did awaken
And looked back at her ruin
And it was then the Kaiser
Commenced noticing his doom*

(Chorus)

(Verse)

*Belgium and France must did suffer
Their land ruined and torn
Many a brave had given up all
In the battle of the Marne.*

*The doughboys they were going through
Through to the city Kiel.
But Kaiser surrendered
In the battle at St Mihiel.*

(Chorus)

Words by John H. Panzy, set to music by Bauer Brothers, (John H Panzy, Helena, Montana, 1922).

Some Day I'll Wander Back

(To Flander's Fields)

- George Gibson Davis

(Verse)

*In Flander's fields the roses
are blooming after all;
And poplar trees are growing
so straight and green and tall.
Yet in my heart a longing
that's most akin to pain
A longing to wander back again.*

(Refrain)

*Some day I'll wander back, old pard of mine,
Back to Flander's fields once more;
Some day I'll see that tattered land,
Rich with grain just as of yore
Yes, Some day I'll wander back for old time's sake,
I've found no pal in life that could compare
Some day I'll wander back to Flander's fields,
Because you're resting there.*

(Verse)

*Across the dial the hours
have drifted into years;
And nature's hand has painted
Her smiles amid the tears
Some pleasant to remember,
Some bitter to forget
An absence that lingers with me yet.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

(Refrain)

*Some day I'll wander back, old pard of mine,
Back to Flander's fields once more;
Some day I'll see that tattered land,
Rich with grain just as of yore
Yes, Some day I'll wander back for old time's sake,
I've found no pal in life that could compare
Some day I'll wander back to Flander's fields,
Because you're resting there.*

Words and music by George Gibson Davis, (Keaton Sales Company, San Francisco, California, 1923).

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Some Day I'll Wander Back

(To Flanders' Fields)

SONG

By
GEORGE GIBSON DAVIS

60

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In Flanders' Fields (We Only Sleep, In Flanders)
(Added as a second verse to John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields")
- L.E. French

*The winds, all night, o'er Flander's sign
And fondly a cross-strewn hill caress;
Where grimly tall,
the sentry pines stand guard
'midst the fern hidden mounds below.*

*Weary and so worn!
Beneath the crosses there,
Sleep we, the dead!
While the night winds whisper and moan
Clasp of loving hand we felt,
The mute farewell in tear-dimmed eye,
But dared not fail,
When honor called.*

*Hark! o'er the earth a peoples cry!
We perish Help us!
Save us, e'er we die!
Greater love, no man ever gave!
Than lay down his life at pity's call!
What! Though night winds moan.
We are only sleeping here.
Awaiting, only waiting,
The dawn of Eternal Day!*

Words and music by L.E. French, (L.E. French, New York City, 1923).

On Flanders Field

- John Kershaw

(Verse)

*How fierce, how bitter was the fight,
On Flanders Fields
She cheer'd and helped us by her light
On Flanders Fields,
How pure and kind this maiden fair,
Who help'd and cheer'd our welfare there,
Who nursed us with such tenderness,
Her presence seem'd a warm caress
On Flander's Fields.*

(Chorus)

*Sweet Gertrude nurse on Flanders Fields,
The Soldiers homage to you yield,
Your loving care we'll ne'er forget,
Your memory lingers with us yet,
Sweet nurse of Flanders Fields.*

(Verse)

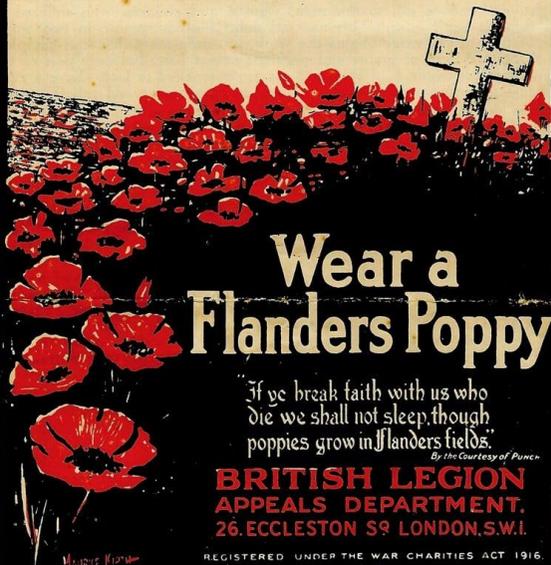
*When tired and weary of the fight
On Flanders Field,
We dreamed and longed for home fires bright
On Flanders Field,
Her presence there mid shot and shell
A mud trench brightened by her spell
Like fiends we fought both strong and well
For country, Freedom, Home, and Dell
On Flanders Field*

Words by John Kershaw, set to music by Sylvia Forrest. Entered into the Library of Congress July 11, 1924.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

NOVEMBER 11TH

F.M. EARL HAIN'S APPEAL
FOR EX-SERVICE MEN
OF ALL RANKS



Wear a Flanders Poppy

"If ye break faith with us who
die we shall not sleep, though
poppies grow in Flanders fields."

By the courtesy of Punch

**BRITISH LEGION
APPEALS DEPARTMENT,
26, ECCLESTON SQ LONDON, S.W.1.**

REGISTERED UNDER THE WAR CHARITIES ACT 1916.

From *The Service*.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, C.H., M.A., D.Lit., LL.D.

Have we not all one freedom, lost and
found,
When to one service body and soul are
bound?
And is not life itself, if seen aright,
A great emergency, an endless fight
For all men's native land, and worth
the price
Of all men's service and their sacrifice?

*The Brotherhood, the Service, Life at
War,
These are the bonds that hold where
heroes are,
These only make the men who weary
not,
The men who fall rejoicing, self-forgot.*

* * *
* My friends, I do not ask for men like these
A little dole, a little time of ease,
For them and all who love them, all who mourn,
And all that to their faith shall yet be born,
I ask you this—take them for what they are,
Your Comrades in the Service, Life at War.

(By courtesy of the Author)

World War One Poems of Remembrance

The Volunteer

– Herbert Dixon Asquith

*Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.*

*And now those waiting dreams are satisfied
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus, he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.*

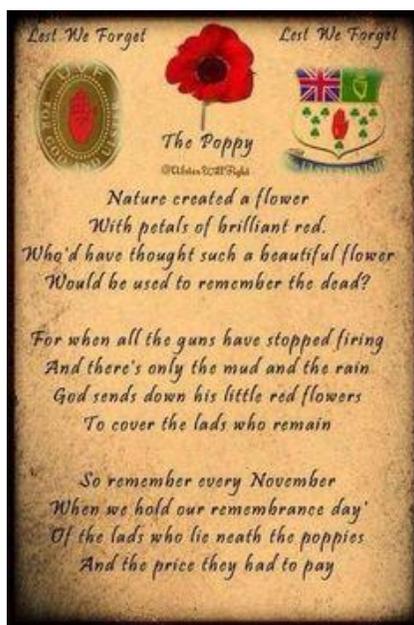
Herbert Dixon Asquith (1881-1947) was an English poet, novelist, and lawyer who served with the Royal Artillery on World War One. This poem was written in 1912 when Asquith was working as a lawyer. Published in his book *The Volunteer and Other Poems* (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd, London, 1916) and in *In the Day of Battle – Poems of the Great War*, selected by Carrie Ellen Holman (Williams Briggs, Toronto, 1918)

The Poppy Author unknown

*Nature created a flower
With petals of brilliant red.
Who'd have thought such a beautiful flower
Would be used to remember the dead?*

*For when all the guns have stopped firing
And there's only the mud and the rain
God sends down his little red flowers
To cover the lads who remain*

*So, remember every November
When we hold our Remembrance Day
Of the lads who lie neath the poppies
And the price they had to pay.*



Lest We Forget

Author unknown

*Sleep on great soldier, take they rest,
May all those dear to thee be blest.
Thy name will honour Honour's Roll,
The King of Kings commands thy soul.*

*With the mighty cross that thou did'st bear
Through Europe's darkest days of war,
And the lives of those who with thee fought,
Peace for humanity was bought.*

*In Flanders every poppy there
Will droop its head as if in prayer,
That God may grant another son
Who'll dare for right as thou hast done.*

*And carry on the good work wrought
For bothers destitute who fought,
To see they get their just reward,
Let's do our bit with one accord*

V: The Soldier

- Rupert Brooke †

*If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.*

*And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.*

Rupert Chawner Brooke was born August 3, 1887, in Rugby, Warwickshire, England, the son of a schoolmaster and school matron. In October 1906 he attended King's College in Cambridge to study the classics. Brooke enlisted in August 1914 and gained public attention as a war poet in early 1915 when *The Times Literary Supplement* published two of his sonnets, *IV: The Dead* and *V: The Soldier* on March 11, 1915. His most famous collection of poetry, *1914 & Other Poems* was first published in May 1915. Brooke was commissioned into the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve as a sub-lieutenant in late 1914. On February 28, 1915, he sailed with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. He developed severe gastroenteritis while stationed in Egypt followed by streptococcal sepsis from an infected mosquito bite and died on April 24, 1915, aboard the French hospital ship *Duguay-Trouin*, moored off the



The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Greek island of Skyros. Brooke was buried that evening in an olive grove on Skyros.



Rupert Brooke's Grave on Skyros Island, Greece

His close friend William Charles Denis Browne, British composer, pianist, organist, and music critic chose the site for Rupert's grave and wrote:

...I sat with Rupert. At 4 o'clock he became weaker, and at 4:46 he died, with the sun shining all round his cabin, and the cool sea-breeze blowing through the door and the shaded windows. No one could have wished for a quieter or a calmer end than in that lovely bay, shielded by the mountains and fragrant with sage and thyme.

Browne was killed in action on June 4, 1915, during the Gallipoli Campaign.

I Tracked a Dead Man Down a Trench

- W. S. S. Lyon †

*I tracked a dead man down a trench,
I knew not he was dead.
They told me he had gone that way,
And there his foot-marks led.*

*The trench was long and close and curved,
It seemed without an end;
And as I threaded each new bay
I thought to see my friend.*

*At last I saw his back. He crouched
As still as still could be,
And when I called his name aloud
He did not answer me.*

*The floor-way of the trench was wet
Where he was crouching dead;
The water of the pool was brown,
And round him it was red.*

*I stole up softly where he stayed
With head hung down all slack,
And on his shoulders laid my hands
And drew him gently back.*

*And then, as I had guessed, I saw
His head, and how the crown -
I saw then why he crouched so still,
And why his head hung down.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Walter Scott Stuart Lyon (1886-1915) was a British war poet during the First World War who along with two of his brothers, was killed during the war. He was a Lieutenant with the 9th Royal Scots, arriving in France in February 1915. He was killed on May 8.

1915 during the Battle of Frezenberg Ridge, part of the 2nd Battle of Ypres. His war poetry was written between 9 and 20 April. *I tracked a Dead Man Down a Trench*, was written in the trenches by Glencorse Wood between 19 and 20 April 1915. His poems were published in *Easter at Ypres: 1915 and Other Poems*, James Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow, 1916. This poem was published along with his poems *Lines in a Fire Trench* and *Easter at Ypres: 1915* in *From the Front – Trench Poetry*, selected by Lieutenant C.

E. Andrews, (D. Appleton and Company, New York/London in 1918).



Fallen

- W. Kersley Holmes

*We talked together in the days gone by
Of life and of adventure still to come,
We saw a crowded future, you and I,
And at its close two traveler come home,
Full of experience, wise, content to rest,
Having faced life and put it to the test.*

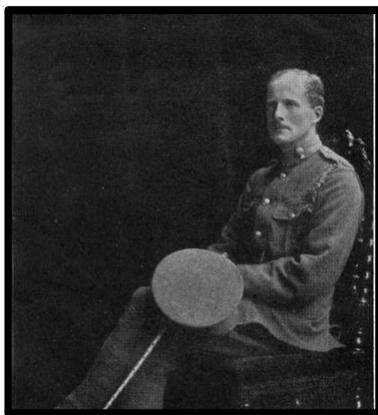
*Already we had seen blue skies grow bleak,
And learned the fickleness of fate, firsthand;
We knew each goal meant some new goal to seek,
Accepting facts we couldn't understand;
You seemed equipped for life's most venturesome way –
Death closed the gallant morning of your day.*

*Oh, many a one still watching others go
Might fall, and leave no such heart-sickening gap.
What waste, that pity it seems to squander so
Courage that dared whatever ill might hap,
While laggards, fearful both of worst and best,
Hoard up the life you hazarded with zest!*

*It seems like waste to others, but to you
And the thronged heroes who have paid the price,
Yourselves, your hopes, and all you dreamed and knew,
Were counted as a punt sacrifice –
You knew, with keener judgement, all was gained,
If honor at the last shone still unstained!*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Lance-Corporal William. Kersley Holmes (1882-1966) was born in Worcestershire, UK and grew up in Scotland. He worked in a bank until the First World War began at which time he joined the Lothian and Borders Horse Regiment as a Lance-Corporal. He saw action in France and Belgium before being transferred to the Royal Field Artillery and promoted to Second Lieutenant. He published four collections of poetry: *Ballads of Field and Billet* (Gardner, Paisley, 1915), *More Ballads of Field and Billet and Other Verses* (Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1915), *In the Open: Verses!* (Gowen and Gray, 1925), and *The Life I Love: Verses* (Blackie, 1958). He had poems published in four World War One Poetry Anthologies. After the war he went into journalism and publishing and worked as the editor for children's books with Blackie and Son



Fallen appears in his second poetry collection, *More Ballads of Field and Billet and Other Verses* (Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1915) and was printed in *From the Front – Trench Poetry*, selected by Lieutenant C. E. Andrews, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps (D. Appleton and Company, New York/London, 1918)

The Fallen Subaltern

- Herbert Asquith

The starshells float above, the bayonets glisten;
We bear our fallen friend without a sound;
Below the waiting legions lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

Wound in the flag of England, here we lay him;
The guns will flash and thunder o'er the grave;
What other winding sheet should now array him,
What other music should salute the brave?

As goes the Sun-god in his chariot glorious,
When all his golden banners are unfurled,
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,
And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those who come this way, in days hereafter,
Will know that here a boy for England fell,
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,
And on the charge his days were ended well.

One last salute; the bayonets clash and glisten;
With arms reversed we go without a sound:
One more has joined the men who lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

Herbert Asquith (1881-1947) This poem was written in 1915 and published in his book *The Volunteer and Other Poems* (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd, London, 1916) and in *A Treasury of War Poetry, British and American Poems of the World War, 1914-1919* by George Herbert Clarke (Hodder and Stoughton, London/New York/Toronto, 1917) and *In the Day of Battle – Poems of the Great War*, selected by Carrie Ellen Holman (Williams Briggs, Toronto, 1918)

Three Hills
- Everard Owen

*There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm-trees grow,
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.*

*There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain,—
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.*

*There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die,—
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.*

Reverend Edward Charles Everard Owen (1860-1949) was the assistant Master of Harrow School. His son, Francis Whitwell Owen served with the Royal Fusiliers and was killed at Vermelles on March 31, 1916. *Three Hills* was written in Harrow, London, originally printed in *The Times* (London) on December 17, 1915, and later published in his book *Three Hills and other Poems* (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd, London, 1916), *A Treasury of War Poetry, British and American Poems of the World War 1914-1917*, edited by George Herbert Clarke (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston/New York, 1917) and *In the Day of Battle – Poems of the Great War*, Selected by Carrie Ellen Holman (Williams Briggs, Toronto, 1918).

A Grave in Flanders

Frederick George Scott

*All night the tall trees over-head
Are whispering to the stars;
Their roots are wrapped about the dead
And hide the hideous scars.*

*The tide of war goes rolling by,
The legions sweep along;
And daily in the summer sky
The birds will sing their song.*

*No place is this for human tears,
The time for tears is done;
Transfigured in these awful years,
The two worlds blend in one.*

*This boy had visions while in life
Of stars on distant skies;
So, death came in the midst of strife
A sudden, glad surprise.*

*He found the songs for which he yearned
Hopes that had mocked desire;
His heart is resting now which burned
With such consuming fire.*

*So down the ringing road we pass,
And leave him where he fell,
The guardian trees, the waving grass,
The birds will love him well.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Major Frederick George Scott was serving as a chaplain with the First Canadian Division, Canadian Expeditionary Force, when learned of the death of his 24-year-old son Henry, killed on 21 October 1916 while leading an attack on enemy lines.

When the battalion was relieved, the dead had to be left unburied. Several men volunteered to go and retrieve his son's body, but Scott would not allow it since the fighting was still too severe and he did not believe in living men risking their lives to bring out the dead. After the battle, Henry's body was hastily buried between the lines and could not be recovered.

Toward the end of November 1916, Scott returned to the area with a runner and found the cross marking his son's grave. They began digging until they exposed a hand wearing Henry's signet ring. Removing the ring, Scott read the burial service and made a small mound where they body lay. Henry's body was recovered on 24 November 1916 and brought back behind the lines and laid to rest in a cemetery on Tara Hill. In June 1917, Scott returned to Regina Trench where his son had died. Scott recalled the land was fresh and green. Larks were singing gaily in the summer sun. There was no sound of shells or guns disturbing the whisper of the breeze.

Scott wrote in his memoir, *The Great Was as I Saw It* (1922), of a time in Flanders. Scott had met an officer who told him of a time when he was going up to the trenches one evening past a cemetery in the wood. He heard the sound of someone sobbing and found a young boy lying beside a new grave. The officer went in and spoke to the boy who seemed confused that he had been discovered in his sorrow. "It's the grave of my brother, Sir," he said, "He was buried here this afternoon and now I have got to go back to the line without him." The young man dried his eyes, shouldered his rifle, and went through the woodland path up to the trenches. No one would know again the inner sorrow that had darkened his life. It is believed that this story inspired Scott to write *A Grave in Flanders*. The poem was published in Scott's book *In the Battle Silences: Poems Written at the Front*, (Musson Book Company, 1916).



Frederick George Scott standing at his son's Grave, 20 August 1918

Break of Day in the Trenches

- Isaac Rosenberg †

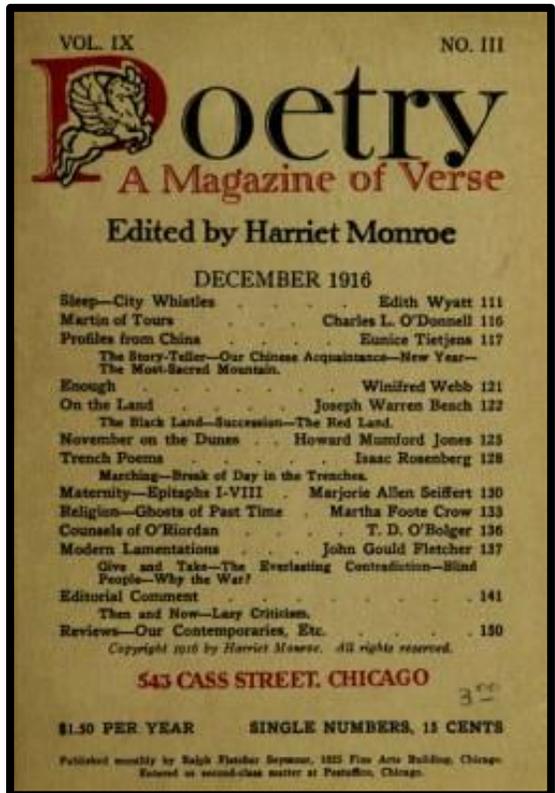
*The darkness crumbles away.
It is the same old druid Time as ever,
Only a live thing leaps my hand,
A queer sardonic rat,
As I pull the parapet's poppy
To stick behind my ear.
Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew
Your cosmopolitan sympathies.
Now you have touched this English hand
You will do the same to a German
Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure
To cross the sleeping green between.
It seems you inwardly grin as you pass
Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes,
Less chanced than you for life,
Bonds to the whims of murder,
Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,
The torn fields of France.
What do you see in our eyes
At the shrieking iron and flame
Hurled through still heavens?
What quaver—what heart aghast?
Poppies whose roots are in man's veins
Drop, and are ever dropping;
But mine in my ear is safe—
Just a little white with the dust.*

Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918) was an English poet and artist born in Bristol of Lithuanian Jewish immigrants. His *Poems from the Trenches* are some of the most outstanding poems written during the First World War. He was killed on April 1, 1918, in the town of Fampoux with ten other soldiers from the King's

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance



Own Royal Regiment (KORL) and was buried in a mass grave. In 1926, the unidentified remains of six soldiers were individually re-interred at Bailleul Road Easy Cemetery, Plot V, Saint-Laurent-Blangy, Pas de Calais, France. On November 11, 1985, he was among 16 great poets who were commemorated on a slate stone in Westminster Abbey's Poet's Corner. This poem was published following his death in *Poetry – A Magazine of Verse, Volume IX, Number III, December 1916* along with his poem *Marching*.



