

D - Day

Running from the bullets I jump into a trench.

Holding my nose I couldn't bear the stench.

Hope was the one thing holding me and my men together

It was going to get worse judging by the weather.

Then it came as fast as lightning,

Hitting my leg it was so frightening.

There was a sharp pain then I moved to safety,

Remembering that I hadn't seen my wife and kids lately.

I wish I was with them tucked up in bed.

I ran up the beaches my men are all dead.

I wish I hadn't ran ahead

I dodged a bullet or two.

Glancing over expecting to see my crew.

I got to a bunker locked inside,

There were many Germans that I despised.

I threw a grenade I knew they died.

I went in, sat in a corner and cried.

By Charlie Weaver