

Beaches

Utah and Omaha,
Gold, Juno and Sword –
Golden beaches
Mired with mines,
Fenced with barbed wire
Coiled like serpents.
Metal rearing up from sand
Like masts of drowned ships
Soldiers washed ashore
To face danger and death,
To fight the war
On Normandy beaches.



On Normandy beaches
The same sun rises
Tides still ebb and flow
Small boys frolic in shallows
Where soldiers fought.
A discarded ball lies
Where mines once lurked.
Sand yachts sail serenely
On a clear sea of sand.
The only fighting now
The squabble of siblings
For them the war was fought.



Margaret Hardy, June 2021