A Harrow Grave in Flanders

- Robert Crewe-Milnes

*Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
He rests unknown.*

*His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn,—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day;*

*Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.*

*Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.*

Robert Offley Ashberton Crewe-Milnes, 1st Marquess of Crewe (1858-1945) was an English statesman and writer. *A Harrow Grave in Flanders* was published in *The Harrovian* and page 571 of *Country Life – Volume XXXVIII, Number 982* (Saturday October 30, 1915). It was listed as one of the ten best war poems and printed on page 24 of *State Service – The New York State Magazine* (January 1919). Published in *Poems of the Great War*, edited by J.W. Cunliffe (The Macmillan Company, 1916), on pages 275-276 of *A Treasury of War Poetry – British and American Poems of the World War, 1914-1919* (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston/New York, 1919), on page 854 of *A Book of English Literature – Revised and Enlarged Edition* (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1926)

I Have a Rendezvous with Death

- Alan Seeger †

*I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.*

*It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.*

*God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear ...
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.*

*Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers
Fallen for France*

- Alan Seeger †

*(To have been read before the statue of Lafayette and
Washington in Paris, on Decoration Day, May 30, 1916)*

I

*Ay, it is fitting on this holiday,
Commemorative of our soldier dead,
When—with sweet flowers of our New England May
Hiding the lichened stones by fifty years made gray—
Their graves in every town are garlanded,
That pious tribute should be given too
To our intrepid few
Obscurely fallen here beyond their seas.
Those to preserve their country's greatness died;
But by the death of these
Something that we can look upon with pride
Has been achieved, nor wholly unrepaid
Can sneerers triumph in the charge they make
That from a war where Freedom was at stake
America withheld and, daunted, stood aside.*

II

*Be they remembered here with each reviving spring,
Not only that in May, when life is loveliest,
Around Neuville-Saint-Vaast and the disputed crest
Of Vimy, they, superb, unfaltering,
In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt,
Parted impetuous to their first assault;
But that they brought fresh hearts and springlike too
To that high mission, and 'tis meet to strew
With twigs of lilac and spring's earliest rose
The cenotaph of those
Who in the cause that history most endears
Fell in the sunny morn and flower of their young years.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

III

*Yet sought they neither recompense nor praise,
Nor to be mentioned in another breath
Than their blue-coated comrades whose great days
It was their pride to share—ay, share even to the death!
Nay, rather, France, to you they rendered thanks
(Seeing they came for honour, not for gain),
Who, opening to them your glorious ranks,
Gave them that grand occasion to excel,
That chance to live the life most free from stain
And that rare privilege of dying well.*

IV

*O friends! I know not since that war began
From which no people nobly stands aloof
If in all moments we have given proof
Of virtues that were thought American.
I know not if in all things done and said
All has been well and good,
Or of each one of us can hold his head
As proudly as he should,
Or, from the pattern of those mighty dead
Whose shades our country venerates to-day,
If we 've not somewhat fallen and somewhat gone astray,
But you to whom our land's good name is dear,
If there be any here
Who wonder if her manhood be decreased,
Relaxed its sinews and its blood less red
Than that at Shiloh and Antietam shed,
Be proud of these, have joy in this at least,
And cry: Now heaven be praised
That in that hour that most imperilled her,
Menaced her liberty who foremost raised
Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette;
And when of a most formidable foe
She checked each onset, arduous to stem—
Foiled and frustrated them—
On those red fields where blow with furious blow*

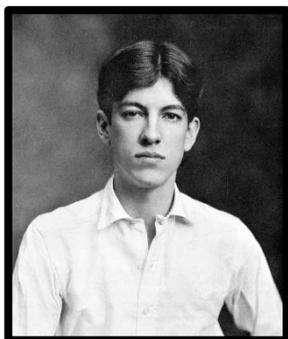
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*Was countered, whether the gigantic fray
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,
Accents of ours were in the fierce mêlée;
And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers:—
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.'*

V

*There, holding still, in frozen steadfastness,
Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,
They lie—our comrades—lie among their peers,
Clad in the glory of fallen warriors,
Grim clustered under thorny trellises,
Dry, furthest foam upon disastrous shores,
Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing moon;
And earth in her divine indifference
Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean
Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.
But they are silent, clam; their eloquence
Is that incomparable attitude;
No human presences their witness are,
But summer clouds and sunset crimson-hued,
And showers and night winds and the northern star
Nay, even our salutations seem profane,
Opposed to their Elysian quietude;
Our salutations calling from afar,
From our ignobler plane
And undistinction of our lesser parts:
Hail, brothers, and farewell; you are twice blest, brave hearts.
Double your glory is who perished thus,
For you have died for France and vindicated us.*

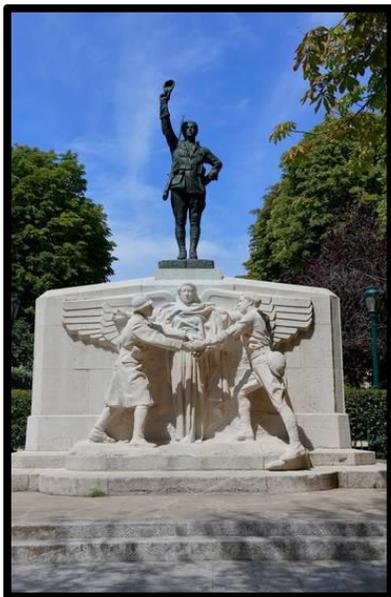
The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance



Alan Seeger (1888-1916) was an American war poet. He graduated from Harvard in 1910 and lived for two unhappy years in Greenwich Village writing poetry before moving to Paris, France. When Germany invaded France in August 1914, he joined the French Foreign Legion and fought in their service until his death on July 4, 1916 during the Battle of the Somme. His works were not published until a year after his death in 1917. *Poems* (with an introduction by

William Archer (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1916) was not a successful work, but received a positive review in *The Egoist* from his former Harvard classmate, T.S. Eliot. *Poems*, along with his second book, *Letters and Diary* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1917), did well enough that the royalties were used to help fund the American Library in Paris.

I Have a Rendezvous with Death is considered his best work and is believed to have been completed during the winter of 1916.



He was supposed to read his *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France* before the statue of Lafayette and Washington in Paris on Decoration Day, May 30, 1916, but his discharge papers were either lost or delayed and he was denied permission to go to Paris. He would be killed in action just over one month later.

A statue modeled after him is on the monument in the Place des États-Unis, Paris honoring fallen Americans who volunteered for France during the First World War.

Dulce et Decorum

- Geraldine May Robertson-Glasgow

*O young and brave, it is not sweet to die,
To fall and leave no record of the race,
A little dust trod by the passers-by,
Swift feet that press your lonely resting-place;
Your dreams unfinished, and your song unheard —
Who wronged your youth by such a careless word*

*All life was sweet — veiled mystery in its smile;
High in your hands you held the brimming cup;
Love waited at your bidding for a while.
Not yet the time to take its challenge up ;
Across the sunshine came no faintest breath
To whisper of the tragedy of death.*

*And then, beneath the soft and shining blue,
Faintly you heard the drum's insistent beat;
The echo of its urgent note you knew.
The shaken earth that told of marching feet;
With quickened breath you heard your country's call.
And from your hands you let the goblet fall.*

*You snatched the sword, and answered as you went,
For fear your eager feet should be outrun,
And with the flame of your bright youth unspent
Went shouting up the pathway to the sun.
O valiant dead, take comfort where you lie.
So sweet to live ? Magnificent to die !*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Geraldine May Robertson-Glasgow (1854-1920) was a British writer and poet. This poem was published in *Punch* magazine on January 26, 1916. It later appeared on page 57 of *In the Day of Battle – Poems of the Great War*, selected by Carrie Ellen Holman (William Briggs, Toronto, 1918). Robertson-Glasgow published her collection of World War One poetry, *Poems of the Great War* (St Aldhelm's Home for Boys, Frome, 1919).



There is some question as to whether Wilfred Owen may have read this poem prior to the writing of his poem *Dulce et Decorum Est*. Owen was home on a week's leave in January 1916 after training with the Artists' Rifle Regiment at Gidea Park in Essex and from February 27 until March 5, 1916, he attended a course in London.

The Graves of Gallipoli

- Lester Lawrence

*The herdman wandering by the lonely rills
Marks where they lie on the scarred mountain's flanks
Remembering that wild morning when the hills
Shook to the roar of guns and those wild Franks
Surged upward from the sea.*

*None tends them. Flowers will come again in spring.
And the torn hills and those poor mounds be green.
Some bird that sings in English woods may sing
To English lad beneath – the wind will keep
Its ancient lullaby.*

*Some flower that blooms beside the Southern foam
May blossom where our dead Australians lie,
And comfort then with whispers of their home;
And they will dream, beneath the alien sky,
Of the Pacific Sea.*

*“Thrice happy they who fell beneath the walls
Under their father's eyes,” the Trojan said,
“Not where who falls
Must lie in foreign earth.” Alas! Our dead
Lie buried far away.*

*Yet where the brave man lies, who fell in fight
For his dear country, there his country is.
And we will mourn them proudly as of right –
For meaner deaths be mourning and loud cries
They died pro patria!*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Oh, sweet and seemly so to die indeed,
In the high flush of youth and strength and pride.
These are our martyrs, and their blood the seed
Of nobler futures. 'Twas for us they died
Keep we their memory green.*

*This be their epitaph: "Traveler, south or west,
Go, say at home we heard,
And answered. Now beside the sea we rest.
Our end was happy if our country thrives.
Much was demanded – Lo! Our store was small:
That which we had we gave – it was our lives."*

Lester Lawrence was Reuter's correspondent on Gallipoli. His poem was printed in *The Anzac Book* published by Cassell and Company, Limited, London. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York, 1916 and in *From the Front – Trench Poetry* selected by Lieutenant C. E. Andrews, (D. Appleton and Company, New York/London, 1918).



Good-bye

The Evacuation of Gallipoli, 1915

- Frank E. Westbrook

*It has come to the last and it's good-bye, Bill
I'm sick at the heart and sad
To leave you sleeping, old cobber, the best
That ever a swaddy had.*

*Somebody's bungled the job, it is said,
Who, it isn't for me to know,
But leaving the place where you fought and died
Is stabbing my heart to go.*

*The lanes of mounds on the beach and hills,
In the spots that we fought to win,
The pledges of victories tardily won,
The graves of an Empire's kin.*

*We're going, but over Australia way
They will speak with a welling pride
Of sons who have answered the call to arms
From the city and countryside.*

*And whether we're leaving or whether we stay
It is much in a way the same,
For deep in the side of the green tree – Fame –
Is bitten Australia's name.*

*I'm going, but hoping to meet again
On the level the wily Turk,
For fighting and crouching in traverse and trench
Is a sordid kind of work.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*But war is war, and it's little to say
That our enemy played the game;
He fought us as clean as a soldier may,
But I hate him just the same.*

*For I can't forget when you took the count
In a stunt to the left of Quinns',
A night as black as the ace of spades
Or a fallen Satyr's sins.*

*Soft sentiment isn't for soldier men,
But I swear when it's steel to steel
The point of my bayonet dripping red
Will prove of the things I feel.*

*So good-bye, Bill, if the Fates be kind
When the wattle trees burst to flame,
I will twine a wreath at my saddle bow
To honour my comrade's name.*

*Or dozing along on the old stock horse,
In the wake of the straying sheep,
Little doubt that I'll dream of this shell-torn spot
Where I left you here to sleep*

*Asleep with honour I leave you now,
You died as you wished to die.
The day will be longer without you, Bill;
Good-bye, old fellow, good-bye.*

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Francis Edmund Westbrook (1889-1976) was born in Melbourne, Victoria. In 1914, he enlisted in the 1st Australian Imperial Force (AIF), and joined the 2nd Field Artillery Brigade as a Trumpeter. He left Australia on October 20, 1914, and landed on April 25, 1915 at Gallipoli as a Gunner of the 4th Battery, 2nd Brigade. The war brought out the poet in Frank. He wrote a few poems prior to landing in Gallipoli. *Good-bye* was written in February 1916 and included a small book, *Anzac and After – A Collection of Poems* (Duckworth and Company, London, 1916) and in the book *From the Front – Trench*

Poetry selected by Lieutenant C. E. Andrews, (D. Appleton and Company, New York/London, 1918).

And They Were Young

- Helena Coleman

*'Tis when you're young and life ascends
That joy waits where the white road bends,
And every face you meet is a friend's.*

*'Tis when you're young that dreams come true,
And never a cloud but the sun shines through,
When life holds out both hands to you.*

*For youth it is that rainbows gleam
With showers of gold in every beam—
At either end a pot o' dream.*

*Ever for youth the roads run straight,
And out beside the wishing-gate
Fairies and blindfold fortune wait.*

*For youth the jealous roses keep
Their red hearts closed in reticence deep—
The lilies wait in folded sleep.*

*And oh, for youth each bush with God
Is still afire, and every sod
Bears imprint where His foot has trod.*

*And they were young who lie so still
Far on that sodden Flanders hill.*

In France's Flowered Fields

- Helena Coleman

*In France's flowered fields they lie,
And she will hold them close and dear,
Above their graves her trees will sigh,
Her grasses cover them year by year.*

*On Summer noons the sun will stream
In cheerful warmth across their beds,
By night the moon's slant, filmy beam
Build aureoles about their heads.*

*The fitful winds will make them moan
In soft and plaintive melodies,
And they shall lie apart, alone
Through all the coming centuries;*

*Dwelling in silences so vast
No thought to that high tower may climb
An austere beauty holds them fast
Beyond the boundaries of time.*

*They were to us mere laughing boys,
But in the passing of a breath
They turned from life's scarce-tasted joys
To this high majesty of death. . .*

*O France, when coming springs shall break
In foam of bloom to hide thy scars,
And flowers of human kindness make
An end of agonies and wars;*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Forget not these our sons who came
At that first wild, bewildered cry
With their young British hearts aflame
Upon thy tragic hills to die.*

*Still have them in thy guarding care,
A holy and a cherished trust
And let thy children come with prayer
To dream awhile beside their dust; –*

*To dream of tender love and rush,
And give a passing thought to these
Who trod the star-lit ways of truth,
Bondsmen of British loyalties.*

*And since upon thy heart lies now
The richest ransom ever paid –
White roses torn from England's brow
Beside thy broken lilies laid –*

*Be thou our friend forever more,
In ties of common anguish bound,
That we may know the sons we bore
Lie not in unregarded ground.*

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Convocation Hall

May 18th, 1917
- Helena Coleman

They rose,
The honored and the grave,
The reverend, the grey,
While one read out the names of those
Who, gallant, young and brave,
Upon the field of battle gave
Their ardent lives away.

They rose to honor Youth—
What honor could they give?
What tribute shall we lay
Who still in safety live?
Before the shrine of those who pay
The price of honor and of truth
Giving their lives away?

They rose in reverence, yea;
But those who lie
Far on the Flanders field to-day
Had not an answering word to say;
Their silence thundered their reply—
They gave their lives away !

Helena Jane Coleman (1860-1953) was born in Newcastle, Ontario and educated at home and at Whitby Ladies College. Her father was a Methodist minister. She was a Canadian poet, music teacher, and writer. She used crutches after surviving polio in childhood and after 1928 used a wheelchair. She lived most of her life in Toronto, Canada. All three of her poems presented here were published in her book *Marching Men: War Verses*, (J.M. Dent & Sons, Ltd, London & Toronto, 1917)

The Flanders' Poppy.

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF ALL WHO
SUFFERED TO ACHIEVE THE VICTORY



THERE are beacons burning brightly,
I can see them far away,
Telling of a mighty victory,
Peace and Honour come to stay.

I can hear the merry laughter
Of my neighbour's little lad,
Yet across the street a mother—
Lost her soldier—all she had.

And I wonder if she's thinking
Of the beacons burning bright,
Or a lonely grave out yonder
Always holy in her sight.

Yet a little while and peace comes
May be in the blackest night,
But the dawn is like a beacon,
Only—this is God's own light.

Let us all unite in working
For a lasting, perfect peace.
Send this message to the nations,
Know that war and rumours cease.

Mother, see the glowing beacons
Now illuminate the sky,
Greater love hath no man—mother—
Than for his friends to fight and die.

R.A.R.

Price 2d Each

Dulce et Decorum Est

- Wilfred Owen †

*Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through
sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.
Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! - An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime ...
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.
If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin; If you could
hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, --
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen (1893-1918) was an English war poet and soldier who wrote about the horrors of trench and gas warfare. He enlisted in the Artist Rifles on October 21, 1915 and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Manchester Regiment on June 4, 1916. He fell into a shell hole and was caught in a blast of a trench mortar shell that left him lying unconscious amongst the remains of one of his fellow officers for several days. He was diagnosed with shell shock and sent to Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh for treatment. While at Craiglockhart, he became the editor of the hospital magazine, *The Hydra* and met fellow poet and mentor Siegfried Sassoon who highly influenced his later writings.



Owen returned to active service in France in July 1918. He returned to the front line at the end of August 1918 and on October 1, 1918, led the Second Manchesters as they stormed a number of enemy strong points near Joncourt. For his courage and leadership he was awarded the Military Cross. He was killed in action on November 4, 1918 during the crossing of the Sambre-Oise Canal, just one week (almost to the hour) before the Armistice was signed ending the war. His mother received the telegram informing her of his death on Armistice Day.

He is considered by many to be the greatest of the First World War poets. *Dulce et Decorum est* was drafted at Craiglockhart in October 1917 with the earliest surviving manuscript dated October 8, 1917. It was later revised between January and March 1918 and published posthumously in *Poems by Wilfred Owen* by Siegfried Sassoon, with the assistance of Edith Sitwell, (Chatto & Windus, London, 1920), and again by Edmund Blunden in 1931.

A Sonnet on War
- James Miles Langstaff †

*I never thought that strange romantic war
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his car
And grisly steeds flash grimly thwart the sky.
Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife*

*Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy
Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds, laughter, life
All mingled in the strange complex alloy.
I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe, yet colored with a secret joy!
For I have breathed in epic and romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy!
How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth,
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact stern truth!*



Major James Miles Langstaff (1883-1917) was a Canadian barrister. He enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force on 23 July 1915 in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He arrived in France on August 12, 1916, as second in command of the 75th Battalion of the Canadian Infantry.

A Sonnet on War was written shortly before his death. It was printed in a Memorial Book on Major J. M. Langstaff (Miln-Bingham Co, Ltd, Toronto, n.d.) and published in the *Toronto Star*, 18 May 1917 and in *Canadian Poems of the Great War*, edited by John W, Garvin (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1918)

The Dead

- James Miles Langstaff †

*These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopd serene
That men call age; and those who would have been.
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth.
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth.
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.*

Langstaff wrote *The Dead* shortly before he was killed in action in a trench raid on March 1, 1917. Captain (Reverend) W. L. Baynes Reed, the Chaplain for the 75th Battalion wrote in his *Memorial Book* that Langstaff "was in charge of the raid and opposition was not at all. But the enemy was there in force and the raiders had a very warm reception. Miles' death must have been instantaneous, as he was shot right through the head. Col. Beckett, seeing there was trouble, went out to help and was killed also instantly." He was laid to rest, side by side, with the Battalion Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Gustavus Beckett and fifteen other men in the Villers-au-Bois Station Cemetery in France.



