

They hoped that they would die

For their country, of course
Brave heads of young boys, cowering
In anticipation, as fingertips twitch
Droplets of scarlet showering
The parched earth

Pinched faces awash in the glow
As the bombs fall closer
Their widened eyes and longing grow
Nothing more to take or give

The clashing of shrapnel and bone
To make another unmarked marble row

They hoped that they would live