

The Tommies Lot

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A poem about the Great War 1914-18. Some soldiers were under age as they lied to get into the army. The great adventure that they were promised was for many their last.



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While generalâ s drink their claret wine

In taverns far behind the lines

The English Tommy spills another wine

On Flanders table made from mothers pride

In front of guns in faltered stride

The sweet wine of youth seeps away

Dragging dreams of tomorrows men

Into broken hearts to be remembered by she.

A vintage lost to you and me

And, when autumns harvest came

The Tommy was the crop,

The Somme and Verdun is where life was stopped

And when winter froze the ground

The Tommy slept with reaper sound

Content to die with enemies damned

Caressed by yesterdayâ s ghosts in this Flanders land

When loved ones sent letters from home

The Tommy bore silent pain alone

For tears are for lovers and kisses for wives

Now replaced by the tears of loss

And boys too young to find love

Their first kiss that of the bullet

For they were not too young to die

Though â motherâ was often their last dying cry

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Now the guns are silent

And the fields are green

The marble cross the epitaph to nightmares dream

In death the axis and Allies are equal

In life we failed to stop the sequel,

So remember that cross and remember these lads

Remember the wives and remember the dads

Rest in peace our brave Tommy lads.

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