

Memory in History

**The cry as one of my men dropped from the sky
In horror I watched, prepared to take a step, to become just a memory in
history.
I remember all those nights and hopeless screams, all just a mystery to them that
I see.
Injury replaced laughter, just an everyday thing,
Skin was replaced with foul red blood.
The ground was covered in brown sludgy mud.
All just a memory in history
A true fact
Of a bloody time.**

**Devastation in all directions, I wish I had more
protection,
I think of my family every day as the clear sky turns
to grey.
The scream of guns I hear all night long,
This is not life, it's some kind of wrong.
I'm cold and wet and stink of sweat,
The smell of death I feel on my breath.
This is just a memory in history
A true fact
Of a bloody time.**



**Still I marched on, my friends had gone,
Determined to finish what they had not done.
For my comrades and my country I fire my gun.
Return fire invades the air that I breathe
This whole waste of young life makes me seethe.
In horror I sensed that I was also to become just a memory in history
A true fact
Of a bloody time.**

By Hannah Maese