

A Day Like Any Other?

A day like any other?

Wrong, this was a day my comrades and I set off for France,

Thousands of us all ready and kitted up for battle.

A day like any other?

Wrong, this was a day where, as we landed on those beaches, men fell dead before they were even off the boats.

A day when men fell into the cold, cold sea,

Where they were dragged to the bottom to their deaths.

A day like any other?

Wrong, this was a day when, as we ran up that sandy death-trap, mines flew people to the skies in tiny pieces.

A day when bullets flew at people from all directions.

They didn't stand a chance.

A day like any other?

Wrong, this was a day when the sand reddened with blood and the bodies of those who had their lives taken from them so mercilessly by the lead that flew from the guns of the enemy.

A day when we fought for what was rightfully ours.

Our freedom.

I sit here now and think,

A day like any other?

Wrong, this was a day when men, grown up boys in their nineteenth or twentieth years fought for you now without making a fuss.

I look down on you now and smile,

Knowing that I helped a tiny bit towards your freedom and education and your rights.

It wasn't a day like any other,

It was D-Day.

Gareth Price