

D-DAY

I remembered having my 18th birthday, it was a blast,
But now I'm getting ready for war, time went so fast.
I suddenly realise "I'm going to war", and it could be all
over,
Me dead on the floor.

I get off the boat, scared out of my senses,
I see people drop dead, blood on the fences.
I hear shouts, screams and blaring of guns,
I look at my lieutenant;
He shouts, "Run boy, run".

I think of me and my girlfriend, how nice it would be,
If we weren't separated by one big sea.
I run to the bunker, gun in my hand,
Gazing down at the blood stained sand.
I look over the bunker and I see great big guns,
I remember as kids we played this for fun.

I quickly realise that this is no game,
No-one is doing this for money or fame.
Freedom, hope and glory, that is our aim,
We won't let these Germans put out our flame.

Our flame goes on through many a night,
It will never die in any of our fights.

We are leaving the beaches, looking back on the shores,
God bless all the women who have letters at their doors.

By Jack Armstrong