

Let the poppies grow.

I once lived a life much like yours,
Grazing at the stars at night,
Enjoying picnics under the sun,
Before I was sent off to war,
Let the poppies grow.

Gun shots and soldiers screams,
Planes like eagles,
Death was upon us,
Night descends deadlier than before,
Let the poppies grow.

Daisy Cook.

