

Thoughts In a Flanders Field

It was just a quiet place beside a road.

Tread softly through these rows of stone
Which have such tales to tell –
Brave soldiers of the First World War
Who for our Country fell.

Tread lightly on this springy grass
Then pause a while to heed
The simple words incised below –
Just names and dates we read.

Young Smith and Jones from down the road
With all their lives ahead:
They winked at girls and knew no fear.
“Take care!” their Mums had said.

Young Smith and Jones, with heads held high,
Marched proudly side by side
So close in life – and now in death
Lie sleeping side by side.

Tread lightly through these rows of stone
This moving, weeping day,
For Smith and Jones, and thousands more
Just known to God – we pray!

Tread softly on this hallowed ground
And hark, such silence rare
“My peace be yours”, a still small voice
Breathes softly through the gentle air,

**In this quiet place beside a road!
In a Flanders Field where the poppies grow!**

Dorothy Oram
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