The Answer
- James Miles Langstaff †

I.

*O the Tyrant Lord has drawn his sword,
And has flung the scabbard away.
He has said the word that loosed his horde
To ravage, destroy, and slay.
"Then where are those who will dare oppose
The blast of my fury's flame?"
But a salty breeze swept across the seas,*

*And back the clear answer came:
"We have heard the boast of your mighty host,
And slaves will we ne'er become;
Let our deeds declare what our hearts will dare,
We come! We come! We come!"*

II.

*The Mother of Men has called for them,
The nations she reared long ago;
"In Freedom's name I make my claim,
By the tokens that freemen know.
Let the world behold, as in ages old.*

*That my strength can never decay.
In a cause that's right, will ye rise and fight?
Give me answer: yea or nay!"
"We have heard your call, mother of all.
From the shores of your island home.
Let him die in thrall who denies that call
We come! We come! We come!"*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

III.

*The lion's young, they forth have sprung
At the sound of the lion's roar.
To defend the lair they once did share
By the far-flung ocean's shore.
With eye aflame and ruffled mane.
They greet the approaching fray.
Let the foe beware who roused that lair,
For list to the lion's bay.*

**"We have heard on the air the bugle's blare
And the roll of the muttering drum;
To the surging beat of ten thousand feet.
We come! We come! We come!"*

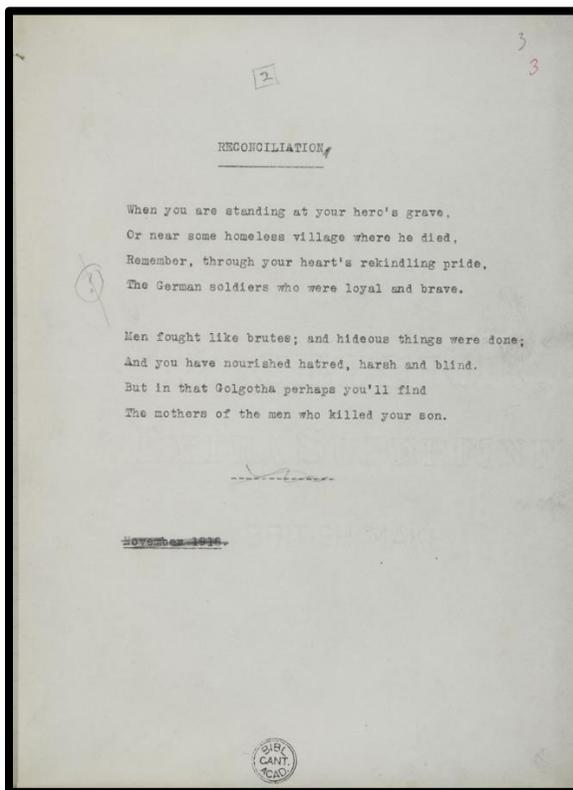
Written by Langstaff during the early months of his enlistment. It was printed in a Memorial Book on Major J. M. Langstaff (Miln-Bingham Co, Ltd, Toronto, n.d.) and published in *Canadian Poems of the Great War*, edited by John W. Garvin (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1918).

Southern Arizona Press

Reconciliation
- Siegfried Sassoon

*When you are standing at your hero's grave,
Or near some homeless village where he died,
Remember, through your heart's rekindling pride,
The German soldiers who were loyal and brave.*

*Men fought like brutes; and hideous things were done;
And you have nourished hatred, harsh and blind.
But in that Golgotha perhaps you'll find
The mothers of the men who killed your son.*



The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance



Siegfried Loraine Sassoon (1886-1967) was an English war poet, writer, and soldier during the First World War. He joined the army on August 4, 1914, the day the United Kingdom declared war on Germany. Due to a convalescing for a broken arm, and commissioned as a second lieutenant into the 3rd Battalion (Special Reserve), Royal Welch Fusilliers on May 29, 1915. His brother Hamo died on November 1, 1915 on board the ship *Kidonan Castle* after having his leg amputated following wounds in the Gallipoli Campaign.

In the same month, Sassoon was sent to France, where he met fellow poet Robert Graves and they became close friends. His duty on the Western Front was marked by several brave actions and he was awarded the Military Cross on July 27, 1916. Graves described Sassoon as engaging in suicidal feats of bravery.

In August 1916, he arrived at Somerville College, Oxford, which was being used as a hospital, with a case of gastric fever. Following his convalescent leave, he declined to return to duty. Rather than court-martial Sassoon, the Under-Secretary of State for War decided he was unfit for service and sent him to Craiglockhart War Hospital where he was officially treated for shell shock. While at Craiglockhart, he met Wilfred Owen and encourage him to continue to write better poetry. A manuscript of Owen's *Anthem for Doomed Youth* contains Sassoon's handwritten amendments. Sassoon had several poems printed in the hospital magazine *The Hydra*. Both men would return to active duty in France in 1918.

Sassoon was promoted to lieutenant and on July 13, 1918, he was wounded by friendly fire when he was shot in the head by a fellow British soldier who mistook him for a German. He spent the rest of the war in Britain and relinquished his command (as a captain) on March 12, 1919.

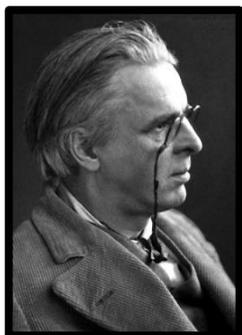
Following the war, he published *Poems by Wilfred Owen*, with the assistance of Edith Sitwell, (Chatto & Windus, London, 1920). He was appointed Commander of the Order of the British Empire (CBE) in 1951. On November 11, 1985, he was among sixteen Great War poets commemorated on a slate stone in Westminster Abbey's Poet's Corner

Reconciliation was written in November 1918 around the time the Armistice was signed and was published in *The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon* (William Heinemann, London, 1919).

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

- William Butler Yeats

*I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.*



William Butler Yeats (1865-1939) was an Irish poet, dramatist and writer. *An Irish Airman Foresees His Death* was written in 1918 and published in *The Wild Swans at Coole* (Macmillan Publishers, 1919).

The airman depicted in the poem is believed to be Major Robert Gregory, a friend of Yeats, who was an Irish flying ace who served with the Royal Flying Corps during World War One. He was killed in Italy on January 23, 1918. It was originally believed he was the victim of "Friendly fire" when he was mistakenly shot down by an Italian pilot, but other sources believe it was a flying accident or that he became incapacitated at high altitude due to an influenza inoculation. He is believed to be the subject of four Yeats' poems: *In Memory of Major Robert Gregory*, *An Irish Airman Foresees His Death*, *Shepherd and Goatherd*, and *Reprisals*.

The Unburied

- M.R. (N.Z. Headquarters)

*Now snowflakes thickly falling in the winter breeze
Have cloaked alike the hard, unbending ilex
And the gray, drooping branches of the olive trees,
Transmuting into silver all their lead;
And, in between the winding lines, in No-Man's Land,
Have softly covered with a glittering shroud
The unburied dead.*

*And in the silences of night, when winds are fair,
When shot and shard have ceased their wild surprising,
I hear a sound of music in the upper air,
Rising and falling till it slowly dies –
It is the beating of the wings of migrant birds
Wafting the souls of these unburied heroes
Into the skies.*

Author only credited as M. R. (N. Z. Headquarters). Printed in *From the Front – Trench Poetry*, selected by Lieutenant C. E. Andrews, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps (D. Appleton and Company, New York/London, 1918)

Southern Arizona Press

The Roll Of Honour

- Margaret Peterson

*Your faces haunt me from the printed pages,
The roll call of our valiant English dead;
What woman's hands, I wonder, clung in parting?
What woman's heart breaks now the shot is sped?
We speak of Glory and the Cause you died for,
We lay our homage on your bloodstained grave,
Will Glory help to ease the women's anguish
Or solace them for these dear dead they gave?*

*Yea, surely. For your spirits go before them,
You, who made Death a crown about your lives!
And in the splendour of your souls that conquered
We learn this lesson. Blessed is he who strives,
For Love and Faith, for Truth and priceless Honour,
These cannot pass away with mortal breath,
God guards them safe, and in His mighty keeping
Are also those who nobly looked on Death!*

Margaret Peterson (1883-1933) was an English novelist, poet, and journalist who grew up in Bombay. In 1910, she relocated to London, She married Albert Oliver Fisher in 1915. Albert served in the Honourable Aertillery during the First World War and was seriously injured in Ypres, Belgium and a convalescent for the following two years. This poem was originally published in the *Daily Chronicle* and later included in *In the Day of Battle – Poems of the Great War*, selected by Carrie Ellen Homan (Williams Briggs, Toronto, 1918).

Hero's Graves

- Millard S. Burns

*Honor the graves in the heart of France,
Where fields lie ravaged; where armies advance;
And the crosses stretch out their arms so scarred,
Like the dead beneath whom the guns have marred,
In France,
Peace-loving France.*

*They rest -content until God shall call,
The heroes to glory, then despots shall fall
And the truly noble in triumph stand
In the perfect peace of a happier land,
Than France,
War weary France,*

*There where they fought unsullied they lie,
Their berth is the earth, their cover the sky,
They sought no tribute and heeded not loss,
So honor each mound with its war won cross,
In France,
Glorified France.*

Millard S. Burns (1854-1933) born and lived in Buffalo, New York. He was the President and Secretary of Palen & Burns, Wholesale Lumber and Coal. For many years he served as President of the Buffalo Children's Aid Society. In 1932 he was the first recipient of the Gold Key Award for outstanding volunteer service to the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) of Buffalo, New York. He was a Warden in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension. This poem appeared in Parish News in 1919.

They Pay the Cost!

- Marie L. Eglinton

*What shall absolve me if that I
For Freedom neither live nor die
Or serve with neither brain nor hand
While Liberty makes her demand?
I sacrifice nor strength nor time –
At most I curve a futile rhyme!
What eulogy is mine to give
To those who die that I may live?*

*How many homes throughout the world
Have been from peace to horror hurled!
The horror of invading foes –
Death – outrage – torture – myriad woes
Beyond most acid point of pen.
Beyond wild, nightmare dreams of men!
And for the ruins that smoldering lie
I spare a half-impatient sigh!*

*To right these wrongs, to save from fears
Of equal ills the coming years.
How many million lives are pledged!
By them my path is safely hedged;
Youth, love, prosperity, the stake
For Justice and for Freedom's sake,
And yet a passing tear I grudge!
Forgive me, just and righteous Judge!*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Break Thou my heart with mighty blows
Until it bleed for others' woes;
Unfix my inward-staring eye
That it may watch how heroes die;
Save me from that worst cowardice
Which trusts to others sacrifice!
Nor let me count my gifts with pain;
They pay the cost – I grasp the gain!*

Marie L. Eglinton. Poems originally published in the *New York Times*.
Later published in the *Norwich Bulletin*, Norwich, Connecticut, Thursday
October 10, 1918, page 1.

Welcome to Our Soldiers

- Henry Polk Lowenstein

*On sunny days, in lilac time,
When earth is green and skies are blue,
When church bells ring their sweetest chime,
And blood runs high and hearts beat true,
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!
Back home again! What magic words!
Dear mother's love and sweetheart true,
And little hands, and songs of birds,
And apple blossoms peeping thru
Brave soldiers all, we welcome you!
O, God of Fate! Those left behind,
In Flanders Fields and Argonne Wood,
and Chateau-Thierry, too, the blind,
The lame (those steeped in richest blood),
Lo ! let us not forget this day 1
Let's bare our heads and kneel and pray!*

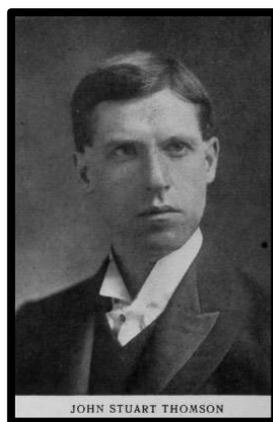
Henry Polk Lowenstein (1859-1946) Published in the *Missouri School Journal*, Page 283, Volume 36, Number 5, 1919. *Kansas City (Mo.) Times* and in the author's book, *Memorial Poems*, (Henry Polk Lowenstein, Kansas City, Missouri, 1921).

Our Canadian Hero

- John Stuart Thomson

*He is not dead! But of that band on high,
That hoist seraphic, round the feet of God,
Who draw our souls to spurn this earthly sod;
His larger service now breathes forth no sigh;
His "Captain" Christ he seeth eyes for eye.
Oh! Ye who loved him for the love he gave,
Weep! But not always, o'er his shell-strewn grave;
The cause grows greater as its martyrs die.
The State is reborn as each hero lays
His life upon the sacrificial stone.
Why rings tall Canada in all men's praise?
Look! See her rise from blood and bitter moan!
List! God is saying to His blessed Son:
"Ypres, C mbrai, and Calvary are one!"*

John Stuart Thomson (1869-1950) was a Canadian-born writer, novelist, and poet who emigrated to the New York after graduating from McGill University, Montreal. This poem was published in *The University Magazine*, Volume XVIII, Number 1, McGill University on page 25 in February 1919. He was a valued contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*, considered essentially a nature poet



Peace

- Stella M. Bainbridge

*Silence! And the guns asleep.
No more the deadly missiles leap
With swift destruction. And no more
The agonizing tide of war
Triumphant flows; engulfing in its stream
Life and life's labours.*

*White in the sunshine gleam
The crosses, which their holy vigil keep
So calmly now amid the silence deep.
Know ye, O valiant dead, the hour is nigh
For which ye pledged yourselves to fight – or die –
And bore the hat and burden of the day,
And gave your youth and youth's fond hopes
away?
Soul of the brave! From whose death-pangs shall
rise
A world reborn to higher liberties,
More noble vision and a faith more true
The mighty silence tribute pays to you –
The strange, vast silence which you died to gain.
Souls of the dead, will ye come back again
In this our triumph? Mingle with the throng
Of battle comrades? March with us along
The shell-scarred byway and the shattered street?
We shall not hear the passing of your feet;
No echoes of you 'mid the ruins cry,
But in silence we shall hail you nigh.*

Stella M Bainbridge. The poem was published on page 303 of *The University Magazine*, Volume XVIII, Number 2, McGill University, April 1919.

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STELLA M. BAINBRIDGE

Aftermath

- Siegfried Sassoon

Have you forgotten yet?...
For the world's events have rumbled on since those
gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city
ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with
thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man
reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same,-- and War's a bloody
game,...
Have you forgotten yet?...
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that
you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the
sector at Mametz, --
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled
sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench, --
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a
hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen
again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack, --
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and
shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of
your men?

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads, -- those ashen-
grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and
gay?*

*Have you forgotten yet?...
Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that
you'll never forget.*

Aftermath was written in March 1919, shortly after Sassoon left military service. He had come to despise the war but continued to hold great affection for the men with whom he had served. The poem was broadcast on Armistice Day in the years immediately following the war. It published in *The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon* (William Heinemann, London, 1919).

Home Longings

*In Flanders there are pretty maids,
And charming girls in France ;
In Britain they have rosy cheeks,
And eyes that slyly glance.*

*But sweeter far the girls at home,
So lovely, kind and true;
Who pray for us wherever we roam,
Their boys in drab and blue.*

*We fought the foe, we beat the foe,
And now the strife is o'er,
We saw our comrades bleed and fall,
Some fell to rise no more;*

*They shed their blood in freedom's cause,
For liberty they died;
"God rest their souls," our chaplain prayed,
"Amen", we humbly cried.*

*The beauty of the Rhineland,
Has no charm to bind us here,
For in our own dear homeland,
There are streams and scenes more dear ;*

*With joyous voices singing,
We will gayly cross the sea;
In the arms of dear old mother,
We'll forget war's misery.*

Credited to the initials J. G in the *Philadelphia Press*.

To Those Who Return

- Marie L. Eglinton

*You who have fought and lived, and fought again.
And mocked the fears that frightened lesser men,
We bid you welcome home! We offer thanks
That such as you were called to quell the ranks
Of Evil; that your will and arms endured
Till now our threatened freedom is secured!*

*We greet you, and we offer thanks for all –
The will obedient to an inward call,
The faith that fought through darkness of despair,
The flawless courage, strong to do or bear,
The golden heart that laughed discomfort down,
That made no bid for pity or renown.*

*You fought for Liberty! (How many died;)
See that you guard her purifying flame!
The dross of senseless, narrow, racial pride,
The small conceits that spot a nation's fame –
Purge clean these blots! Blend to one perfect whole
Their aims and ours who fought for Freedom's soul!*

Marie L. Eglinton. Published in *The Andover Townsman*, Volume XXXI,
Number 47, Andover Massachusetts, September 5, 1919, page 1.

Ezra Pinchpenny Sings

*If the poppies are of paper,
Still their hearts are just as fair
For the money that I paid for one
Is going "Over There."*

*The maid who sold on to me
Told me how I'd have to share
In the feeding of the children
Who were hungry "Over There."*

*And it made me feel some better,
Sort of lifted off the care,
When I thought that maybe someone
Would be grateful "Over There."*

*It was just a little offering,
Change I thought that I could spare,
Yes, I'm glad I gave that penny
For those youngsters "Over There."*

Author unknown. Printed in the *Oakland Tribune*, 8 August 1920.

The Return
- Urita Dana Platt

*Hail them, our soldiers, returning victorious,
Peace they have brought to us, hard-worn but
glorious.*

*They were power – yea, our fate, our salvation,
Invincible, selfless, sole hope of the nation.*

*Cheerfully they have given. For us they have
bled.*

*Our heart's homage we render. Forget not the
dead,*

*If weary and saddened we will give to them rest
With home-fires and their loved ones they shall
be blest.*

*Joyfully we will serve then for great is their
need.*

*Return them their work. To their soul-cry give
heed.*

*Saved they the nation. They are citizens again.
Let work sweeten their lives – 'tis the blessing of
men.*

*This the reward. Ever-leading, victorious.
Strength shall be ours ever mighty and glorious.
The strength of a unified, war-chastened nation.
Return them their place in life. This our
salvation.*

Urita Dana Platt. Published in the *York County and the World War 1914-1919*, compiled, edited and (Clifford J. Hall and John P. Lehn, 1920).

Southern Arizona Press

The Unbroken Line

- Frederick George Scott

*We who have trod the borderlands of death,
Where courage high walks hand in hand with fear,
Shall we no hearken what the Spirit saith,
"All ye were brothers there, be brothers here?"*

*We who have struggled through the baffling night,
Where men were men and every man divine,
While round us brave hearts perished for the right
By chalice shell-holes stained with life's rich wine.*

*Let us not lose the exalted love which came
From comradeship with danger and with joy
Of strong souls kindled into living flame
By one supreme desire, one high employ.*

*Let us draw closer in these narrower years,
Before us still the eternal visions spread:
We who outmastered death and all its fears,
Are one great army still, living and dead.*

Printed on a card with John McCrae's poem *In Flanders Fields*; dated Quebec, Canada, Christmas 1921. Included as the part of the dedication to the Officers and Men of the First Canadian Division, C.E.F. in his book *The Great War as I Saw It*, (F.D. Goodchild Company, Toronto, 1922).

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

In Flanders' Fields

In Flanders' fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders' fields.

LT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE

France,
1917.

The Unbroken Line

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Where courage high walks hand in
hand with fear,
Shall we not hearken what the Spirit saith,
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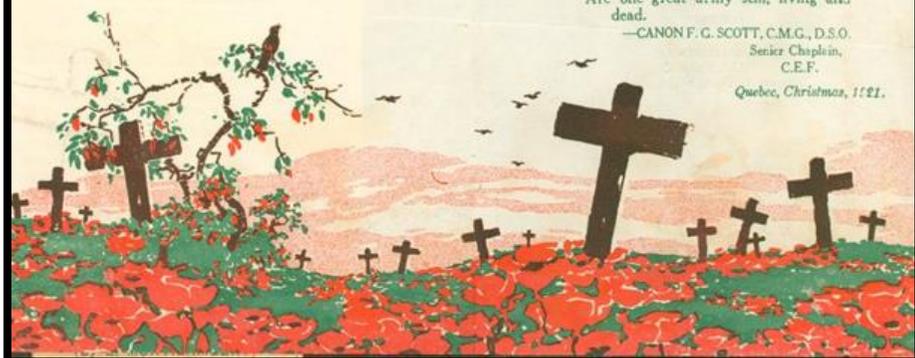
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—CANON F. G. SCOTT, C.M.G., D.S.O.
Senior Chaplain,
C.E.F.

