

Poem of the Poppy

As the petals fall the poppy blooms into the night,
as it flows to morning the white rose falls to the ground.
As the war parts to the next day, the seeds grow high in the air
with the leaves waving around like waves in the sea.

The poppies grow and move slowly from the mud
The ruby red is blinding as the poppies grow higher and higher towards the sky.
Now night falls, the petals curl up tight and wait for morning.
Nineteen-year-old boys lying in the mud
Poppies mark where they lay.
Now poppies live forever today.

By Anna aged 7

