

Remembered

By Judith E Roberts

Those lads conceived between the wars when bobbies walked the beat.
Those boys who climbed the highest trees, broke legs, caught mumps,
long before the N.H.S became a glint in Aneurin's eye.
Those boys who ran for shelter when the bombs fell and lied about
how long they'd lived so they could serve their King and Country.

Those boys who cried like babies when for the first time they
left their home to go abroad to join their chosen force
marched on empty stomachs or broiled in tanks
protected crawling Convoys from the enemy below
trapped blind as rear-gunners in planes made on cycle tracks.

Those boys following in footsteps many gone before
their fathers, Grand-dads, cousins and may be several more.
Those boys grew to men before P.T.S.D. was on our lips
Those men who never mentioned what happened 'over there'
never speaking of their wounds lest they were thought to fear.

Those men who had 'Demob Suits' the ones that didn't rip
Those brothers sons and lovers saved us from Adolph's grip.
brave lads from not so long ago but mostly now forgot
Those boys so very young with mumps still a memory clear
Yes those mostly Unsung Heroes of Winston's final war.