

## **We Stand in Silence**

We stand in silence, our hearts trembling with sorrow.  
The wind drifts gently through fields of red poppies—  
each bloom a whisper of someone we've lost.  
Each petal holds a memory time that cannot be erased.

They left with courage shining in their eyes,  
their families waving, not knowing it was goodbye.  
They left warm dinners half-finished,  
letters half-written, dreams half-spoken.

But some never came home.  
The poppies grew where they fell—  
soft red against the earth they fought to defend.  
Mothers cried into folded flags,  
fathers stood tall though their hearts were breaking.

We whisper their names like prayers,  
hoping the wind carries them to heaven.  
For every soldier who faced the fire,  
for every soul who gave their tomorrow for our today—  
we remember.

From sorrow, love still blooms.  
Their bravery lives beneath our feet,  
their spirit in the colors of our flag,  
their love in the tears we shed.

They are the whisper in the dawn,  
the stars that guard our sleep,  
the reason we bow our heads  
and promise never to forget.

We stand in silence, poppies in hand,  
tears on our cheeks, pride in our hearts.  
And as the silence deepens and poppies sway,  
we stand tall—unbroken, remembering.

By: Dina Al Hilal  
Grade 10 – South Colchester Academy (SCA)  
November 5, 2025