

Poppies

Poppies in your peaceful fields
You missed all the action -
Heavy boots marching,
tramping across your land
rolling tanks groaning,
churning up your soil
planes flying low,
huge shadows stealing
light from your ground.
Finally the cut of spades
blades slicing deep
into the soil of your fields
where they buried the dead.

And then you appeared -
blooms of bright scarlet
like huge drops of blood
in the peaceful fields.
You'd missed all the action.



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