

VE Day

Eighty springs have bloomed and passed,
Since guns fell silent, peace held fast.
From ash and ruin, hope arose,
In Europe's fields where poppies grow.

We honor all, both brave and lost,
Who bore the weight, who paid the cost.
And vow to keep their memory bright,
As beacons burning through the night.

From then to now, we still hold dear,
The gift of peace bought year by year.
V.E. Day lives in every soul—
A solemn pride, a nation's goal.

Theo F Year 8