

## *I WISH OF SWEET SONGS*

*I ran across the cratered sand,  
I could hear the song of tanks,  
They sang the same tune,  
From either side came the harmony of,  
Bang, Bang, Bang.*

*It drummed through your ears,  
Leaving the imprint of death in your mind,  
It was like we were puppets,  
And the tanks the out-of-tune opera singers,  
Bang, Bang, Bang.*

*An opera singer with no audience was like glue with no stick,  
So we were the stick for the glue,  
Giving the tanks a reason to sing,  
An unhappy audience with no handy ear plugs,  
Bang, Bang, Bang.*

*A new tune joins the band,  
A sort of stutter tune,  
It pierces your body,  
Literally,  
Leaving gaping holes for passing notes to float through you.*

*I find an empty crater and lay my own instruments down,  
I rest and listen to the screams,  
My fellow puppets falling outside.  
I felt an amount of guilt,  
But after all,  
The theatres acting.*



*By Emily Mitchell 8A2*