

A Gentle Flower

*A gentle flower, the poppy,
Leafed green, ebon core on red,
Uncomplicated petals,
A softly lowered head,
It has no eye for tear-drops,
Nor firm, saluting limb,
No psalm but silent tribute,
It sings no pensive hymn.*

*Bright red in spring and summer
But, dark'ning in the fall,
As harvest moons wax and wane,
And winter comes to call
Then does the crimson poppy
Bind us to our vow
To, with deep respect, remember,
And, deeper yet, to bow.*

*'Tween crosses at attention,
And markers row by row
This tender flower sheds petals
On those at rest below
In fields now lying tranquil,
In silver silence wrapt,
Where rest the fallen soldiers,
With years of life untapped*

*But we remain, and we recall,
And at least once a year,
Gathering close our memories
Sad, profound, sincere,
In silent gratitude we stand,
And humbly we salute
Those who gave their very all,
Now forever mute.*

*Though their voices cannot span
Their graveyards' silent breach
Have no doubt their acts and deeds
Do most surely reach
The hearts and minds of those of us
Yet living and yet here.
"Thank-you!" and "God rest your soul!"
Our fervent, debted prayer.*