

The Poppy

by Keith Parsons

What is a poppy you may ask? A flower that grows out of barren land
stalks of green flower head of red, petals so light of touch.

They sway in the breeze, left and right all seeking sunlight.

Why does a simple flower mean so much?

It is such a symbol of hope and peace

to those that have fallen it is the last thing seen

as eyes go dim, fading eyesight

a sea of red will be remembered,

a wreath of poppy red laid to honour the dead

wear the poppy on a lapel, so proud it shows.

White crosses stand in neat rows

a reminder to all the fallen heroes.