

Fallen Flowers

Leah Fleming

Bleak nothingness lies on the horizon,
booming like thunder, the gunshots fly in.
Brown boxes sealed with the promise of home,
Each muddy
miserable
step further into the unknown.





Each trench filled with silent violence.
They promised we'd be home by Christmas.
But it's already February,
yet on and on we March -
I wonder if April will bring end to this war.

Each day feels like a thousand hours.
They say being a soldier should make you empowered -
but there is nothing empowering to me
when I look around and fallen flowers I see.
Fallen flowers - our friends who live down the town;
The postman's son, and just people I see around.