

We will remember them

*A selection of poems inspired by remembrance and
our focus on the 100th anniversary of the ending of
World War 1.*



Cinquain Poems

Kindness

Gave chocolate

Germans gave sausage

Played a football match

Brave

Ciaran Y2

Fearless

Christmas Eve

Held a truce

Played football with

Germans

Thoughtfulness

Caitlin Y2

Kindness

Played football

No Man's land

Emerge out of bunker

Truce

Alfie Y2





*Poppies eating No-mans' land
Spreading like blood
Dripping across the muddy fields*

*Crosses sleeping on the grass
Hanging like hands
Grabbing the empty misty sky*

*Women waiting anxiously
Begging for the men
To come back home to them again*

*Soldiers returning to their homes
Hugging their wives
Going back to their boring lives*

Zion Y5



*Battlefields wait for us,
Barbed wire will not stand in our way,
Neither will gas or bombs from foes*

*Waiting for the call, soldiers wrote home,
'I'm going over the top,
I probably won't come back,
So goodbye.'*

Oliver Y5

*He stares at a star once again
With one hundred thoughts.
Will I ever see my mum?
I don't know, probably not.
A finger brushes across a face,
As a tear drops.
Why are these Germans fighting us?
I don't want to do this.*



*His nervous hands shook,
His feet climbed the steps.
He heard a whisper next to him saying,
"Jim, do not go up there!"
But the boy ignored.
Up his hands went.
Suddenly, he saw a hat from the German trench.
Up went his hands as well.
They strolled towards each other.
Their hands met.
Germany and England became friends.
A football was kicked in the air.
And a match was born.*

*Back in the trenches,
Jim was admiring his present from Otto.
Jim saw his friends kissing their rings, he copied.*

Pia Y6

*The day was steady and breezy
The gun shells lay still in no-man's land.
The deafening grenade sound rushes our hearts
The smell of blood alerts us to danger.*

*The brave souls come out to fight for peace
And freezing hands clashes
together
Soldiers come out slowly but
steadily
The football games start as
they feel united*



*Guns are brought to a halt
Laughter is all around
Caring souls greet each other
Friendly smiles look all over the place.*

*Officers' orders are shouted out from all
directions
Guns picked up from the icy ground
Everyone rushes back to the blood curdling
trenches
BANG!
But do the soldiers want to fight?*

Tyler Y6

*In the trenches of France, guns were firing
The crashes and smell of smoke
The squelch of the mud with bodies laying over,
Blood circling all around them.
The wind whistling through their ears
They all were like animals wanting to shred each other.*

*In the night a song was sang of "Silent Night", in German.
Christmas day was here and to their surprise a British soldier hand left the
trench,
As well as a German.
They slapped each other's backs and shook
hands,
With laughter and smiles fighting the cold.
A game of football started,
With foes turning into friends.*



*They all returned to their mud filled
trenches.
Looking at photos of their loved ones.
It was quiet, silent.
It was the moment when everything was right.
There was one emotion flowing through the trenches.
Love.*

*All the corpses had been buried,
All was still.
They didn't feel the perishing weather anymore.
One question remained:
"Why are we doing this?"*

*As if the past was gone a word was announced,
"Fire!"
They all had to, gun smoke filled the air.
Nothing could get past it.
Bangs and booms everywhere.
A silent tear dropped as he shot the man
Who was a friend but now a foe.
The crashes could be heard from miles away.
When will it end?*

Aaminah Y6

*In the cemeteries the poppies grow,
Around the names of brave men,
Peace lies upon them
As the days flow.*

*When the battlefields are empty
We know we have won;
We lay there in happiness,
As poppies fill the land.*

*As we head home
We hope we still have a family
With relief I do
But I went to bed on the battlefields.*

James Y5



*Crash, crash went the grenades
Boom, boom went the explosives*

*Charging up, out of the trenches
Marching across the land
Running across the dusty ground
Jumping over scattered bodies.*

*Crash, crash went the grenades
Boom, boom went the explosives*

Lucy D Y4



*Freezing soldiers,
Feet as cold as ice blocks.
Pouring rain
Slipping down wet, soggy soldier's faces.
Huge furry cats
Prowling around looking for fat, juicy black rats
To kill and eat
Trenches are muddy like a gloopy, dirty bog
Soldiers looking out for their friends.*



Amaaya Y3

Men shouting

Screaming "Help!"

In dangerous trenches

Rifle shots were as sharp as a fierce lion's tooth

Dark green uniforms thrown all over the gooey

dark mud slope

Galloping horses evacuated from bursting field

bombs

Soaring aircrafts whizzing above

Falling from the foggy sky fizz crash clang metal

Soldiers losing their lives from conditions with life threatening

injuries

Soldiers eating yellow shortbreads smelling like rotten mud

Natasha Y3



Battlefields

Full of shouting, screaming, firing and shooting

Killing soldiers

Trenches are as muddy as a thick gooey, slimy bog

Soldiers freezing in the night like an icicle hanging from a roof

The men of war are petrified of bullets shooting from mid-air

Bombs exploding here and there.

Everywhere barbed wire

Not stopping soldiers from shooting the Germans

Battling, not stopping until soldiers defeat other countries

Blood is red as lava spreading across molten hot rock

Pouring rain is dripping head to toe from the brave soldiers



Lucas Y3