

Sacred Memories

In the eleventh month, on the eleventh day,
We stand in silence, heads bowed to pray.
For those who served, for those who fell,
In memory's embrace we gather to tell.

Of battles fought on distant shores,
Where brave souls stood, in the face of war.
They left their homes, their loved ones behind,
To protect the values of all humankind.

In fields of poppies, red as blood,
We honor the fallen, the great and the good.
Their sacrifice, a debt we can't repay,
But on this day we'll remember and say:

Lest we forget, the heroes of old,
Their stories of courage, forever retold.
They stood as one, side by side,
In the name of freedom, with undying pride.

Through the years, the memories remain,
The pain, the loss, the eternal strain.
But we remember not just sorrow and pain,
But the strength and unity, they did gain.

So on this day, let us stand tall,
And remember the heroes who answered the call.
With gratitude, reverence, we'll never sway,
For on this day we remember and pray.

Ty Rowen Dunbar