Quebec, Christmas, 1921.



Southern Arizona Press

Centennial Poetry of Remembrance

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The Legionnaire and the Poppy

- Pat Severin

*The Legionnaire stood tall and proud,
A cup held in his hand,
Unnoticed, such a common sight,
I couldn't understand...*

*Just why my friend felt so compelled
To make a small donation.
The poppy he received was placed
In quiet resignation...*

*Above his car mirror, it was clear
That poppy had some meaning.
He never said but when I asked
His memories came streaming...*

*As if a dam of words had burst.
He told me of the war,
And how the horrors plagued him still,
Down to his very core.*

*A war that many felt was wrong
And one they'd not acknowledged.
A war he fought while some at home
Refused to pay it homage.*

*When he returned from Vietnam,
No open arms to greet him.
There was no fanfare, no response,
Just scorn was there to meet him.*

*Tears filled his eyes as he recalled
The fallen friends he left there.
"So many died, I fought beside*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

I lived, it's just not fair!"

*Then I, if only through his angst,
Began to understand.
The Poppy came to symbolize,
I saw it now first-hand,*

*The crimson color of the blood,
The blood in battle spilt.
The tragedy of every war
Upon its blood-stained quilt.*

*Each square, each soul that died in war
Was someone's father, son.
Each one whose life in battle lost
Had value, everyone.*

*My friend said nothing more that day,
The details much too painful,
But even what he shared with me
Convinced me of how shameful...*

*Our country was and sometimes is
In recognizing those
Who fought, who sacrificed so much
Content if they oppose...*

*The war itself but disregard
The ones who fought and died.
How selfish not to realize
The hurt left by their pride.*

*Our country has seen many wars,
Not just the war he fought.
But all of us should realize
What every war has taught:*

*Our country is a safer place
Because of those in service,
Who dedicate their hearts and lives.
Our safety is their purpose.*

*Now when I see that Legionnaire
Through more enlightened eyes,
I'll let him know that I for one
Will always recognize...*

*His service to our country
And offer my donation.
I'll tell him that it comes from me
And from a grateful nation.*

*I'll thank him for the Poppy
And display it like my friend,
And let that bloom remind me
That our reverence shouldn't end.*

In Flanders Fields (A Prologue)

- Paul Gilliland

*In Flanders Fields, the gases blow
Into the trenches, laying low
The Soldiers choke with blinded eye
While many gasp for breath and die
No way to fight this unknown foe.*

*They hold their breath, for death they know
Will come upon them row by row
They mourn their comrades as they lie
In Flanders Fields.*

*So are the dead, laid head to toe
The cause of death, they'll never know
And buried here, they know not why
Beneath the crosses pointed high
For here they sleep, where poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.*

The Significance of a Red Cloth Poppy

- Melissa D. Burrage

*We walked the busy sidewalks of town.
They stood outside stores selling red cloth poppies.*

*He let go of my hand, took out some change
made the transaction, pinned the flower
to his wide lapel. I never questioned what or why.*

*But now, he's long dead, and I ponder the meaning
behind the purchase of that small red flower
no bigger than a quarter.*

*He had served in A Company, 101st Engineers
trained at the Boston Armory
learned how to build then blow bridges
how to kill by knifing a hanging burlap haybag.*

*Traveled in a convoy of ships across the Atlantic
accompanied by destroyers, port and starboard,
took shifts keeping watch for U-boats
got sick with Scarlet Fever, isolated and recovered
in a Liverpool hospital.*

*Made his way to France with other AEF's
from Liverpool to Southampton to La Havre
spent four days and four nights on a train
from Langres to Rolampont, eating canned tomatoes
for Thanksgiving, hiking miles in cold weather
past ruined towns, past human roadkill.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Was sent three times to the front, to wait—
slept in a trench, top bunk, corrugated metal roof
had to lie flat, share space with men and rats, eat
tinned food
wrote home by candle stub, stopped when the wick
burned out
ignored the nagging lice itch until his clothes could be
boiled.*

*Had to stand ready in thick muddy water—
suppress the stress from whizzing overhead shellfire
ignore the morning sight of bloodstained men dangling
from no man's wire
chain-smoked the fear away that he would be next
that his friends would be next.*

*Got gassed at Chateau Thierry in Belleau Woods
poison smoke burned his eyes and lungs
spent months in Base Hospital 20 at Chatel Guyon
recovering enough to resume his work
escorting German prisoners to Verdun for trade
sleeping on shell-blown cement floors along the route.*

*Came back from France, got married, had children
had grandchildren, and never spoke of war again.*

*And yet, we walked the busy sidewalks of town
where they stood selling red cloth poppies.
Grandpa stopped, let go of my hand
took out some change*

and pinned the blood-red flower to his lapel.

Poppy Day

- Joan Leotta

*Every year we bought paper poppies
From the newsstand downtown.
Vendor was a vet, "WWII" he'd say.
Every year my grandma would
remind me that the poppy
tradition began to honor
vets of WWI,
"The war to end all wars."*

*Over the years other places
rolled into wars,
police actions, and more.
We wore poppies for
My Uncle WWI
My Dad WWII
My brother-in-law, Korea
My husband, Vietnam.*

*Last year I bought a poppy scarf,
a fashion statement for peace
to wear with my black dress,
mourning the losses, both
those whose lives expired on
the fields of war,
and those who came home
with scars, wanting to bury
memories of war,
who came home
to live some more
to remind us we should stop
committing war.*

A Flower of Red

- Matty Blades

*She offered him a flower of red,
as he marched off to war
Unbeknownst to the pair in love.
in the field's would lay all the more*

*Where many names through blood have shed,
on Flanders field they rest
Remembered now for their sacrifice,
so that we remember their best*

*Naught for sorrow or for pain,
but respect of an honorable soul
So many young men lost their lives,
as they charged to pay the toll*

*So let us not forget their deeds,
remember the names upon the wall
Try to remember the ones they left behind,
when those brave man heard the call*

The Poppies are Still Alive

- Nalini Starr

*The poppies are still alive
They will continue to grow
Reminders of the brave ones who died
During the wars many years ago
They bloom everyday
Their petals blood red
Weeping for the ones
Who are long dead
He comes to the field
Remembering the years
Thinking of his comrades
His eyes filling with tears
Every poppy in front of him
Reminds him of a soldier
And his heart aches within
And he hopes everyone remembers
The poppies will bloom every day
Reminders of the ones who passed away*

Deep Red Blood Poppies

- Victoria Puckering

*On the golden glowing beautiful hill
This is where your heartfelt deep red blood did spill
This is now where deep red blood poppies grow
Where we remember your wonderful heart and soul
Where your love of life still grows
In the deep red blood poppies that grow
We never will let you go
We hold your hand each year
As we sew the deep red blood poppy seeds
We remember you with happiness and tears
You went too soon
Your life you still had to fulfil
We will always remember you
Especially when we see deep red blood poppies
On the golden glowing beautiful hill
This is where your heartfelt deep red blood did spill*

Southern Arizona Press

Fields of Poppies

- E.C. McCaffrey

*On the fields of unmarked graves
Lay the bones of the soldiers brave
One by one their flesh made roots
Life born from old combat boots
The bowing grass covers them now
Those who gave their solemn vow
The fallen men of freedoms creed
Grew within the poppy seed
By the memory of their blood
Comes the scarlet of its bud
Standing tall for those who fell
In the wind hear freedoms bell
Listen to the blossoms sing
In Flanders field where they still ring
By meadows green where poppies grow
Lay the soldiers no one knows
Can you see the red blooms waving?
Do you hear what they are saying?
"Remember us" they whisper still
The men who died in poppy fields
Upon the soil of their blood
The scarlet of memories bud
Blooming time and time again
The flowered graves of braver men*

In Fields of Blood

- Mike Geaney

*In fields of blood the poppies grow
Where soldiers, barely men, held ground
For King or Kaiser gave their all
Watched friends and brothers round them fall*

*Fought hand-to-hand in muddied holes
Lived in ratted filthy trench
Ne'er slept as mortar shells would fly
And shatter earth and air nearby*

*A death-slimed Hell in monochrome
Enough to fear without the gas
That like some brimstone mist might creep
Bring wracking death 'fore eternal sleep*

*The fields of blood fall silent now
Save for the birdsong on the wind
Sown in the moist earth far below
A blood red bloom for every soul
Now nods its head on freedom's breeze
That every year, lest we forget
Their sacrifice, here made and met*

Poppies For My Grandfather

- Melissa D. Burrage

*Do poppies grow in Belleau Wood
Beneath a lush-green canopy
Where animals were killed for sport
By wealthy French nobility*

*Do poppies grow in Belleau Wood
At this historic battle site
Where 'Devil Dogs' held the line
And 'Krauts' waged a brutal fight*

*Do poppies grow in Belleau Wood
Where corpses in trenches still lay
Beside shell casings and mustard gas debris
Where runners and picnickers tread today*

*Do poppies grow in Belleau Wood
Can they bloom in soiled forests in spring
Does their blood red stain remind us
Of the cost that war can bring?*

A Blanket of Poppies Red

- Paul Gilliland

*In Flanders Fields awash in poppies red
That grown a mass across this holy ground
A blanket laid above each heroes' head*

*This is the honored ground where valor led
Beneath the skies once filled with cannon sound
In Flanders fields awash in poppies red*

*For here, where heroes made their final bed
Within these fields where each their death was found
A blanket laid above each heroes' head*

*We gather to hear prayers and poems read
On holy fields where buried men abound
In Flanders fields awash in poppies red*

*Upon this final resting place we tread
To walk in poppies scattered all around
A blanket laid above each heroes' head*

*For here they lay, our brave and honored dead
Each man interred into their sacred mound
In Flanders fields awash in poppies red
A blanket laid above each heroes' head*

Southern Arizona Press

In Poppy Fields

- Derek Davies

*Remember me, let your thoughts remain,
I rest now love, I feel no pain,
as I lay down in poppy fields.*

*Our story told, We gave our all,
for freedom that was our given call,
forever to lay, In poppy fields.*

*So many lives, so many taken,
may their passing never be forsaken,
remember them, remember them now,
always in poppy fields.*

There Sings the Poppy

- Johanne Lee

*There sings remembrance, the last post
Solemn is the breath left in mud
Hopes long entrenched to those loved most
A promise will ne'er be made good*

*Skies fall their whispering rained grief
To the ashes! To the ashes!
Seeps their fight to the last...belief
Raging the loss, thunder flashes*

*Settles a new day seeking peace
Into the earth a tiny seed
Tender efforts harbour release
Flower longs to grow from their bleed*

*For the fallen, for the fallen
Rallied the poppies to the sky
They remain defiant sprawling
In fields that flower where they lie*

Poppy Red
- Ross Leishman

*Beyond the burnt of wrecks of humanity,
under the bullet riddled scarlet sky,
there lies what's left of my fragile sanity.*

*Poppy Red,
the blood they bled,
the lives cut short,
for king and country they thought.
War torn like a crown of bloody thorns,
life stacked upon life
like a giant macabre Jenga game,*

*Travel the world,
see it in a different light,
one that's not so fucking bright,
the blood, the stench, the sobbing..
tears a hole in my heart no bullet could ever replicate,
the symbol of the twisted morality of the human state.*

*Poppy Red,
for the blood they shed,
their innocence left for dead.
Least we forget nor cease to remember,
all those love letters to their fallen men,
all marked Return to Sender.*

A Homage to the Dead in Flanders Fields

- Paul Gilliland

*In Flanders Fields, with poppies red
We pay our homage to the dead
Beneath the crosses lie the young
Across their bodies, flags are flung
As laid in their eternal bed.*

*These men that fell where valor led
By God appointed in his stead
At death there were no dirges sung
In Flanders Fields.*

*This hallowed ground where families tread
As prayers are spoken; poems are read
Throughout the year the flags are hung
And in the distance bells are rung
For here they sleep, Cross at their head
In Flanders Fields.*

Southern Arizona Press

Blood Red

- Kevin Ryan

*Any field of scarlet poppies
Will bring to mind the cost
As memories keep copies
Of all of those we lost.*

In Fields

- Derek Davies.

*These fields tell that story,
Of a world once joined by war,
They speak of pain and sorrow,
The suffering, the hurt they bore..
Blood torn and tears, friends shared their fears, now
laid down to rest...*

In fields.

*Those fields are covered now,
One million poppies lay there all around.
A lasting reminder,
Never to forget, but to always remember.
So remember them now always,*

In fields.

*The brave, the ones who died, the not so brave and the
child soldiers who who dared to lie,
Then ultimately to end their young lives,*

In fields.

*Still the west wind blows,
It gently caresses the crimson buds
that line, row upon row marking where they lay.*

*The guns of war have fallen silent,
No more those echoed cries,
No more the sound of sorrow,
and the anguish in their eyes.*

*So many made that ultimate sacrifice,
that death did count the cost,*

*In fields where poppies blossom,
In fields where souls were lost.*

A Field of Spring

- Ashley O'Keefe

*Silently staring
Focusing in,
On crimson petals
In a field of spring,*

*In the mind's eye
A sunny sky darkens,
Birds stop singing
And the memory sharpens,*

*Barbed wire and mist
Puddles and mud,
A place of death
Where bullets scud,*

*The stillness, the silence
Of 'No Man's Land',
Glaring out from the trenches
Innocent eyes await the command,*

*Cold and dark
The damp, the gloom,
The clock is ticking
As angels loom,*

*Letters written
Thoughts of home,
Young men prepare
Young men alone,*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*The clock is ticking
The angels sigh,
Eyes fill with fear
But they don't cry,*

*The end they know
They anxiously wait,
For the whistle's blow
To seal their fate,*

*The echoes of whistles
And rapid-fire,
As those dark skies lighten
Souls cry out from the mire...*

*... Silently staring
Focusing in,
On crimson petals
In a field of spring.*

Inspired by the poem "In Fields", by Derek Davies

Roadside Poppies in Andalusia

- Joan Leotta

*Poppies cluster near the road
after cutting wide red swaths
through olive groves and pastures.
Blood- red, the poppies drape
fields and barrows
like matador capes,
marking, covering,
scarred places on the land
where blood once flowed.
Their beauty makes a
bright balm for those lost-
in-battle souls while
quietly crying out for
remembrance of those who
shouted, shot, and died here.*

Cease to Remember

- Ross Leishman

*Every year we proclaim,
"We will remember them",
Poppy Red for the long-lost dead.*

*Innocence stolen,
youthful ambition and vitality raped and left for dead,
in the trenches of this war-torn landscape
that now resembles a human landfill.*

*They should have returned heroes,
but mostly they returned mere shadows of the men they
were.*

*They lived and died with their heads in their hands,
their hearts in their mouths,
and a tear too manly to cry.
When will we cease to remember,
the will to kill, the lust to dismember,
the urge to overpower our fellow man.*

*Honor their sacrifice,
so that we all could have a life,
but let's not let it be in vain,
never, never, ever again.*

Southern Arizona Press

Frozen Echoes

- Ashley O'Keefe

*A covering of winter
Frozen echoes cry,
Memories faded
But never to die,*

*A symbol of remembrance
Of hope and of peace,
To the brave, to the soldier
To those young men deceased.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

September 1, 1914

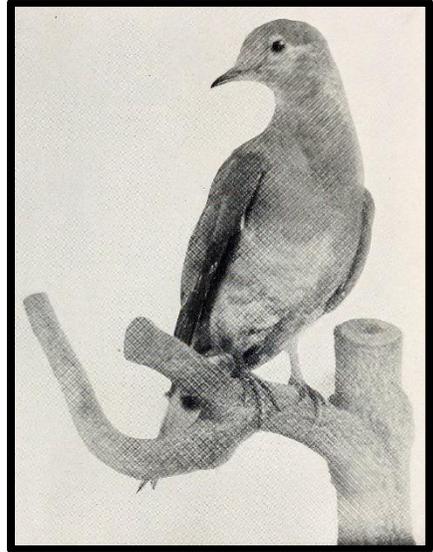
(Martha, My Dear...)

- Kevin Ryan

*Finale of dark skies
Confined in a zoo
Leaves us to realize
The last bird's-eye view*

*No safety in numbers
That maxim disproved
As nothing encumbers
A species removed*

*Embalmed on the shelves
While half the world over
We slaughter ourselves
In poppy and clover*



(Dedicated to Martha, the last Passenger Pigeon)

The Poppy is Not as Fragile as She Seems

- Rhiannon Owens

*The humble field poppy is not as fragile as she looks
nor so vulnerable
despite the tissue like petals
and slim, green stems.
Poppies will die off,
but return the following year,
or if the elements are against them
they can lie dormant in the soil for years,
all of a sudden thrusting through the hard ground,
unfurling, reaching.*

*The men of Flanders cannot do this,
mortality left them shot to pieces
on the unforgiving soil,
or where bodies could be recovered,
forever underground.
Life such a delicate thread,
but these bodies yet nourished,
Nature's gifts,
and the beautiful red poppy.*

*Poppies are less fragile than they appear,
as they bend in the wind,
trembling, shivering eyes downcast
staring at the mud and dust,
but men were more fragile than they seemed,
as they marched onwards, armed.
Bodies and minds can be broken,
what is seen never unseen,
or forgotten.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Poppies will thrive in the dry, cracked earth,
while many soldiers died of thirst,
or hunger.*

*Not weak men, not by any means,
just shoved into an impossible, hellish nightmare
that nobody should ever have to endure...
death, fallen comrades, 'shellshock', depression,
amputations, brain injuries,
survivors guilt,
an irreparable distance from loved ones
feeling distant even when they're near...*

*Poppies are not so very fragile
despite their tender shoots and ethereal blooms,
but though both men and poppies can be deceptive
in appearance,
they are really very alike...*

*with the strength to carry on,
to struggle through.
Strength and vulnerability combined.
Both are bold and persevere
miracles of Life.
We scatter poppy seeds,
and sow the seeds of love and hope.*

Southern Arizona Press

Somme (July 1, 1916)

- Kevin Ryan

*We lament our lost youth
But then we see this
Realizing the truth
Of preemptive abyss*

Poppy

- Geoff P. Stockton

*a dead
petrified log corpse...
lay rotting in
the stink of
clinging mud..*

*a handcuffed
blood-red poppy,
stuck between thorns
lifts its weary head
above the parapet...*

but...

*threatened by
strangulation,
for a noose of
rusty, gripping barbs,
the long-since deserted
and ghost-haunted trenches,
offered only on escape...*

“Death.”

Postcards from 1917

- Helen Anderson

*Grandfather liked his stout and raspberry
"Good for the arthritis" he shouted
"Bloody Huns, the gas caused this".
Sitting forward in his chair
He thumped the floor with his walking stick
Grasped in his misshapen fingers
No loss of belligerence or humour
In his rasping pain.*

*Yellowed, creased post cards
Covered in fading hand writing
No space wasted
Oddly restrained messages,
brother to brother
son to mother
lover to beloved.
"Will write when landing in France"
"With best wishes to all"
"Good Luck"
"I suppose you have heard by now that I have been
gassed"
Smell of age and memories and loss*

*"Ten Shun" from the parade sergeant
Drums roll
Pipes whine
Faint jangle of medals
Neatly pinned to Sunday suit lapels
Hundreds of street shoes marching
In time to remembered steps
The dance of ragged boots and random terror
Structured and ordered*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

The illusion of purpose

*Looking out for our Pop and our Dad
Grandfather swings by doing a scissor jump (to make
us laugh)
Dad waves his one hand and jiggles his empty sleeve
Then beer and talk at the RSA, pies and fizzy for us
kids*

*The band plays
No one left to march on memory
No Dad or Grandfather larking
No treat food
Wars without end
Lessons not learnt
And the parade marches on
Poppies left holding our second-hand memories*

(Winner Auckland War Memorial Museum "Lest We Forget" Poetry
Competition 2018)

Letters from the Front Line

- Derek Davies

*First day over here my love,
We're packed and on our way,
The lads are many thousands deep,
Old Blighty's here to stay.*

*The Kaiser won't know what's hit him,
We'll show him, you wait and see,
The lads are on a mission,
We'll bring back victory.*

Day Two.

