

No one knew who would win

We marched across the runway, nervous,
Not knowing what would happen.
We said our last goodbyes to family and friends,
Then shut the glider's door.
No one knew who would win.

Just over an hour had passed, everyone was silent,
As we heard the sound of bombs
And black smoke filled the air.
Men were shouting and screaming.
No one knew who would win.

The plane had let go of the glider,
It was down to us.
Blood was everywhere,
Glistening in the sea and on the sand.
No one knew who would win.

Boats were everywhere,
Men were swimming onto shore,
We needed reinforcements,
We were going down quickly.
No one knew who would win.

My best comrade was shot down,
Black smoke spiralling into the sky,
I had tears pricking the back of my eyes,
It was time for revenge if we wanted to win.
No one knew who would win.

Finally the last few shots were fired,
We had won.
The Germans had retreated,
But there were still lots of people to save.
But we now knew who had won.

Natalie Antat