

## **1918 : NO SAFE PLACE**

**By: Maxine Burns**

The 'call up' pulses on the table,  
waiting until he feels able  
to cry with mum, then show his dad.  
No safe place yet, for him to feel sad.

The sea is rough, the troops are sick,  
his uniforms new, clean hair is slick.  
They march along in a sort of trance,  
There's no safe place from war in France.

The training's hard, the fear is strong,  
and some of them feel that war is wrong,  
yet they advance, fear fills their senses.  
There's no safe place in damp French trenches.

They hunker down, avoiding snipers,  
Wondering why they're here, in Ypres.  
Crouching low, to scan here, then there,  
No safe place yet, just utter despair.

They die in droves, their mothers cry,  
and wonder why they had to die,

to lie in lines, in Europe's graves.

Finally, a safe place for all the brave.