*Things are not too good right now,
we're taking it real bad,
I've watched so many good friends die,
it's awful, it's really sad.*

*The smell of death is all around,
a sight that's hard to take,
Please Lord stop the suffering,
Lord God for Heavens sake.*

Day Three.

*I don't know if I'm lucky or something,
I cant take much more of this,
We're under constant fire right now,
I hope the blighters miss?*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Bullets whistle past your head,
The smoke it burns your eyes,
It's hell here in the trenches,
It's the Devil in disguise.*

Day Four.

*I wish I was back home right now,
I miss you all so dearly,
The pain of war it hurts so much,
A pain that never leaves me.*

Day Five.

*My love, I hope you're well,
I wish this war would end,
So many souls now in Gods hands,
It's hard to comprehend.*

*My love please always remember me,
I suffer now no more,
Just remember that I loved you so,
As I reach Heavens door.*

The Battles of Men

- Lynn Beringer

*The master calls his army
To a battle on the field
Marching beasts of burden
No living man can make them yield
They cheer for the distant thunder
Silent prayers float toward the clouds
The men who hold the front line
Fall, but never cry out loud
Heavy rain is a welcome friend
It cools the bloodied space
For some it is the last thing
That floods their resting place
Those that live to tell the tale
Wear their scars with weary pride
They talk of a battle's glory
When death was on the winning side
Every fallen brother
Is forgiven of their sins
Each name is spoke in reverence
As it's carried softly on the wind
Swords held high in unison
A salute to all they've lost
Knowing hell ends up victorious
Souls have always been the cost
So, hail to the brave who've battled
Ten million slaughtered men
Faces of the sleeping dead
Who risked everything to win*

They Rose

- Johanne Lee

*When they rose...
Skies were surprised
Pleasantly the sun shone
As clouds had often cried*

*From the darkest deeds
Where mud had sunk the slain
And their shadows speak all languages
And every word of it... pain*

*When they rose...
To colour bland days
The green and pleasant stem
Frail yet determined
To rise and speak of them*

*And the voices lost, still be heard
Still be ever seen
Tis no metaphor for bloody war
Each grave a stark red scene*

*When they rose...
Lifted from the earth
To stand forever marching
Ground trodden in rebirth*

*Surely man shall see the poppy bled and ne'er seek another
field
For to stand and stare at the sacrifice there
Where the earth of it is barely healed*

*As the sun goes down daily
For our freedom
They didn't yield*

In the Trenches

- Kyle Coare

In the trenches

*Dead hands sit in the mud beside
scar tissue across dead countryside.
Mudslide from all the rain cried
floods the blood-soaked ground.
Death paces, scythe tapping to the beat
as all around the mortars pound*

In the trenches

*Mirror image over dead man's land,
two sides of the same hand
fighting for a tiny piece of green.
Through clouds of phosgene,
choking and loosening trench coats
the unmasked clasping at their throats.*

In the trenches

*Wounded lay in the dead lands just feet away
screams in the night keep us awake,
no hope of parlay, no respite in these fields of decay.
Just the sound of machine gun symphony,
missile crash cacophony.
Ghostly echoes of the undead,
never to dream of peaceful meadows again,
not here, in this dugout trench bed.*

In the trenches

*Skeletal remains, nowhere for the hurt to drain,
no escape from the constant missile rain.
Rats entrenched,
disease and stench.
Waiting for the time
when the whistles blow
and we go over the top
into the killing fields below.*

They Died Alone

- Ste Bam

*The soil boiled with young blood
hot molten showered from above
Piercing skin and shattering bone
In foreign fields they died alone*

*Gun smoke and scattered limbs
A show of force on a whim
The horrors of bureaucracy
To force fake democracy*

*They died in vain as we soon forget
The innocent with stolen breath
Now fodder for shock and awe
Penance paid to the gods of war*

In The Trenches

- Janelle Erin Elizabeth Peters

*My brother I am with you
Wading in this water deep
The mud, the sludge, the pain
As we stand upon our feet*

*In the distance bombs exploding
As we try hard to hide
Without ever even knowing
Just how long we stand inside*

*In the trenches we do stay
With blistered, open skin
As together we all pray
That this war we fight, we'll win*

*In the trenches brother to brother
I know we all won't make it
Starving, cold, and nothing to eat
Our legs they are "a shakin"*

*In the trenches lives were lost
After everything we tried to do
We paid the price a deadly cost
Fighting for freedom for all of you*

Silence Speaks

- Geoff P. Stockton

*The silence of the guns
Echoes through the trenches,
Darkness descends
Mud conceals all.
A deathly stillness pervades a
Deserted landscape.
An eerie nothingness where
Silence speaks.*

*Out of heavy broken skies
Rain soaks, bathes
The wounds of war.
Devastation presents
In bloody shades, nightmare visions,
Cataclysmic voids.
The only pulse
The heart recognizes, is fait as
Paralysis creeps,
Fists clench, in angry pain
Limbs stiffen as cold encroaches.*

*Resignation, isolation
Loneliness apart from scavenging rats.
Calmed only by tghoughts of Blighty
Fireside warmth, family
And home ... I open my eyes
To the new reality.
Fragile peace
At last.*

Comrade with a Shovel

- Matt McGee

He fell and never got up.

*Hours later, a nameless comrade arrived,
shovel in hand; he hadn't known the young man
from Owego, NY, and had nothing
to contribute to his final moments
except the blade of a pack shovel
and the muscle he still had use of.*

*This soldier, just following orders,
shoved the spade into German soil, softened
by the spilled blood of men again and again,
and heaved it over his shoulder
until something gleaming caught his eye.
He knelt in blood-softened loam
that orders and a jammed German rifle
kept him above one more day.*

*He pulled the shining object
from the dead soldier's pocket
and tucked it away in his own, where
orders and the grace of an early surrender
would allow him to return home. He wrote his mother
from New York City and told her he'd be home
just as soon as he ran an errand, and knowing
that would be enough to appease her a few weeks
he hopped a train to Owego, feeling the weight
of the shining silver pen in his shirt pocket.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*It is the same one I use to write these words
over a century later, its refills still available
online. It weighs perfectly in my hand, and as my
children
live in an era blessed by the grace of drone technology
they may never have to charge onto a battlefield
or walk into one, orders in mind, shovel in hand
to wander among the ghosts of the dead.*

Armistice

- Joseph A. Farina

*Victory was ours
the war won
combatants could breath
triumphant air - reeking, of
blood
mold and
bodies
buried in the mud...*

*Peace was ours
a hollow word
when only rubble remained
of once great cities
and temples to life...*

*Victory meant home
a forgotten place
where soldiers returned
to loves
who loved another
to jobs
taken by others
to sanitariums
where voices raged
and bells rang and tolled
made of silver stars and iron crosses*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Peace meant life
in guttered streets
begging to those they kept alive
pleading
to sell sad pencils from an iron cup
life
where heroes toil
under naked lights
making little red flowers*

Somme
- Kevin Ryan

The trenches' edges soften
Europe's largest coffin

Pocks of sacred shell-hole graves
Now apolitical enclaves

Unexploded ammunition
Metaphors of our condition

Hoardings of vermin hunker
Inside a buried bunker

A shred of woolen army garb
Still tangled in a rusted barb

Echoes of the gore and screams
Linger in the woods and streams

Done Crossing Europe, 1945

- Lennart Lundh

*Ernie's got a favorite letter
out of all the ones his wife's sent,
the first one he got after Omaha
and the battle to get off the beach.
"Our daughter's arrived," it starts,
"and she already has your smile."*

*He's read it twice a day,
and passed it around so often
we know it all by heart.
Regardless of how tenderly
it's been handled, carefully
its been opened and refolded,
small tears were bound to come.*

*It's the second day of April.
There's a sniper down the street.
There'll be a telegram,
and no matter how Lizzy handles it
the paper will be full of tears.*

Just Another Pawn

- Denis Murphy

*A blackbird's song. A plaintiff cry
The Angels weep in a blood red sky
A moment of beauty in this wretched place
A lonely lament for the human race
The Angel of Death visits this day
And many a soul will be carried away
Death stalks like a ravenous beast
And on the dead and the dying feast*

*Jagged trenches like scars in the land
Barbed wire fences bite foot and hand
Flesh ripped and torn by shrapnel and shell
This place of horror, a living hell
Bullet and bayonet, cold hard steel
Rotting corpses and rutted wheel
Bones shattered and minds broken
What horrors and demons have they awoken?*

*Horror walks this bloody Battlefield
For so many, their fate has been sealed
A young boy, face down in the mud
Life ebbing away in rivers of blood
An unknown soldier, just another pawn
Some mother's child, who will never see the dawn
Lost among the screams of terror and agony
Lambs to the slaughter for king and country*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*Well behind the battle lines
Swilling Brandy and the finest wines
Pompous generals play the game
Their blunders, acceptable losses, all in the name
Behind the smiles they can not hide
The Pawns they've sacrificed on the fires of pride
As they raise their glasses and sing
For God, for country and for king.*

*A blackbird's song, a lonely lament
In a field of crosses, headstones and cement
Just sit for a moment and take your ease
A carpet of poppies sway in the breeze
Each one a memory of a hero who fell
Lest we forget, this place was once hell
For the fallen, the brave, the boys and men
May their sacrifice never be forgotten.*

Oh, Soldier Boy

- Paul Gilliland

*Oh, Soldier Boy, the winds of war are whispering
From east to west, o'er mountain, field, and stream
You heed the call, and pick up arms in answering
To serve your country for its freedom's dream*

*And you go forth, as duty so obliges you
For in the end the victory you won't cede
For honor and duty are your battle cry
On foreign shores when allies are in need.*

*When you return, a hero from the battlefield
Some will have died, as death is part of war
We hold you high and thank you for your sacrifice
And ne'er forget the trials that you bore.*

*And through your sacrifice, your life has given meaning
Duty to others is above one's own
You pass the torch, to future generations
For the life of sacrifice, that you have shown.*

War

- Drew K Swindells

*The 24 lead soldiers line up in a row.
They all fall over one by one, such a tragic blow.*

*The armistice comes too late for all the millions dead.
The widows in their weeds cry for what was said.*

*The mustard gas looks pretty as it rolls around the
fields.
The terrified soldiers are swallowing down their fears.*

*Fred and Arthur with their pints down the Dog and
Bone.
They never say a lot about what was seen and done.*

*The poppy seller down the shops has his break for tea.
He never talks about his brother and everything they've
seen.*

Letter from Ypres
17 December 1915 Ypres
- John Anthony Fingleton

Dear Mother,

*Please don't think me bad,
but when you read this letter I'll be dead.
They'll take me out this coming dawn,
to end my seventeen years born.*

*Some said that I had run away,
a coward afraid to fight and stay.
I explained my mind was so destroyed –
The bombs! The gas! The bloody noise!*

*I couldn't see, I couldn't think
from breathing in that putrid stink
of rotten flesh, decaying heads...
my rations tasted of the dead.*

*The rats inside the gaping mouths,
gnawing at the eyes from inside out,
Oh Mother, please forgive your son
I never should have took the gun,
or lied about my date of birth,
they think that I am two years plus.*

*They want to warn my other chums,
that might be scared to charge those guns,
but there's no difference to the stench,
in no man's land or the muddy trench.
So when they tie me to that stake,
remember me for Jesus sake.
I will die the best I can –
one day a boy – next day a man.*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance



The Shot at Dawn Memorial in Alrewas, Staffordshire, contains the names of 306 men who were executed for 'cowardice' or 'desertion'. With many now recognized as having been suffering from mental illnesses like post-traumatic stress disorder. The memorial portraying a young British soldier blindfolded and tied to a stake, ready to be shot by a firing squad was modelled on the likeness of 17-year-old Private Herbert Burden, who lied about his age to enlist in the armed forces and was later shot for desertion.

I'm Sorry, Momma

- Janelle Erin Elizabeth Peters

*I'm not quite 18 yet it's 1939
I lied about my age on the draft card
Sorry momma I'm leaving don't you cry
Sweet Rose I will miss you while on guard*

*Traveled across the Atlantic to invade
To keep the peace and fight for what is right
During this time I will not walk away
I'm strong and I will not give up the fight*

*I'm so sorry momma I am wounded
The things I've seen I'm not sure I'll survive
I have been shot Rose we've been intruded
Momma I don't know if I will arrive*

*I was only 17 in World War 2
Fighting for your freedom I died for you*

The Old Man Stood Proud

- Victoria Puckering

*The old man stood proud
He remembered the Great War in which he fought
Many of his young friends fell or badly injured
He relived those images too horrific to describe or tell
Maybe so indescribable
The bloodiest horror movie
Mankind fought and starred in
He wished it had not been a reality
Those damaged physically and mentally
Those injuries people did not see
Some were shot for desertion
We know it now as PTSD
I am proud of those that fought for the privileged life we
live
The old man stood proud
He thought of his young friends until his dying day
I am proud you were my Grandad
You lived to tell some of your terrible tales
The rest you took with you
Remain forever untold
We are proud of you
We won't forget Grandad*

Nobody of Consequence

- Junee Banerjee

*I'm nobody of consequence
I'm nobody you would know
Just another soldier maimed in war
Now wondering where to go...
Just another father far from his child
In distant, barren lands to roam
A son, a brother, who's lost his way
A husband who longs to go home..
Yet I run towards the narrow ridge
In the midst of the enemy lines
I shoot a man, who drops down dead
His face is quite close to mine...
The ghosts of all the fallen
Tiptoe past my bedroom door
With cries of anguish for those they loved
And bloodstains upon the floor...
I'm nobody of consequence
I'm nobody you would know
Just a shattered heart that drowns in guilt
And memories I can't let go...*

*The birds hide when they hear the bombs
Behind a shield of light
In their silence no chirp or song
Lost in the darkest of the nights...
They only hear the children cry
As the wounded take their dying breath
They only see the blossoms die
And weep for those bereft...
They only chirp a silent prayer
When all of hope is gone
When limbs are torn and lying in dust*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*And only gunshots linger on...
The dove and lark they shake their heads
For this wasted land and mourn
This world has lost another day
And a million dreams are torn...
Oh, I'm nobody of consequence
I'm nobody you would know
Just a man who's forced to kill his kin
A man who's left to deal the blow...*

*I dreamed that all the bombs had dropped
With no lives left to steal
I dreamed I was on my way back home
With no one left to kill...
I dreamed I was a young man again
Reciting vows to my wife
Holding her hand and kissing her lips
Embracing our blessed child...
But now that dream is over
And the battle lingers on
With every prayer I'd prayed in vain
When innocent lives were gone...
A thousand tears of pain I bled
And I held a thousand more
With the blood that stains my muddy vest
In some far off crimson shore...
I'm nobody of consequence
I'm nobody you would know
I've lost my sense of right and wrong
And I've nowhere left to go...*

*All my dreams came down to dust
There was nothing I could say
With the foggy cloud that rises high
And takes the day away...
I'm stranded in this empty grove
Where poppies lie trampled in blood
Lying amidst my brothers in blue and grey
Not knowing there could be love...
Have we lost our sense of reason?
Why does this battle linger on?
Have we lost the dream we held so close
Now that all our hopes are gone?
Where is the honour in such disdain
When we could have all been friends
Smiling and walking hand-in-hand
It would have been easy in the end...
Oh, I'm nobody of consequence
Just a man who longed to feel
That hearts would learn to be kind again
With love to help them heal...
With hope to help them heal...*

The Large Old Oak Tree

1914-18 Lest We Forget

- Derek Davies

*The large old oak tree stands there tall in that field,
It has been there now, maybe five hundred years hence
or more.*

*In that time it has seen so much pain around its
branches,
the suffering of the innocence and the anguish of war.
That large old oak tree watches on from a distance,
never judging the hurt with those lives that were lost.
Soldiers fight a battle, but who be the victor?
How can there be glory...when death counts the cost?
That same old oak tree once watched children play
joyfully, happiness filled up their days with delight.
Those days are long gone now,
that field torn and battered,
with blood flowing rivers and gun smoked filled nights.
Still that large old oak tree stands alone in the mire,
its roots firmly fixed through the soil where it grows.
A lasting reminder, Gods strength love and beauty,
a gift sent from heaven, that a world care not know.
So remember that tree, its branches stretched touching,
a world so divided, from its viewpoint above.
A symbol of peace, reaching out to all nations,
one large old oak tree, brings compassion and love.*

Silent Ears

- Rob Bristol

*As silence reigns and people pray,
Respecting the eleventh day,
As poppies fall by silent ears,
Recalling those, robbed of their years.*

*Men, who died in pools of blood,
Upon The Somme, in fields of mud,
For air crews who did not return,
Families lost, as houses burn.*

*For sailors lost beneath the waves,
Warships, which became their graves,
Recalling all, who bore the load,
For breaking the, enigma code.*

*Those whose bravery knew no bounds,
Unmarked graves, on foreign grounds,
Women of the land brigade,
Nurses proud, to offer aid.*

*Farmers, for their harvest crops,
Ensuring food was in the shops,
Those who worked throughout the night,
Producing arms, 'til morning light.*

*Conscripts, ordered to attack,
By Generals, cowering at the back,
For all those lost to bloody wars,
Of which, the politicians cause.*

*Recalling those, robbed of their years,
As poppies fall by silent ears,
Respecting the eleventh day,
Silence reigns..... and people pray.....*

My Red Dress
- Janelle Erin Elizabeth Peters

*I remember the red dress
The one I wore to the special dance
When I caught your eyes for the first time
My red sparkling earrings
And my beautiful red shoes*

*Don't know what caught your eyes more
My red dress or me
But I am thankful everyday
That it brought you to me*

*We danced away the night
With you holding me tight
And from that very day
We began our life*

*We have grown older now
Kids in tow
One bouncing baby boy
And our beautiful little girl*

*The colour red you still did see
As you left for the war to set us free
Red blood shed your eyes did see
Not the love my dress gave thee*

*Blood it spilled in front of your eyes
Twas not my hearts beating love prize
The colour red I saw it too
When the Sergeant knocked at our door
The Canadian flag he held for you
And it dropped me to the floor*

*I will always remember you
And my red dress forevermore*

21-Gun Salute

- Martin Gedge

*Being young a fathers son
who see's him off to war
it's six months in and to my chagrin
there's a soldier at my door
I try to hide the tears I've cried
for the sake of being strong
to help the ache and sudden break
of my poor and helpless mom
I see the news that spreads the blues
across the TV screens
and often shook to have to look
at all these burned out scenes
we can't compare to over there
as to what they're going through
for all the pain as showers reign
what are they suppose to do
I bare to think that on the brink
that there's no end in sight
I hope and pray they find a way
to end this senseless fight
I wish the world could only see
the light of every dark
and understand there is a plan
to love with all your heart
but I'm a boy whose only joy
to see my dad again
in photographs and certain laughs
from letters that we send
my dad was brave upon his grave
with flag in loyal clutch
the holding hand before we stand
a man she loved so much*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*upon the sky a sad goodbye
as they raise their arms to shoot
to honor thee that keeps us free
a 21-gun salute*

Those Who Came Home

- Rob Bristol

*The twentieth century had barely begun,
When boys were conscripted and handed a gun,
Their futures in life appeared to be bleak,
Fighting in wars, which none were to seek.*

*Transported abroad into deaths valley,
Pawns to make up the Political tally,
Men, who had no axes to grind,
Unmarked graves of those left behind.*

*Facing the wrath of a German attack,
White feathered generals led from the back,
Hiding away from men sent to die,
Crocodile tears crept out of their eye.*

*Mustard gas bombs, the stench of the dead,
Fathers and sons, lay where they bled,
British and Germans dying together,
Mourned for a day, then forgotten forever.*

