

Soldier Tribute - Albert Smith

Here lies a man,
An etched name into a piece of stone.
A life for a piece of stone,
A small remembrance
For the love of someone's life
A father of someone's child
A smile on someone's face as they rush to meet him down the cold London
cobblestones.

You died once on a cold field,
Without the people you loved
Without seeing your child's first steps.
You died then alone in the cold.
You won't die again
I won't let you die.
I won't let the memory of you be lost,
Let your name fade from this stone,
As the sands of time fall into forever,
I will hold them back
Won't let the grains fall through my fingers.
Take this time to think of yours.

I'd like to think you'd be proud that now,
Your blood that was spilt
Runs through my veins,
And my mother's veins
And my grandmother's veins.
That you will always live through us.

And thus time may continue
And as I travel the journey that you once took
I think now how rain can never wash away blood,
How bodies can never pick themselves up.
That families can never sew up wounds that aren't visible,
But gape open with loss.
That time is easily forgotten but impossible to erase.

By Alice Vines, Year 12