

Green

He came home in a green uniform,  
Wide smile hiding behind a straight face,

Green

He marched along with boys from our home,  
proud but unknowing,

Green

Guns by their side ready and loaded,  
"To serve our country" all the men shouted,

Green

My son's letters black with soot,  
tell me of friends that lie under foot,

Green

A year has gone, lost to time,  
My son still isn't home, I have a bad feeling inside

Green

A knock on the door my heart starts to shy,  
A soldier in green, a sad look in his eye,

Green

I continue to think of what he did for this land,  
I visit his grave poppy in hand.

Green

Josie Thompson