

'The Worst War'

The sea washes up the shore.
Washing away the crimson blood
Lapping at the dead bodies,
Making them tumble and turn
This is not horrible
This is war.
I jump out of the landing craft
I stumble and fall
The pack on my back pushing me into
the sand.
'Hey', I shout to one of my men
Then I stop in mid sentence as he falls
down dead.
His cold, dark eyes staring at me
My eyes water, I start to cry.
Then I remember, this is war, men will
die.
Then I try to get up, I do my best,
I stumble back down, a large hole in my
chest.

Rian Razzaque - D-Day Landing Poem. October. 2005