For The ANZACs

On the 25th of April, we stand to show we care,
In our heart the story of our soldiers will always be right there...
Their brave arrival is not grand,
As they enter a strange, new land,
With courage and hope they charge on,
The memories of family are never gone,
Under the smoke and the sun,
A young soldier with a gun,
Huddled in the trenches afraid of what was to come,
Fear rushing through his veins knowing they had already lost some,
A young woman works hard as a nurse
Not knowing it was yet to be worse,
Both fighting to be free,
How could I compare that to me?
A family waits for their love one’s return,
As they, themselves, try hard to learn,
The thing about war,
And how the guns roar...
For each day and night,
Our heroes would fight,
But now many lay beneath the ground,
Without even a single sound,
The Poppies now grow
And its hope that they show,
Those who did and didn’t come back,
We forever will call you the ANZAC!
Lest We Forget
By Hannah Grace Mclean ☺