



PCS Remembrance Poems



I never did... By Sophie M & Daisy C - year 8

I was just becoming a man when the call came out
we want you they said it'll be a jolly laugh
they said a holiday abroad they said
you'll be home by Christmas they said
I never saw my mum again
I never saw an adult life
I never got to have a wife
I never left this field

The field is all quiet now and full of green grass
a farmer tends this no man's land not realising
we're still here

now I lay here everyday with my mates and guns
please don't forget us at the setting of the sun

Our little poppy - By Tallulah T - year 8

A little poppy, red and bright, helps us remember
with all our might.

It reminds us of helpers, brave and true, who
wished for peace for me and you.

We stand very still, quiet and slow, and thank them
for lessons that help us grow.

We promise to care, and we promise to share and
spread kindness everywhere.

Lest we forget all the good they gave, we choose
to be gentle, helpful and brave, so let this poppy
show the way, we will choose peace every single
day.

Regardless - By Kyle Compton Horsely - year 8

"He was sent off a year ago,
died 5 months later.

He was a son, husband and father,
torture could've been hell but his family suffered a fate
worse.

1 month after drafting,
soldier boy felt smart in his uniform.
his shoes shone as brightly as his eyes,
he's only now learnt those bulletin were to misinform.

2 months after,
he got sent to the battlefield.
his heart pounded faster,
the boy needed a bandage, but soon he wouldn't able
to be healed.

3 months after the draftings,
he's past repair.
He was ordered by the kings,
but was it fair?

4 months since the draftings,
why did he sign up?

The amount of food he's getting, it looks like the boy is
fasting,

it's nearly time to rise up, he's betting.
Last month he sees the break of dawn,
last month he hears the bleat of a fawn.

His son born fatherless,
did he want this for his newborn?
no, but the war works like that, regardless."

The Silence We Keep - By Vanessa - year 8

The bugle sounds, the voices fade, we bow our heads
where poppies laid. They gave their all, both brave and
true, For peace, for hope, for me and you.

Through bitter cold, through endless rain, they bore the
weight, they bore the pain and when the dawn at last
would break, it was for freedom's noble sake.

So let us keep this silence near, their sacrifice still
echoes clear. Though time moves on, their courage
stays, a guiding light through all our days.

The poppies bloom, their message plain, that love and
loss are not in vain. We honor them, both night and
day— We will remember, come what may.

The Silence - By Scarlett P - year 8

The silence speaks
Red poppies bloom where soldiers lay
Who fought for the peace in our world today
It strikes 11

We all stand still

We close our eyes

The air feels chill

No more talking just quiet air

To show the past we still care

Lest we forget the poets say

Their sacrifice lights everyday

In the stillness hearts will know

Their memory will ever grow.

Not knowing - By Myah Chapman - year 8

As the poppies bloom year after year
We think of those who fought for us living in fear
Not knowing if they would make it back home
But knowing they would never fight alone
All night of every hour

As now we sit here and watch the lovely poppies flower
So today we're all here to remember those fallen and those present
For without those who fought for us we wouldn't have our present.