

POETRY

DEATH IN THE TRENCHES

Death came sweeping in,
Like a cold night wind.
Appearing out of nowhere,
It took me in its grasp.
Gasping and trying to scream,
As it quickly choked,
The life from my lungs,
Burning and scratching,
Deep inside of me,
While my skin and eyes,
Were set on fire.
Night after night,
The dream was relentless.
The gas, the terrible gas,
It was all I could imagine.
I was going to die,
by the agony of the gas.
My mind could not escape,
The fear,
As my body could not escape,
The trench.
That final day, however,
My fears were proven wrong.
I was almost glad.
As the bullet tore into my chest,
And I'm quite certain I smiled,
As my face fell into the mud.

DUKE



Remember the Brave

Today is a day of remembrance
Of remembering
It is a day that we think of ones before us
Those who gave their lives,
That we might live in peace and freedom
They marched off to battle
Most of them not much older than I am now
Knowing only that they faced injury
Or as many of them did, death
Yet knowing this they left anyway
For foreign shores
To fight for their country
A country they were proud of
And wanted to fight for
I try to imagine their fears
As they walked into towns
Towns where often there was nothing
Nothing but dead or injured
And there was nothing they could do
But walk on and one more day
Stare down the barrel of a gun
And kill the man holding it
A man they didn't even know
Just to stay alive, and maybe get home
Remembrance day is not to glorify
Anything that happened in the war
And it is not simply a holiday
It is a day to honor the brave soldiers
Who fought for us to be free
Who died, so we could live.

Amy Hughson

Would They Feel Proud Today?

Ask yourselves these questions,
And answer if you will.
The truth of our Country
may bring tears even still.

Would those who lay in flanders;
would they feel proud today?

Do we represent what they died for,
Do we use our freedom well?

Are our lives that much better?
Or is there no way to tell?

Has time erased the memory...
their images, all gone?
Or do we remember our brothers,
who died in wars scorn.

Would they feel proud...?
of Canada today?
She for who they died,
is better off they say?

Never let it slip,
for death's no trifle matter.
And multiplied by thousands,
it becomes even sadder.
Would they be proud today?

(for my Dad.) Ron R.

REMEMBER

Remember what ?
Many of our generation ask.
Ignorant of the terrible sacrifice,
So many Canadians made.
But those who were there remember,
They will never forget.
Each of them is marked by war,
Some have visible battle scars,
Most suffer a less obvious pain.
They saw and heard and felt,
The horror that is war.
The stories grumpy tells,
Do not reveal all that he remembers.
He speaks only of friendship and adventure,
But he also remembers the terror,
And he does not forget his fallen comrades.
He and his generation felt a duty,
A call to serve king and country.
They went and fought and died,
So that freedom could survive,
And the privileges of our great land,
Could become what we now consider rights.
Remember what ?
Remember the ugliness that is war.
Remember the pain and suffering.
Remember courage, honour and duty.
Remember those who served and those who died.
But for God's sake remember!

DUKE