

ALBURY
Lit Gen
101

POETRY COMPETITION

Realisation

There was only one war, one thought
Throughout the world that day
One tiny scrap of news that taught
Children not to stray

We waited, we prayed together
As the days went by
Then suddenly, not once but altogether
The wireless started to cry

They've bombed, destroyed the skies
In which the war was fought
Our teachers – flags, jumbled cries
Relatives and freedom it brought

So on and on we celebrated
Cheering till the morn
No one felt deflated
As a new era was slowly born

It wasn't until the chanting ceased
That the ghosts came back to haunt
Whispering as idle beasts
Pale, skinny and gaunt

They spoke of men, slain in mud
And rifles left to rot
Towns full of life, now blood
And houses, smouldering hot

The bomb entered our conversation
A stranger both old and young
One that affected the entire nation
A pit of ash beneath our tongues