

Dunkirk

By Trish Page

The Germans were dropping bombs all around
As the soldiers dodged them on the ground
French beaches were littered with the dying
Fear clutched at their hearts it was mortifying

Lots of little boats were coming ashore
As soldiers queued to leave this horrible war
But planes were swooping and firing their guns
At the soldiers who were their mother's sons

The little boats ferried all the men that they could
Dead men floated on the bloodied sea like driftwood
Still the German planes came to do their worse
This war, oh! this war, was such a bloody curse

They scrambled to the boats that was their plan
The sea is red with the blood of the unfortunate man
The first part was over, but they are still not free
Getting to Dover and England was their ultimate key

Still the planes were coming to stop them fleeing
Why were they doing this they are not human beings?

Up ahead they could see the white cliffs of Dover
Perhaps this nightmare was finally over

They disembarked the boats their feet touch the ground
They had made it but so many of them drowned
Rest and recuperation were the order of the day
To be sent back to fight again they can only but pray

Guernica

By Trish Page

The Spanish civil war took a brutal turn
When Franco gave Hitler permission to bomb and burn
A marketplace with no strategic value.
That medieval town of Guernica

Picasso was incensed, picked up his brush
And in five weeks put the melee on canvas.
Screaming figures and mangled bodies in black and white
Those who once lived in that medieval town of Guernica.

So bleak, harsh, the cruelty, he expresses it well
Civilians dying, burning human flesh such an acrid smell.

Hundreds of innocent civilians killed on that fateful day
In that medieval town of Guernica

What does the bull symbolise with his dagger like tongue?

He will normally rampage with a crazed excitement

Is it fascism marching in towns and countries?

Starting with that medieval town of Guernica

Picasso's painting of Guernica's monstrosity,

Became a symbol of the horrifying atrocity,

An embittered cry against this vacancy of humanity

In that medieval town of Guernica

The painting does not lionise triumph or courage

Rather it focuses on the impact of war's destructive nature

The analogy of the painting is intricate

O that medieval town of Guernica

The Bombing of Guernica

I hear the drone of planes in the sky

They are dropping bombs oh why, oh why

We are innocent people going about our chores

We have no interest in this game of wars

We scatter and run to hide where we can
To get away from the carnage woman, child, and man
As we run, they fire their guns and shoot us down
What are they doing to my home to my town?

I dive into a ditch to escape certain death
My heart is pounding but I hold my breath
Bullets pepper the ground all around my head
I do not know whether I am alive or dead

The bombing goes on and on for hours and hours
I see others fall as the bullets come down in showers
I am crying, heaving, with racking sobs
As I look at the dying who were just going about their jobs

The planes are leaving from whence they came
Leaving the dead, dying and those that they maim
The town has been destroyed flattened to the ground
No noise from above just carnage all around

We will not be defeated we are innocent folk
Why us, I am just an ordinary bloke
Bigger and better our town we will build
Guernica is a remembrance of all that were killed.