*They speak of The Somme, still to this day,
Horrors of war, that won't go away,
Whilst ghosts of the past continue to roam,
Blessed were the families, of those who came home.*

*Fighting in wars, which none were to seek,
Their futures in life appeared to be bleak,
When boys were conscripted and handed a gun,
The twentieth century had barely begun.....*

Heroes

- Robert R. Bradley, Jr, LCSW, LSATP

*Why do you charge
Why do you answer the call
When you know you'll fall
You give it all
You charge knowing you'll die
Is it honor?
Is it duty?
Is it the spirit in you?
This thing that heroes do
Die on the battlefield
Shot and killed
The ultimate price
Sacrifice
Dying for what you believe
Watching a nation grieve
Valor and victory
A part of history
The best life's lost
Incalculable cost
21 gun salute
A warrior resolute
A Purple Heart
For a war we start
A flag for the family
A case to put it in
A hero's heart won't beat again
But if you listen
You can hear it thump in percussion
In a grateful nation
Watch the flag wave
To the fallen soldier in the grave*

In Memoriam

- E.C. McCaffrey

*Patriotism is a funny thing
Makes one man fight and another one sing
It sets the stage for the loyal things
Like folded flags and bells that ring
Half lowered silks wave in hallowed wind
Remembering all the torn-up men
And women who were next of kin
Sons and daughters of war's red clay
A memorial of our battle days
Where freedom bled on poppy fields
Behind cold rifles and stony shields
Independence and the pain it yields
Forged by what the soldiers wield
Laid to rest in fields of green
Bodies that remain unseen
Faces no one really saw
Guarding borders and building walls
Uniforms wear stitched up names
Dog tags etched with just the same
Letters and numbers that bear the shame
Where sacrifice became our gain
Kneeling at the headstone's hearth
Giving all that prayers are worth
A soldier's heart begins at birth
And ends with liberty
They deserve the bended knee
Home of the brave, land of the free
For this we hold a memory
A day set aside for only thee*

Immortal Heroes

- Seema Sharma

*Immortality they achieved
With their valorous acts
They bled so gallantly
in bloody crimson red
Nation was their supreme concern
They acted so dauntless*

*Each petal of poppies
tells the story
of their valor and pluck
Where they left the trail behind
With their dauntless acts
I bow down to such soldiers
And pay my humble homage
In the most deferential manner!*

*How dismayed but proud their kins would be
To see their soldiers lying in a pool of blood!
Unflinching and indomitable spirits
Those brave stalwarts had!
Tear drops of wailing mothers
When would have fallen on the bed of death
They would have given birth to million more gutsy
soldiers
Those mettlesome heroes
Would live beyond Eternity
They must be given utmost reverence and respect!*

Fear of Unknowing Weakness

- Martin Gedge

*Upon a wall as shadows fall a silhouette will stain
a reflection of my darkness and my disenchanting pain
that walks into the footsteps and to breathe of who I am
a faint and painted soldier on a copper coated stand
a look onto the fields of where the fire spewed the sky
the arms of the alarming through the anger of each eye
a bullet with a number and name it shall engrave
another fabled story full of the glory and the brave
and through the scope of scholar there are lessons we
must learn
to raise a flag in fury as we watch a city burn
from ashes and to amen for the brothers that we lost
tags upon the broken hearts with names to mark the
cross
we fight for what is freedom and we are labeled to the
goal
no white flags of surrender or no failure of the soul
to walk out of the darkness just to see the able light
the haunting of our weakness that will ghost us through
the night
and every boot to print the mud the blood to pour in
tears
will wear upon a stillness face and hide for years and
years
when time is just a memory and soon as bodies fade
the flowers grow on every row to where the sod is laid
and rain to pour on every sore the core may gather dust
but the test of time it shall remind that soldiers never
rust*

Visits From One Gone

- Trisha McCourt

*I don't know you
Time keeps us apart
But I can hear you
I can feel you
Aura's shine sublime*

*Your whispers tickle
Breathing the anxiety and fear
Within your heart so dear
Sharing your story with silent words still heard*

*I feel the pain and alone
Your light begins to fade
Cold of darkness overtakes my vision
Shivers travel rapidly on column of spine
Compassion wishes to have held your hand
Been there so you wouldn't be alone*

*My heart sees the beauty of your message in blood
As my soul remembers
A visitor with no name
Preparing to tell his story
Assisting him to live on
Never forgotten*

There but for the grace...

- Johanne Lee

*There was a boy just like him at home
I recognised the land in his eyes
The square of his shoulder, pinched look of days colder
For a moment I saw through our met disguise
Nothing uniform about us meeting
Down the barrel of an eye in glint
Tempers displaying courage that was fraying
One of us soon to be newsprint*

*Should that give you pause
Do you rant and cheer
It's the opposite side
In jingoistic leer
You're not here
In the stench
Of fear
Soaked to the skin
Knee deep
Empty within
Then he got the edge
Click...
No safety now
My mum flashed before me
Shouting please
My love
Not now
The fire at home will be burning
The banners the flags out too
Come home my mum had told me
A piece of me is missing 'til you do*

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

*You might wonder how I write this
While death is kept waiting at the door
An eternity passed between us
Silent inner screaming sad implore
Turns out it wasn't my time yet
A mate of mine came over the hill
Blasted the enemy where he stood
Screamed blood thirsty his kill
His skill
His thrill
Followed to the letter
The drill
And I laid him down, I even closed his eyes
It felt good to be alive
A feeling I've come to despise
Hollow is the victory
War it ravaged and it sickened me
Took legs and limbs
No apology
Shell shocked I carried on in silence
I couldn't tell me mam about the violence
Many a day by the fire content
I wonder about that lad
And which way it was he went*

witness

- Joseph A. Farina

*geometrically aligned
thousands of crosses
whiter than the bones they mark
each a separate Golgatha
carpeted in poppies
on high cliffs overlooking silent beaches
on fields sheltered by cypress trees and olive groves
on plateaus beneath tropical skies
on ground made holy by their sacrifice
monuments of marble witness the fallen dead
in promise for their eternal memory
our seal for their unbroken pledge.*

*await the descent of angels
to call them back to ranks
from the earth that they defended
to the vaults of heaven earned.....*

My Uncle Egidio's War

- Joan Leotta

*My dad and husband are vets
but the man of the poppy
was my dad's older brother.
Lived his life until 1976
in a VA Home
after his 1919 discharge.
A kind and gentle man
his life ended in the trenches
near the poem's Flanders Fields,
his body came home
but with mind and lungs
irreparably scarred by
poison gas and the horror of it all.
The war to end all wars
ended all normal life for him.*

One Year Out
- Donna Katheryn Kelly

*This is how it ends for him:
no funeral, no battle hymn,
just water absorbed into the lungs,
dragging him into an ice-cold tomb,
limitless gallons of titanic weight,
crushing breath with fists of fate.
One year out
is met with doom.*

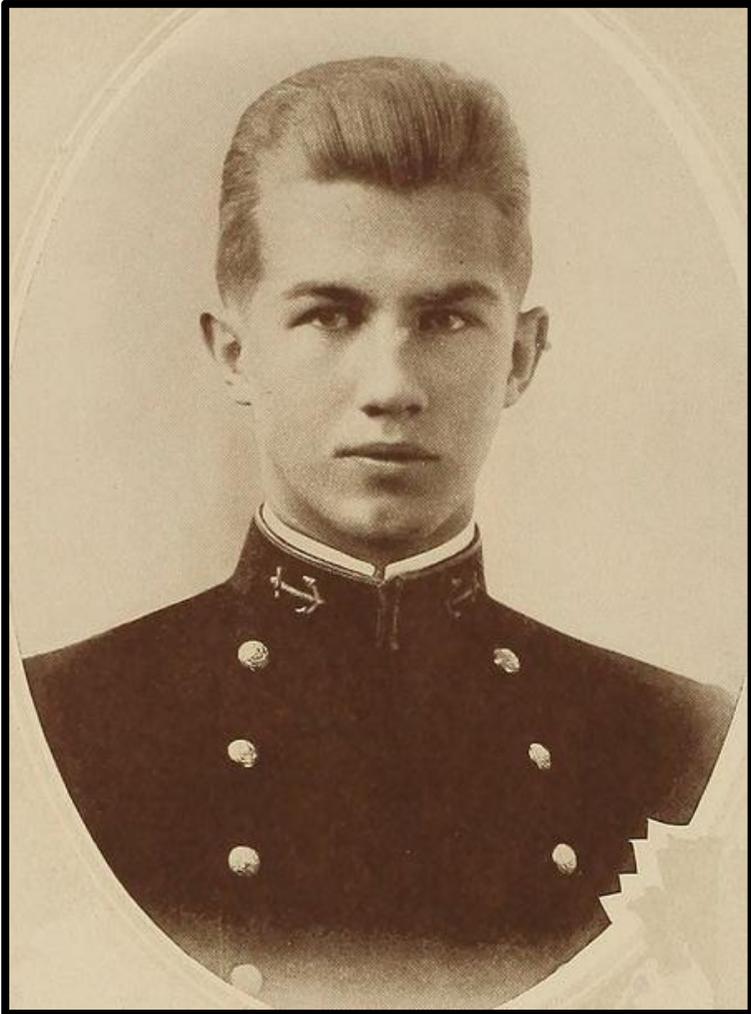
*Stern sinks in eight, but he goes longer,
combating the chill of terror-water.
He shoulders through a mass of waves,
through gulps of salty-death to save
as many hearts and hands, he sees -
as many cries as he perceives.
One year out
is all God gives.*

*Numb his lips, and all tread ceases;
his limbs immobile, his mind releases
the sounds of an Alabama summer:
songbirds, fishing lines, the voice of his mother.
He wills death away to save more men yet,
Temporary is the swim; infinite is the depth.
One year out
is all he gets.*

(Stanton F. Kalk (1894-1917), Lieutenant (Junior Grade), United States Navy, graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1916. He was killed in action the following year, when on 6 December 1917 the German submarine U-53 fired a torpedo that struck the USS *Jacob Jones* on which Kalk was on board, sinking

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the American destroyer in eight minutes. Kalk survived the blast and heroically swam from raft-to-raft moving survivors in an effort to save them by equalizing the weight of the life rafts. In doing so, Kalk died of exhaustion and exposure. He was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.)



IED QED

- Lennart Lundh

*Depleted uranium
is still on the Periodic Table.
It waits there for you,
or you can search if you feel prompted.
The tap of your fingers will seem a sudden
silence
as the sun sets.*

*Zep's "Stairway" issues from the boom box.
Above and behind you at the fifty,
the Fucking New Guy screams along, off key.
You holler something to him
and miss the signal from the sensor.
The shell was stolen from a stockpile.
It took four men to hide it in your path.*

*Even as I run from my truck to yours,
I know there's no reason to hurry.
Heavy metal thunder echoes from the hills.
There's screaming, but no climbing notes to match.
Your dog tags, wrapped like mourning bands for
silence,
weigh more than worlds upon my palm.*

Culpability

- Chris Allen

*The color pops on the inside,
coated by draping red petals.
The purple pours forth, protrudes.
Every year the field
is awash in the memory of blood,
blossoming, bursting out—a life
cycled to celebrate, a sacrifice—
overflowing with seeds of the sown.
Wine-dark sea carried*

*by generations yet to pass.
More required each successive
year, for the soldiers slain by mines, machines,
others, and the self. Flowers flank
the heartbeat. Pulse. Roots run*

*shallow, a pool of new sustenance
arrives seasonally. The patch spreads,
pollinates even the least populous
swaths of earth. Weeds which reseed
themselves. The poppy makes a new neighbor.*

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Lest We Forget

- Adam Wilson

*Remember those who came before.
So, what they've done; doesn't fade away.
Remember those who sold their lives.
To buy us the lives; that we live today.*

*Lest we forget that awful cost.
Paid by heroes we have never known.
Heroes that died, on foreign soil.
To protect; those they love; back home.*

Gardens of Remembrance

- Rob Bristol

*Gardens of remembrance, honouring the dead,
Poppies fall in silence, all are coloured red,
One for every conscript, lost through two world wars,
Fighting for our freedom, on distant, foreign shores.*

*With outstanding bravery, the will to give their life,
In order for the future, to be free of strife,
Men who had no hatred, lost across the waves,
They lie, yet undiscovered, in their unmarked graves.*

*Operation Overlord, or D Day, as it's known
A plan that saw the Germans, finally overthrown,
Forces joined together, upon the 6th June,
The war was nearly over, and not a day too soon.*

*The destiny was Normandy, on that vital morn,
Allies in their thousands, sought the crack of dawn,
German guns were focused, as boats approached the
shore
The Third Reich had no vision, of all that lay in store.*

*Allies marched through Europe, setting countries free,
Hitler was in outrage, to see his forces flee,
But poppies fall in silence, all of which are red,
Gardens of remembrance, in honour of the dead...*

Kneeling at the Stone

- Sean Yeterian

*Kneeling at the stone,
he'd never felt so all alone,
They promised they'd be brothers to the end,
But promises aren't kept,
and it's been years since he's well slept,
So he gathers all the memories of a friend.*

*"You remember all the times,
in our partnership of crimes,
You challenged me to be more than I was?
You never gave up hope,
on this clumsy apish dope,
When others would have called me a lost cause."*

*He looked down upon the ground,
then he quickly glanced around,
Making certain no one saw his salted tears.
"You told me always to be strong,
it would never lead me wrong,
and to never ever cave into my fears."*

*"I won't forget that day,
you wouldn't let me have my way,
You said that I should rest a while more.
So you'd taken my patrol,
Cause you wouldn't let it go,
and nothing ever would be as before."*

*With his hand upon the rock,
he found it difficult to talk,
Felt the etchings of a name he'll not surrender,
Then he stroked the fertile grass,*

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*gave the stone another pass,
and spoke his parting words to this defender.*

*"For all the days I live,
the gift was yours to give,
I promise to be faithful to your cause.
I always will stay strong,
it's never lead me wrong,
you still challenge me to be more than I was."*

*As he turned to walk away,
he thought he heard his buddy say,
"Stay a while longer, please don't go."
So he knelt down as before,
"I could rest a while more."
Another Soldier's love that few can know.*



Photo credit – Sean Yeterian

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We Shan't Forget

- Paul Gilliland

*We shan't forget the price they paid
And noble sacrifices made
By answering their country's call
Defending freedom over all
Until Taps final note was played*

*If cut down by the horseman's blade,
The shrapnel from a stray grenade,
Or enemy's lead rifle ball
We shan't forget*

*Upon the fields where men are laid
White crosses form a colonnade
With names engraved so we recall
The heroes who each gave their all
With each and every flag displayed
We shan't forget*



Eternal Flame

- John Anthony Fingleton

*The waving crowds, the marching feet,
The band playing, La Marseillaise.
It all seemed like some, fête du jour,
As he went off to war that day.*

*Then crowds got lost in a haze of gas,
As his feet trudged through the mud.
The music changed to a funeral march,
The days brought endless blood.*

*In that field that had no plough,
The broken earth revealed-
The scattered limbs of horse and man,
The broken bones of dreams.*

*No moss will grow upon his grave,
No stone will bear his name.
His fate to lie alone, unknown - (only by his God) –
Beneath the eternal flame.*

A Mother's Love

- Denis Murphy

*There were no marching bands to greet him
The old railway station had never looked so grim
An empty platform, there was no cheering crowd
No shouts of bravado or of music played too loud
No flags, no speeches. There was nothing to be seen
It was as if it had never happened or had ever been.
So different from when they left for war, that lovely
summer's day
Before their lives and limbs had been brutally blown
away
Three young brothers had set sail
Only he had returned so damaged and so frail
Torn apart leaving ghastly wounds and deepest scars
To defend small nations in the war to end all wars.*

*Her husband had been a kind man
A good catch for any young woman
She had made a good choice
He rarely raised his voice
Gentle but as tough as teak
A man of his word, he often did not speak
Always ready to help those in trouble or in need
Whose crops had failed or required more seed
Shy and awkward, softly spoken
His body lay crushed and broken
On a neighbour's farm, trampled by a horse and cart
But it was the grief and sorrow that really stopped his
heart*

*She had been left alone with the youngest son
Poor Tim was slow and the simple one
A child's mind in a young man's body*

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*At least it kept him from the war and tragedy
Unlike his three brothers Mathew, James and Joss
Two had died in a far-off land. Such a terrible loss
Such a waste of young lives. Heartbreak and pain
Their life blood washed away in the pitiless rain
A blood sacrifice to the callous greed of men
In war after war again and again*

*Victory and defeat at so terrible a cost
And so much beauty and goodness lost*

*Nervously she waits, outside the railway station
As she summons the strength to face the situation
Trying hard to hold back the tears
Praying for the courage to overcome her fears
She sees him, a broken man where her son had been
Changed by the horrors he has seen
His place taken by this gaunt stranger
Who has been to Hell and back, through constant
danger
Trembling hands and body shaking
Then he sees her there patiently waiting
Mixed feelings surface of a survivor's guilt and shame
"Welcome home James" - she quietly whispers his
name.*

*But a mother's love knows no bounds or limitation
With love, patience, dedication and determination
He may recover his strength and sanity
Another pawn betrayed by corruption and ideology
Millions of lives shattered and torn to shreds
While politicians and bureaucrats stayed at home in
their beds
And their puppet masters their fortunes made
The Lords of War, sold gun and grenade
Every bullet, every bomb, every shell by the case
To wreak havoc and chaos on the human race*

*Will they ever be called to account for their evil deeds
That puts their avarice and greed before the world's
needs?*

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This Precious Mother's Son

- Mike Geaney

*This precious mother's son
Her one-in-a million
Just one of millions
Lost to the earth
One hundred years or more
Lost souls of The Great War
Please don't shut memory's door
Remember their worth*

The Fallen
- Mark Fleisher

*The government gave him a marble tombstone,
his widow a perfectly folded flag,
the raven-haired little girl,
the handsome little boy tugging at his tie
a red poppy in his lapel
memories wrapped in wondering tears
staining innocent smiles*

*He died in the desert,
metal shards leaving little trace,
an explosive device, the captain said,
just blew off his face*

*He died in a rice paddy,
face down in the filthy muck,
a sniper's bullet in his brain,
a run of lousy luck*

*He died on a mountain top,
a screaming artillery round
sent shrapnel into his body
defending worthless ground*

*He died at thirty thousand feet,
his plane blown from the sky,
didn't have time to parachute,
didn't have time to ask God why*

*He died aboard a destroyer,
a torpedo ran hot and true,
struck his boat amidships
bloodying the ocean once blue*

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*She died in a prison camp,
serving proudly as a nurse,
comforting the dead and dying
damn wars — the devil's curse*

*He died in a foxhole,
fell upon an enemy grenade,
a posthumous medal for bravery,
war, you see, is no charade*

*He died some years later,
lungs shriveled by poison gas,
just a simple country boy
not of the privileged class*

*Gold stars affixed to windows
made dark by clouds of grief,
the agony of time passing
offers little respite or relief*

*The government gave them marble tombstones,
their kin perfectly folded flags,
and the little girls and the little boys
will remember memories of a time
they will come to understand
when red poppies bloom*

Loss Lingers Remembered By Poppies

- Cynthia A. Lozier

*I remember her
remembering him
she's gone, seven years now, going on eight
he's been gone, seven decades now, going on eight*

*About him, what is it I can say?
all I know is how he looked
in the picture she kept in a frame
it's faded now, black and white to muted gray*

*My Uncle Conrad
in his marine uniform
is an inherited memory now
all I know is where he died
and one can imagine how*

*At aged nineteen
on the shores of Peleliu
during an obscure battle in the Philippines
in the waning months of World War Two*

*Each spring
my mother would plant flowers on his grave
melancholy washing over her like a wave*

*The loss lingering in her memory
and when she planted poppies
and watched them quietly*

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*Perhaps it is Flanders Fields
she imagined as his eternal home
that place of honor mentioned
in the solemn poem*

*And whenever I hear it recited
the comfort is in knowing
brother and sister are now reunited*

A Hero's Homecoming

- Paul Gilliland

*Dawn was breaking in a small Midwest Ville
the streets were all silent; the breezes were still.
Flags were hung from each light pole with care,
in hopes martial music would soon fill the air.*

