

†*The Lost Soldier*†

By Amanda Green

*Looking back through my life,
Holding all the dreams, I kept inside.
Never knowing that one day my dreams would be a heaven
Where red poppies dance.
A place where I fought and took a chance.*

*A chance at life, a chance of winning.
Now before my eyes, I can only see the world spinning.
Spinning around, and leaving me behind in a world that still as
Many dreams left to find.*

*I left home to seek the brave, and be the outgoing.
Throwing everything away, for just one minute of glory.
I lost the brave, and never came near to the outgoing.
For I am in a place, I now wait in pain.
For my time has come, to end my story.*

*I'll think of you, for I am sorry for leaving you.
Only I hope you are not sad for marrying a man
Who gave you a chance to roam freely?
Tell the children not to cry for me, by the time they understand
All will be a fatal memory.*

*I hear a trumpet calling in the distance,
And I feel the crosses talking to me.
Calling my name, for I am one of those brave men,
Who took a chance, and went down in history.
History sleeps, where red poppies dance,
And crosses lay row by row.
Singing the song, the trumpets play.
On the day, everyone remembers our names.*

*The seasons will get colder, and I will still lay here in peace.
This forever, lonely lost soldier.*

Dedicated to the Memory of

Luke Smith

Lost on the Laurentic
1917