*The fire brigade was washing the truck
as the veterans prepared the amphibious duck.
The band was busy, tuning each horn
so, John Philip Sousa would ring out that morn.*

*Moms were trying to dress the young tikes
while kids were all busy preparing their bikes
with red crepe paper and cards in the wheels
with visions of picnics and potluck dish meals.*

*The streets were a buzz with young girls and boys,
when down by the drugstore there came a loud noise.
A Greyhound pulled up and opened its door
and out stepped a Soldier, still dressed from the war.*

*He was dressed in all camo, from his front to his back
and his boots were still covered with dust from Iraq.
He looked at the town and gave a slight grin,
the hero was home, let the festivities begin.*

*The townsfolk arrived, all lining the street
knowing this day would provide a great treat.
Then the wail of a siren from the white police van
let all know the parade was at hand.*

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*The VFW with Old Glory to start,
the crowd stood with hands over their heart.
Next came the Boy Scouts, the marching bands,
and children on bikes with flags in their hands.*

*The fire brigade with the big bright red pumper,
and a jeep with the local forest fire jumper,
the veterans with the amphibious duck
and our local hero in the back of a truck.*

*The Shriners were there with their miniature cars
all driving in circles like clown superstars.
The local teen queen with her court by her side,
and the mayor and councilmen along for the ride.*

*The parade finally ended, up on a hill
where the local cemetery stood quiet and still.
There were flags on the graves of the heroes now past
and a ceremony began with a loud cannon blast.*

*Politicians made speeches and laid a huge wreath
in memory of those whose rest underneath.
A trumpet player sounded off "Taps"
as the men of the town removed all their caps.*

*Then our Soldier from war looked up to the sky,
saluted the fallen with a tear in his eye,
and we heard him exclaim, as he knelt on one knee,
"Remember the fallen, cause freedom's not free."*

Veterans Day

- Marvin W. Wooten II

*On this day we hold so true,
we salute the ones that paid.
The biggest price that is life,
we kneel now at their grave.*

*Thank the men and women,
who still now walk that line.
With respect and honor serving,
our country, yours and mine.*

*Let us all never forget them,
loved ones or neighbors too.
Who all may give up everything,
for the old red, white and blue.*

*We all have struggles everyday,
with a chance to wake tomorrow.
They serve us all, give their lives,
while we just live in sorrow.*

*Reach out to living veterans,
please help them in every way.
Don't wait until it's a day to late,
once a year on veterans day.*

To Veterans

- Paul Gilliland

*They spend their youth in far off distance lands
And holidays are spent away from home.
They make a bed 'neath dunes of drifting sands
Or underneath a bombed-out palace dome.
A duty to defend the country's call
With loyalty unto their brotherhood
In honor proudly standing straight and tall
To sacrifice themselves for greater good.
This life is what these heroes chose to serve
For greatness is among the ranks of these.
The highest praise is what these few deserve
For life to them is but a day to seize.
And so, we give our thanks to every vet
For sacrifices we will not forget.*

Veterans Day

- Lorraine Caputo

*In solemn measured steps
two young men walk
back & forth
in front of the memorials*

*In their dark-blue dress uniforms
they are stone-faced reflections*

*They pass each other in front of the markers
At the end of the square-U walk
aside family wreaths
they present arms
& once more rest the gleaming black*

*rifles
on the opposite shoulder*

*Back & forth they march
Time is suspended
Black shoes shine in the noon sun*

*On this Armistice Day
as you pass the doughboy memorial
Do you think of your comrades who died
in that Great War
the War to End All Wars?*

*Have you ever met a World War I veteran?
& if he could claw through
the horror of the memories*

*Did he tell you
of the mustard gas
burning their lungs
of trudging through mud & rain
only to step into the suctioning goo
& a hand reach up through it?*

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*Do you think of those 45 Boone County boys
that lost their lives?*

Do you think of their families?

*As you silently, solemnly march past the markers
do you think about the other fallen soldiers
& the horrors they faced?*

*122 World War II and Korean War veterans
who made the Supreme Sacrifice*

*[How many atomic veterans are
there?]*

27 names on a plain stone

*decorated only with VFW and American
Legion seals*

*[How many Agent Orange
veterans are there?]*

*2 who gave their lives in Operation Desert
Storm / Persian Gulf War 1990-1991*

*[How many Gulf War Syndrome
veterans are there?]*

Do you think about the other war dead?

For at Least Today, Remember

- Mike Geaney

*Men died for your freedom
Christian, Muslim, Sikh
Brothers all, knee deep in mud
So brave, so scared, so meek*

*And when the War was over
The treaties signed in ink
And Heads of State, state job well done
Amongst the bodies' stink*

*Not for Glory these men died
Most costly Victory
They gave their lives that you might live
Tall, and proud, and free*

A Place to Take a Knee

- Paul Gilliland

*Our heroes in this hallowed ground are laid
In their eternal rest for all of time.
We honor them for sacrifices paid
Each given for our country in their prime.
We don't see different colors for the dead.
The headstones in this field all look the same.
There is no black or brown; no white or red,
The only true distinction is the name.
We do not see their race or know their creed
For this was not important to their task.
They served and helped each soul they found in need
And no request was e'er too much to ask.
Since color, race, and creed you cannot see
This is the place where we shall take a knee.*

Memorial Day
- Marvin W Wooten II

*Today is the one day,
we get to say our thanks.
To all the men and women,
who fell from in their ranks.*

*They gladly gave their lives,
so, we could all live free.
They laid theirs on the line,
and did it so unselfishly.*

*The saddest part about this,
is freedom is not free.
It's always taken for granted,
some people will never see.*

*The freedoms that we share,
they change so many lives.
The families that do lose,
their husbands and or wives.*

*The brothers and the sisters,
the sons and daughters too.
Be glad if you have yours,
keep them all close to you.*

*Don't ever take for granted,
the freedom that we share.
For us to have the choices,
because someone else is bare.
Pray for all our soldiers,
that they will make it home.
So, they can share the freedom,
that all of us have known.*

I Would Music Make Once More

- Lennart Lundh

*When the last son has fallen,
there will be a need for bards
to sing dirges and old lullabies,
to remember lives cut short.*

*I will set down my useless rifle,
take my guitar in wearied hands,
and play a saints' procession
to lead them to our hearts.*

*When the last shell is fired,
there will be silence unknown
during the years of fighting,
and a need to honor it.*

*I will find a whole piano,
miraculous in the rubble,
and play a gentle melody
so babes may peaceful sleep.*

*When the last war is over,
there will be no parade
to celebrate the peace,
no dancing in the streets.*

*I will stand atop my tank
and play the violin,
a requiem for all
that have and has been lost.*

When the Towers Fell

- Paul Gilliland

*On an afternoon in Naples
In September 2001
The world was about to change
By events that would be done*

*My wife called me on the phone
The north tower was in flames
And as we watched the TV screen
A second airplane came*

*It struck the southern tower
Smoke turned the skies to black
That is when we realized
It must be an attack*

*The news then flashed across the screen
They hit the Pentagon!
We all looked at each other
"What the hell was going on?"*

*Then all our phones began to ring
What were we all to do?
Lock down all the bases
And establish a curfew?*

*We didn't have the answer
No predeveloped plan
Nor did we know the world was changing
For every woman, child, and man.*

*As we hung up all the phones
And finished every call*

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*We watched in horror and disbelief
As we saw the towers fall.*

*The bases closed, no one could leave
And no one could come in.
They jumped to FPCON Delta
With no clue where to begin.*

*We looked for a reason why
They'd do such an evil deed.
What was the terrorist intent?
Hatred, fear, or greed?*

*We learned it was Al-Qaeda
Who was guilty of the task
What hatred did they have for us?
Was the question that we asked.*

*The next day we came together
As we knew the country would
We grieved and cried for those we lost
And prayed for something good*

*The patriotism in our hearts
Grew stronger every day
As leaders vowed to root them out
And make the villains pay*

*We went to war to find the ones
That caused us all this pain
But as the war continued
The support began to wane.*

*So now at nearly twenty years
We pray the goal is met
And for the thousands that had died
We vow not to forget.*

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Contributor Biographies:

Chris Allen is a gender-fluid, queer father, and veteran with PTSD. Their works have been published or are forthcoming in *Press Pause*, *Glass Mountain*, *Defunkt Magazine*, and *Inkling*. They were awarded the Lillie Robertson Prize for poetry. They earned a BA creative writing from University of Houston and are an MFA candidate at Oklahoma State University.

Helen Anderson is an academic and technical writer in education and a poet. She lives in New Zealand. Her poetry arises from the loves, lives, deaths, and new beginnings that make up the people and the environment of a mysterious, damaged and hopeful country. Helen's academic work has been published in a variety of journals and books and her most recent poetry can be found in *Blue Nib* and the anthology *Poetry for the Planet*.

June Banerjee is an aspiring writer from Kolkata, India, who is currently pursuing her undergraduate degree in English Literature. June is a writer of both poetry and short stories, although she tends to lean a little more towards poetry. When she is not writing, she spends her time reading books, studying, watching Netflix and spending time with her family and friends. She writes about various issues in the world, like depression, anxiety, love, and loss. A strong advocate of peace and empathy, she detests violence of any kind. June loves to explore different places and enjoys travelling, with an especially soft spot for the seaside. She hopes to one day be a successful author in her own right and connect with those who share her passion.

Matty Blades is an English born poet that started writing after the loss of his sister in 2001. Having suffered with poor mental health, addiction, and homelessness, he found writing and art a great outlet and an amazing source of healing. He has published his poetry in anthologies including The Gloucestershire Poetry Society's *Poetry Without Pretension*, *The Trawler 2020* and *2021*, *Open Skies Poetry Dreamscapes Anthology*, and *Poetry*

From Ipsum. Matty has also been published in the Dark Poetry Society and Ravencage E-zines.

Robert R. Bradley, Jr., LCSW, LSATP (Poetry Dude) is 55 years old from Virginia. He has a son and is a single Therapist assigned to military service members and their families. His passions are his two dogs, Tucker and Stella, his family, helping people, all things nature, all things considered an art, and writing poetry. He is the founder of Cut from the Same Cloth, an International Poetry Group. He published his first book, *Cut From the Same Cloth: Volume I*, in 2021 and his second book, *Siesta Key: My Last Oasis* was published May of 2022.

Rob Bristol currently resides in Carclaze, St Austell in the glorious country of Cornwall where he moved in 2012, achieving an ambition that first began in 1981 when he first visited the county. As with his late in life move to Cornwall, he did not start writing poetry until 2010, when he was 49 years young. It all started as whimsical fun, just writing about anything that entered his mind, and posted to Facebook. However, he was astonished by the reactions and comments people posted about each poem he wrote. He followed this response and in 2011, joined Fanstroy, a world-wide group, which boasted over 33,000 registered members and was totally taken by surprise to be voted the 3rd Best Poet in 2011. He has now written in excess of 3000 poems over the following years. His other interests include photography and the new wave of British heavy metal. He has seen Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Genesis, and many other bands live in concert. Nowadays he spends his time visiting the beautiful spots in Cornwall with his two dogs, Zeus and Thor.

Melissa D. Burrage is the author of *The Karl Muck Scandal: Classical Music and Xenophobia in World War 1 America* (melissadburrage.com). She began writing poetry in earnest in 2015 after her twenty-two-year-old son passed away. Poems in this submission center on a collection of letters her son found in a basement locker involving her grandfather's experience during World War I. She is a member of the Westwood Poetry Group, the Marge Piercy Poetry Group, and a 2022 winner of the Joe Gouveia Outermost Poetry Contest. Her work can be found in Wood Cat Review, Poetica Review, Foyer Magazine, Smoky Quartz Literary Anthology and Syncopation Literary Journal, all forthcoming.

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Lorraine Caputo is a documentary poet, translator and travel writer. Her works appear in over 300 journals on six continents, such as *Prairie Schooner* (US), *Revista Máquina Combinatoria* (Ecuador), *StepAway* (UK), *Erothantos* (India), *Cordite Poetry Review* (Australia) and *Bakwa* (Cameroon); and 20 collections of poetry – including *On Galápagos Shores* (dancing girl press, 2019) and *Caribbean Interludes* (Origami Poems Project, 2022). She also pens travel pieces, with narratives appearing in the anthologies *Drive: Women's True Stories from the Open Road* (Seal Press) and *Far Flung and Foreign* (Lowestoft Chronicle Press), and articles and guidebooks.

Her writing has been honored by the Parliamentary Poet Laureate of Canada (2011) and nominated for the Best of the Net. She has done over 200 literary readings, from Alaska to the Patagonia. Ms Caputo journeys through Latin America, listening to the voices of the pueblos and Earth.

Follow her travels at:

www.facebook.com/lorrainecaputo.wanderer or
<https://latinamericawanderer.wordpress.com>.

Kyle Coare (A Severe Case of Writer's Blog) is a Poet and author from Leicester, England. When he was young he dreamed of writing but as so often is the case real life got in the way. He suffered with addiction and mental health problems until they almost took his life. Spending lengthy spells in hospital. After recovering, became reclusive, hiding from the world. Roughly ten years later, in a fit of self-loathing and introspection he decided to put his pen to paper and start trying to find out who he was one word at a time. Now he writes daily, often shining his light on mental health or society as a whole.

He tries to combine poetry and storytelling, with some humour and some dark edges.

But is just as comfortable writing about love and hope, as he is loss and hurt. His work can be dark, but through the darkness there is always light. He has seven poetry collections available at the time of writing. All available through Amazon and Waterstones. He can be followed at <https://linktr.ee/wordsandfluff> and www.facebook.com/wordsandfluff.

Derek Davies is a sixty-two-year-old amateur poet from Port Talbot in Wales U.K. Throughout the week, he works alongside his brother, as part of a family building partnership, in the South Wales area. His love of poetry really started around ten years ago. He always tries to write with passion around subject matter that he finds inspirational and meaningful. He has written around two hundred poems to date. Most of his poetry is seen on media platforms such as Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter. He has yet to get his poetry published, but he intends to do so in the next few months. This will probably be down the road of a self-publishing enterprise. He really hopes people enjoy his poetry work. Any feedback is very much appreciated. He can be reached or read at <https://www.facebook.com/derekrdavies>; daviesderek7@googlemail.com; Twitter: [Derek Davies@derekthefan](https://twitter.com/DerekDavies@derekthefan); and Instagram: [derekdavies49](https://www.instagram.com/derekdavies49).

Joseph A. Farina is a retired lawyer in Sarnia, Ontario, Canada. An internationally award-winning poet. Several of his poems have been published in *Quills Canadian Poetry Magazine*, *The Wild Word*, *The Chamber Magazine*, *Lothlorian Poetry Journal*, *Ascent*, *Subterranean Blue*, *The Tower Poetry Magazine*, *Inscribed*, *The Windsor Review*, *Boxcar Poetry Revue*, and appear in many anthologies including: *Sweet Lemons: Writings with a Sicilian Accent*, *Canadian Italians at Table*, *Witness from Serengeti Press*, and *Tamaracks: Canadian Poetry for the 21st Century*. He has had poems published in the U.S. magazines *Mobius*, *Pyramid Arts*, *Arabesques*, *Fiele-Festa*, and *Philadelphia Poets*. He has had two books of poetry published, *The Cancer Chronicles* and *The Ghosts of Water Street*.

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

John Anthony Fingleton was born in Cork City, in the Republic of Ireland. He has lived in many countries including the UK, France, Mexico as well as six tours to different states in Africa, during service with the French Armed Forces and is now living in Paraguay, South America. His poems have been published in journals and anthologies in Ireland, UK, USA, India, and France as well as three produced plays. Poems read on Irish and American radio as well in Spanish on South American broadcasts. He has contributed to four books of poetry for children. He has poems published in *Spillwords*, *Alien Bhudda*, *The Red Door*, *Piker Press*, *Super Poetry Highway*, *The Writers Magazine*, *Ariel Chart*, and numerous national and international journals, blogs, reviews, and anthologies. He was named Poet of the Year (2016) for the Destiny Poets International Community, Poet of the Month (March 2019) Our Poetry Archive, Poet of the Month (April 2019) The League of Poets, Author of the Month (December 2020) *Spillwords*, and nominated for Author of the Year *Spillwords* 2020. His published collections include: *Poems from the Shadowlands* (November 2017), *Words That Found Me* (December 2019), *Poems From The Banks* (January 2020), *Poems from a Restricted Place* (April 2020), *Secret Fjords* (May 2020), *A Gathering Of Words* (June 2020), and *Lost Places and Other Poems* (January 2021). All which are available on Amazon.

Mark Fleisher recently published his fourth book of poetry *Incidental Moments: New and Selected Poems*. His poetry and prose have been published in online and print anthologies in the United States, Canada, United Kingdom, Nigeria, Kenya, and India. He received a journalism degree from Ohio University and worked as a reporter and editor at newspapers in upstate New York and Washington, D.C. His time in the United States Air Force included a year in Vietnam as a combat news reporter. He was awarded a Bronze Star for meritorious service. The native of Brooklyn, New York is based in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Mike Geaney fell in love with the English language at an early age. He lives and loves in Milton Keynes, England. Creative, heart on sleeve, emotionally unstable ... loves Guinness and irreverence. He has been writing poetry, short stories, and sketches for performance by local youth groups for over 15 years and has even written and directed a full production or two. His poetry page may be found at: <https://www.facebook.com/moonlitknightpoet/>. Do pop by for tea and cake.

Martin A Gedge is the youngest of eight boys from Ontario, Canada. Movies and music are his passion which led to him writing lyrics, short stories, movie scripts, and poetry. In his late twenties he travelled around Ontario as the lead singer in a rock band. He has been published in several anthologies and was the featured poet in the Southern Arizona Press Anthology, *Ghostly Ghouls and Haunted Happenings*.

Johanne Lee is a proud mother of three and Mancunian, presently published in nine anthologies including *Open Skies*, *The Sacred Feminine*, and Soul Poet Society's *Quintessence*. She was shortlisted and included in the Coast and Waters Anthology Prize. Recently published By *Impspired* magazine, she is also a children's picture book author of *Dream Big Little One*, *Maximus the Humpback Whale*, and *Maison Mouse* (all available on Amazon) all of her books raise for charity. She is about to publish her own poetry Book, *Woman's Journey* and can be found as Johanne Lee Author on Facebook and Instagram as well as joleeinpoetry on Instagram.

Ross Leishman lives in Dunedin, at the bottom of the South Island of New Zealand, with his wife Shelley, their three children, Darceah, Bryn, and Bonnie, and their two dogs, cat, and turtle. He is the Head Chef and Food Service Manager at Tolcarne Boarding where they cater for and look after 155 Boarding school girls. He has a liking for Italian scooters and motorcycling and loves music. His influencers would be Jeff Buckley, Rodney Crowell, John Hiatt, Lana Del Rey, and Tom Petty. He actually wrote his first poem for an English project at high school when he was 16. It was called "Sitting on a Beach" and he still remembers it word for word. Sadly, that's where his writing creativity stopped or ... paused. Fast forward to 2009. He had recently separated from his wife and children and was living alone. Misery loves company and so he started writing again, it was a great way of getting those pesky dark demons out of his head and onto paper where they belong. Now at 52, he has gotten older and greyer and has become more comfortable and confident sharing his soul with whoever wants to see it. His life has been full of ups and downs, but he finds the most inspiration in the darker, tragic things, events in life, those dark melancholy thoughts. He writes about what he sees, what he feels, and what he hears. A couple of years ago he started doing this little introduction before each poem; "freshly deposited into tins and baked at 180 degrees in the bread bakers' oven of his mind", for example, and its sort of become his trademark. Recently he has been privileged to be included in the *Open Skies Poetry Anthology Volume 1* and hopes to some day soon have his own collection published, watch out for *Lost Thinker - Word Alchemy*.

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Joan Leotta plays with words on page and stage. She performs tales featuring food, family, nature, and strong women. Her writings are in Snapdragon, Ekphrastic Review, Pinesong, The Sun, Brass Bell, Verse Visual, anti-heroic chic, Gargoyle, Silver Birch, Ovunquesiamo, Verse Virtual, Poetry in Plain Sight, Punk Noir, Yellow Mama, and others. She's a 2021 Pushcart nominee, received Best of Micro Fiction, 2021 (Haunted Waters), nominee for Best of the Net, 2023, and 2022 runner up in Frost Foundation Poetry Competition. Her chapbook, *Feathers on Stone*, is coming in late 2022 from Main Street Rag. She is a member of the North Carolina Poetry Society, a member and area representative for North Carolina Writers Network and member of, and as the coastal area representative for NC's Tar Heel Tellers.

Cynthia A Lozier is a lifelong poet and short story writer with a completed manuscript of a book about a novice's perspective on Tai Chi. She is currently working on a second book about how the two years of the COVID pandemic impacted Americans in the workplace and in their psyches. Her poetry, short writings, and photographs can be seen at her blog <https://picsplusparagraphs.blogspot.com/>

Lennart Lundh is a poet, photographer, short-fictionist, and historian living in Orland Hills, Illinois. His work has appeared internationally since 1965.

Matt McGee writes in the Los Angeles area. In 2022 his work has appeared in *Gypsum Tales*, Sweetcat Press and Red Penguin. When not typing he drives around in rented cars and plays goalie in local hockey leagues.

E.C. McCaffrey was born in Columbus Ohio. By the age of 12 she was an orphan and found her identity in poetry. At eighteen, E.C. McCaffrey crossed the Atlantic to live in London, England where she became more engrossed in her writing. After returning to the states, E.C. McCaffrey met and fell in love with her husband. They raised eight children whom she home schooled. She now lives in Bismarck, North Dakota where she continues her poetry and is currently working on her second poetry book.

Trisha McCourt lives in Alabama with her bestie is Sir Godfrey Goodfellow, her earthbound Angel with fur. She has been writing since she was quite young and started sharing writes about seven years ago. She recently had her first book of poems published, *A Mélange of Musings* on Amazon. You can also find her on Facebook at Dark Alley Musings, or at Pieces of my Puzzle. She enjoys cooking, reading, and sitting on her front porch watching the hummingbirds and butterflies. Have a wonderful day.

Denis Murphy was born in 1959, in Cork Ireland and now resides in Sligo, Ireland. He was a former Travel Consultant and Travel Agency Branch Manager. A major turning point in his life came in 2007 when, at the age of 48, he was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. Anyone who suffers from this Disease, or has a family member who does, will know that it brings about drastic changes. It can be very difficult for people with Parkinson's to express their emotions, feelings, and their loss of power and independence. All the more need for an outlet to express these emotions. He believes by sharing he can better understand what he is going through. One can get caught up in their own worries and forget that their disease not only affects their own life, but also that of family, friends, and loved ones. They often feel as frustrated and confused as he does. He is very lucky to have such an understanding wife who has great patience, empathy, and understanding and provides her support, encouragement, inspiration, and love. The main themes of his poems are about coping with Parkinson's Disease, and his relationship with nature, life, and with oneself and to appreciate this wonderful gift of life.

Ashley O'Keefe is a son, brother, husband, father, and uncle from Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales. 2020 saw him complete his first feature film screenplay and have two poetry book collaborations published with the incredibly talented Rhiannon Owens, 2021 has seen them publish two additional books with a fifth again in 2022. 2022 has also seen the two writing partners publish their first themed poetry book called *Nocturnals*.

Donna Kathryn Kelly is a poet, playwright, novelist, and attorney. Kelly practiced law for more than two decades, primarily in the Illinois criminal justice system. Kelly is the author of THE CHENEY MANNING SERIES, a two-part novel series, featuring an Illinois public defender turned amateur sleuth, who solves crimes in the Fox River Valley of northern Illinois. Kelly's poetry has appeared in various literary journals and anthologies, such as *The Mocking Owl Roost*, *Heart of Flesh*, *North Dakota Quarterly* and, *Southern Arizona Press (The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky* edition). You can find Kelly on Instagram @donna-kathryn-kelly. Kelly's author page on Amazon.com can be found at "Donna Kelly."

Rhiannon Owens moved to Merthyr Tydfil from the North-West of England after bagging herself a handsome Welsh boy, Nicholas. She loves her cat, her mid-life crisis dresses, reading, and making her messy garden look even worse. As well as working on solo writing projects Rhiannon has had six poetry books published along with her writing partner, the super talented Ashley O'Keefe.

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

Janelle Erin Elizabeth Peters was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada. She is a mother of three. She studied Dental and Medical Administration as well as Personal Support Work. Currently she works in nursing taking care of seniors.

She has been writing since she was 8 years old. Poetry is a form of therapy for her. She writes about many different struggles with mental health as well as addiction and recovery. Writing is a healer. On Facebook she runs a group called The Poetry Labyrinth and has a personal poetry page under the name "Poetry Pen." She is in the process of completing her first book *My Poetic Journey to Healing*. She hopes her writing will reach others and show them they are not alone.

Victoria Puckering is 49 years old and was born and lives in Yorkshire, England. She still considers herself a relative newcomer to poetry since she has only been writing since 2019. She started to write poetry after experiencing a yearlong fibromyalgia flare up. She suffered from depression. She can only describe it as being in a dark tunnel and occasionally seeing a dim light. Once she felt well enough, she knew she needed to write a daily diary. She currently works as an administrator in a hospital and previously, she also had the opportunity of working in challenging areas within mental health. As she wrote in her diary each day. She started to write poetry and her persona of Toria and the Naked Poet were born. When she writes, she finds it is a form of meditation and distraction from her chronic pain. It is such an amazing experience. she doesn't always know what she will write. She has no recollection of ever being taught poetry. Toria is definitely her creative self. The Naked Poet was born after one of her inspirations called her poems and words, naked and raw. From 2019 - 2021, her poetry was podcasted by Seductive Poetry based in New York, USA, each month. Last year, she was lucky enough to be invited to an American TV program *Art 'n' Talk*. Writing a poem in three minutes and also setting a word prompt. Last year, she was also invited to read her poetry on Drystone Radio, David Driver's, The Writers Bookshelf based in Yorkshire, England and her poetry continues to be podcasted intermittently.

This year, she has been invited to write poetry for the following The Dark Poetry Society publications: *Poetry and Pose: Cupid's Unchained Melody*, *Winds of Change*, *Music Mayhem*, *Dog Days of Summer*, *Sunflowers and Sonnets*, and *From Sunset to Sunrise: and Everything in Between*. She was the Mike Kind of Poetry - Featured Poet, 2 July 2022; Dark Poetry Society - Poet of the Week, 22 July 2022; Dark Poetry Society, Poetry and Pose - Dog Days of Summer - Featured Poet, July 2022; and Soulful Poetry - Wheelsong Anthology. She has her own blog for her poems. She writes original poetry, various genres that are copyrighted to my blog *Toria's Therapy Craft & Poetry*. On Facebook and Instagram @toriatcp .

Pat Severin, a Milwaukee native, is a retired Christian school teacher currently living in Appleton, Wisconsin. Her love of writing poetry goes all the way back to the third grade when her poem, *Worry Wort*, was published in the school newspaper. She has self-published three poetry collections and a brief biography of her Mother's life. Pat is an active member of the Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators, participating in a critique group for writers of children's stories in rhyme. She has been featured twice in the group's seasonal newsletter for her creative writing submission in their Creative Tap "Ready! Set! Write !" Her Christian poetry has been published in (2) Christian Magazines, both the *Agape Review* and the *Clayjar Review*. Pat is one of the contributing writers to the book *I Chose You, Imperfectly Perfect Rescue Dogs and their Humans*, available now on Amazon. One of her most rewarding endeavors has been writing poems of encouragement which she sends out every week to people going through difficult health struggles. Pat is honored to have been selected for this her third anthology for the Southern Arizona Press.

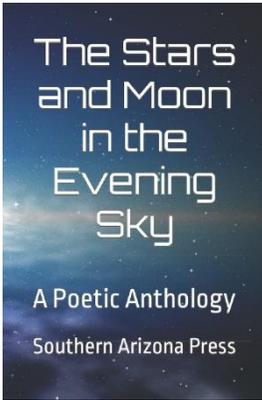
Seema Sharma has been a teacher since 2001 and resides near New Delhi in India. Her sentiments go with her school kids. She finds pleasure in shaping and molding the life of her students. She has a Master of Arts in English Literature. She has a special bonding with nature and books. To her 'Nature is winsome; she is divine..a goddess.' She feels books are a storehouse of knowledge from which we can get plenty of treasure to cherish for a lifetime. If given a chance, she would like to spend hours sitting in the lap of nature, reading books, and sipping cappuccino. Decorating home and capturing photos, whatever looks appealing, is her favorite pastime. Solitude is her best friend as it gives her solace and tranquility of mind. She brings forth new dimensions and horizons in her work during her lonesomeness. Besides this, writing is her passion, not only amusement. Since the lockdown period, her brain has become somewhat fertile or to stay nourished which was in slumber thitherto. Now, he can get more leisure time to attend to her heart's elation..i.e. POETRY.

Marvin W Wooten II was born in Rome, Georgia and has been writing poetry for over 30 years. His father's family came from England to Orange, Virginia in 1638 and his mother's family came to America from Ireland in the early 1700's. The Wadsworth blood runs deep in his family and has been known to produce some great story telling poetry. He writes as a hobby and hopes his words move people.

The Poppy: A Symbol of Remembrance

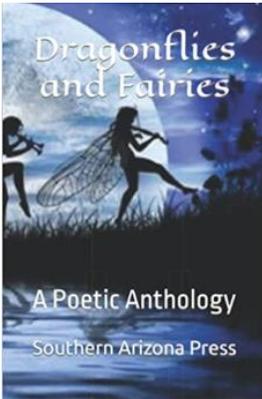
Sean Yeterian retired from the Army in 2006 as a Field Artillery Sergeant Major. In 2016, he returned to college and completed the required classes to receive a Media Production Arts degree from Cochise College. He was honored by being added to the President's List for academic achievement. Since being bitten by the Photography bug in August of 2016 he hasn't looked back. An accomplished photographer his images have been displayed in galleries around the world including Amsterdam, Athens Greece, Slovenia, Melbourne Australia, Barcelona, and Seoul Korea. Locally Sean's work has been selected for use with the marketing department at Cochise County Tourism Council and displayed in the SoHo Imagine Calendar (2019, 2020, and 2021). Most recently he was recognized by Cochise College by having his work exhibited in the Library Commons, and as a guest speaker. Sean's personal mantra is "The most beautiful place in the world is right there, where you are." He insists that there is no place on the planet that, when viewed with the right perspective, offers less beauty than any other place on the planet. He says, "You just need to learn how to see it. It will be there waiting until you do." Sean was born in Dade City Florida and raised in Lompoc California. His wife, Siggy, hails from Augsburg, Germany.

Previous
Anthologies from
Southern Arizona
Press:



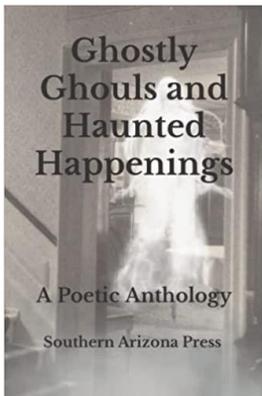
The Stars and Moon in the Evening Sky is a collection of 120 poetic works crafted by 65 poets from across the globe inspired by the universe around us.

Available at
<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0B4HJ2FY2>



Dragonflies and Fairies is a collection of 72 poetic works crafted by 34 poets from across the globe celebrating the magical and mystical creatures of folklore.

Available at
<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0B8VLH1H2>



Ghostly Ghouls and Haunted Happenings is a collection of 129 poems by 46 poets from across the globe celebrating spirits, ghosts, ghouls, and things that go bump in the night.

Available at

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BCRXDMHC>

**Upcoming
Anthologies from
Southern Arizona
Press:**

The Wonders of Winter – A themed anthology of poetry celebrating the wonders of the winter season (Note: this is not intended to be a holiday anthology) Coming in Early December 2022.

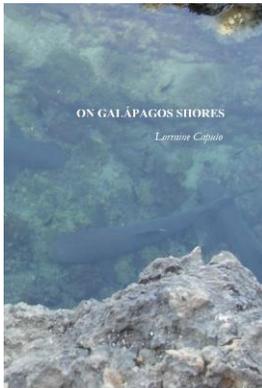
Poets interested in submitting works for upcoming anthologies are asked to check out our Current Submissions page at:
<http://www.southernarizonapress.com/current-submissions/>

Published works by
our featured
contributors:



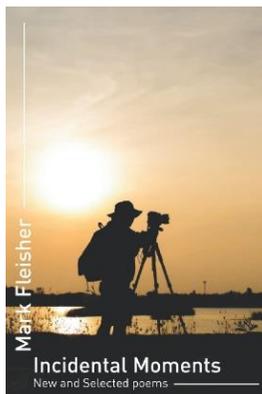
Donna Kelly's **Cop Eyes** is a fast-paced suspense novel about an Illinois public defender, Cheney Manning, whose police officer husband is killed in the line of duty. When Cheney's former client is charged with the first-degree murder of her husband, Cheney undertakes her own dangerous and reckless investigation in order to pursue the truth about what really happened on the night her husband was killed.

<https://www.amazon.com/Cop-Eyes-Donna-Kelly/dp/B09NN55PYV>



With **On Galápagos Shores**, Lorraine Caputo invites us to journey to the mythical Galápagos Islands with her. Based on her extended stays in the Enchanted Isles, she leads us into an exploration of the places, wildlife and *colonos* (settlers) of the archipelago. Come, feel the energies of this special place.

<https://dulcetshop.myshopify.com/products/on-galapagos-shores-lorraine-caputo>



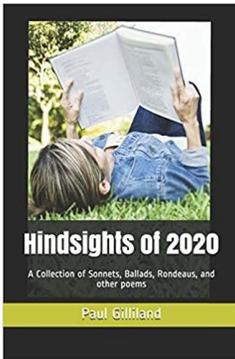
Incidental Moments invites the reader to come along on a literary journey featuring poignant and powerful poems interspersed with generous helpings of humor. Mark Fleisher's narratives weave tales spanning a broad array of subjects while his use of imagery paints pictures both abstract and realistic.

<https://www.amazon.com/Incidental-Moments-New-Selected-Poems/dp/1949652181>



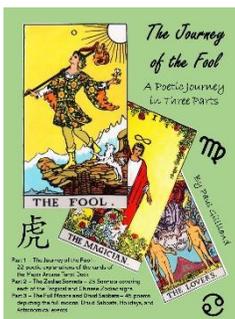
In **Woman's Journey**, poet and author Johanne Lee has created a collection of poetry that reflects on the journey of a woman and her arrival at the phenomenon of menopause. Including poems from women across a broad spectrum, this anthology looks at womanhood through amusing, heartfelt, and honest verse. Every woman will recognize a part of themselves within these pages, making this gem of a book something that will resonate with women everywhere.

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Womans-Journey-Johanne-Lee/dp/1915472067>



Paul Gilliland's **Hindsight's of 2020** is a collection of 69 poems written during the last five months of 2020. It includes sonnets, ballads, rondeaus, and other poems influenced by patriotism, love of nature and astrology, and reflections on memories and the world we live in.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08STHXXGT>



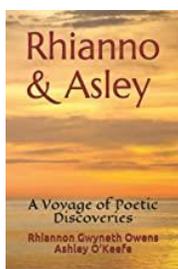
Paul Gilliland's **The Journey of the Fool** is a poetic journey in three parts:

Part 1 – **The Journey of the Fool** - A poetic journey through the 22 cards of the Major Arcana Tarot deck each written in a different poetic form.

Part 2 – **The Zodiac Sonnets** – A collection of 25 Shakespearean sonnets about each of the Tropical and Chinese Zodiac Signs.

Part 3 – **Full Moons and Druid Sabbats** – A collection of 45 poems depicting each of the full moons, Druid Sabbats, holidays, and other astronomical events presented in chronological order.

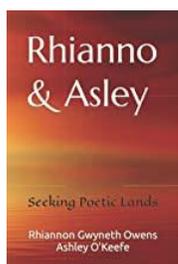
<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09PMH12BW>



Rhiannon Owens and Ashley O'Keefe join forces as Rhianno & Asley to take readers on voyages of poetic discoveries in the series of poetic collections:

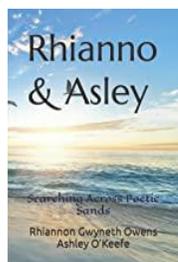
A Voyage of Poetic Discoveries

<https://www.amazon.com/Rhianno-Asley-Voyage-Discoveries-Collections/dp/B08B325GPT>



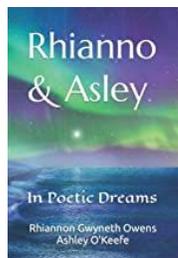
Seeking Poetic Lands

<https://www.amazon.com/Rhianno-Asley-Seeking-Poetic-Lands/dp/B08L7W5PWJ>



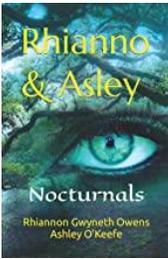
Searching Across Poetic Sands

<https://www.amazon.com/Rhianno-Asley-Searching-Across-Poetic/dp/B098GJDCTP>



In Poetic Dreams

<https://www.amazon.com/Rhianno-Asley-Poetic-Ashley-O'Keefe/dp/B09SNW7G69>



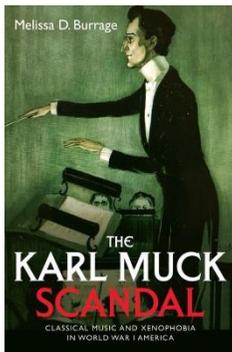
Nocturnals

<https://www.amazon.com/Rhiannon-Asley-Nocturnals-Ashley-O'Keefe/dp/B0B5KQSKVN>



Matt McGee's ***The Siren Diaries*** chronicles the people, patrons, and profits that flow throughout LA's strip club network. Illustrated by artist Ryan Bunter, each micro-story covers the regulars and routines, the bonding and hustling of an average night where the forbidden is the norm - and appearances are hardly everything.

<https://www.amazon.com/Siren-Diaries-Matt-J-McGee/dp/B0B92NWX6N>

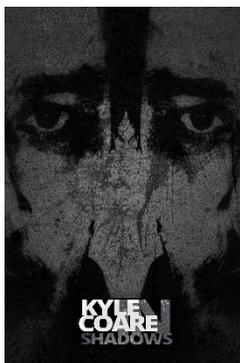


In 1917, at the outset of America's involvement in World War I, Dr. Karl Muck, the world-renowned German conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was targeted by wealthy New York Philharmonic board member Mrs. William Jay in an attempt to sabotage the Boston Symphony and elevate the position of its rival and up-and-coming New York orchestra. New York was on the rise as a global center of commerce, and Jay, whose family were agents of the North Lloyd German Steamship line, had personal motives to attack the famous conductor. Attempting to use anti-German hysteria in her media campaign against him, she, and other New York elites, convinced the federal government to arrest him--not for being a spy or a German agent, but for sex crimes -- a story that tore apart the tight knit Boston music community and laid bare the hypocrisy of the city's conservative elite morality.

The Karl Muck Scandal was the winner of the 2020 Independent Publishers Book Award (IPPY) for US History; BBC Music Magazine's Best Classical Music Book Release of 2019; Best Book Award Finalist in 2019 in History and Performing Arts categories; and the book

received the Charles A. Hildebrandt Award for
Excellence in Holocaust and Genocide Studies.

<https://www.melissadburrage.com/the-karl-muck-scandal-1>



In Shadows Something is coming, it's hiding in the dark. In shadows, it is stalking, ready to stop your heart. Through lava filled pits where demons dwell. Meet the many horrors that infest this living hell. Ghosts and ghouls, ready to give a scare. Spectres and phantoms in the darkest lairs. Deep in the depths of your most chilling nightmares, Sounds that go bump in the night, Beings that lurk when you turn out the light.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09XZMDG8W>