

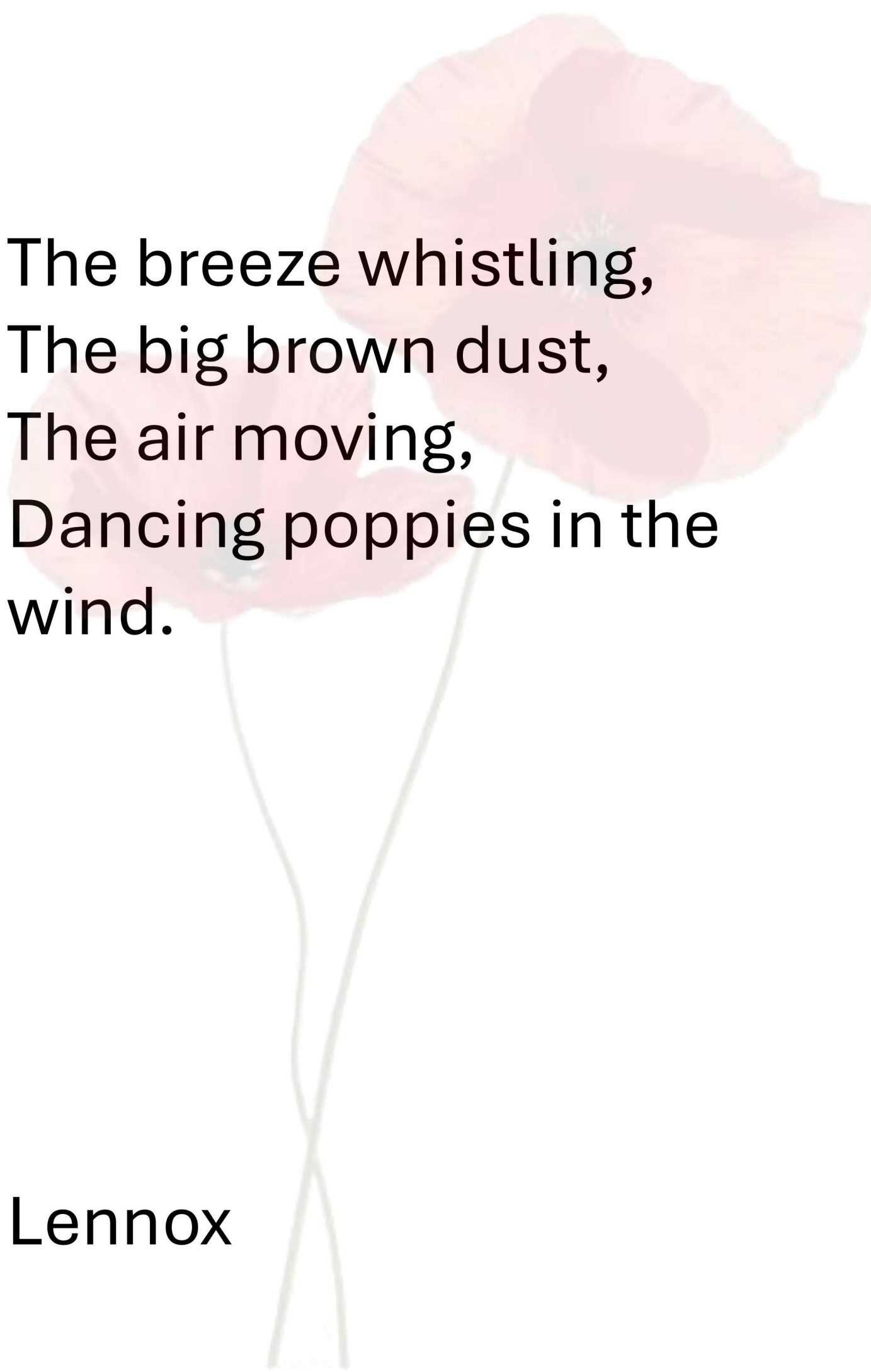
Year 7

Remembrance

poetry



The Meadows
ACADEMY



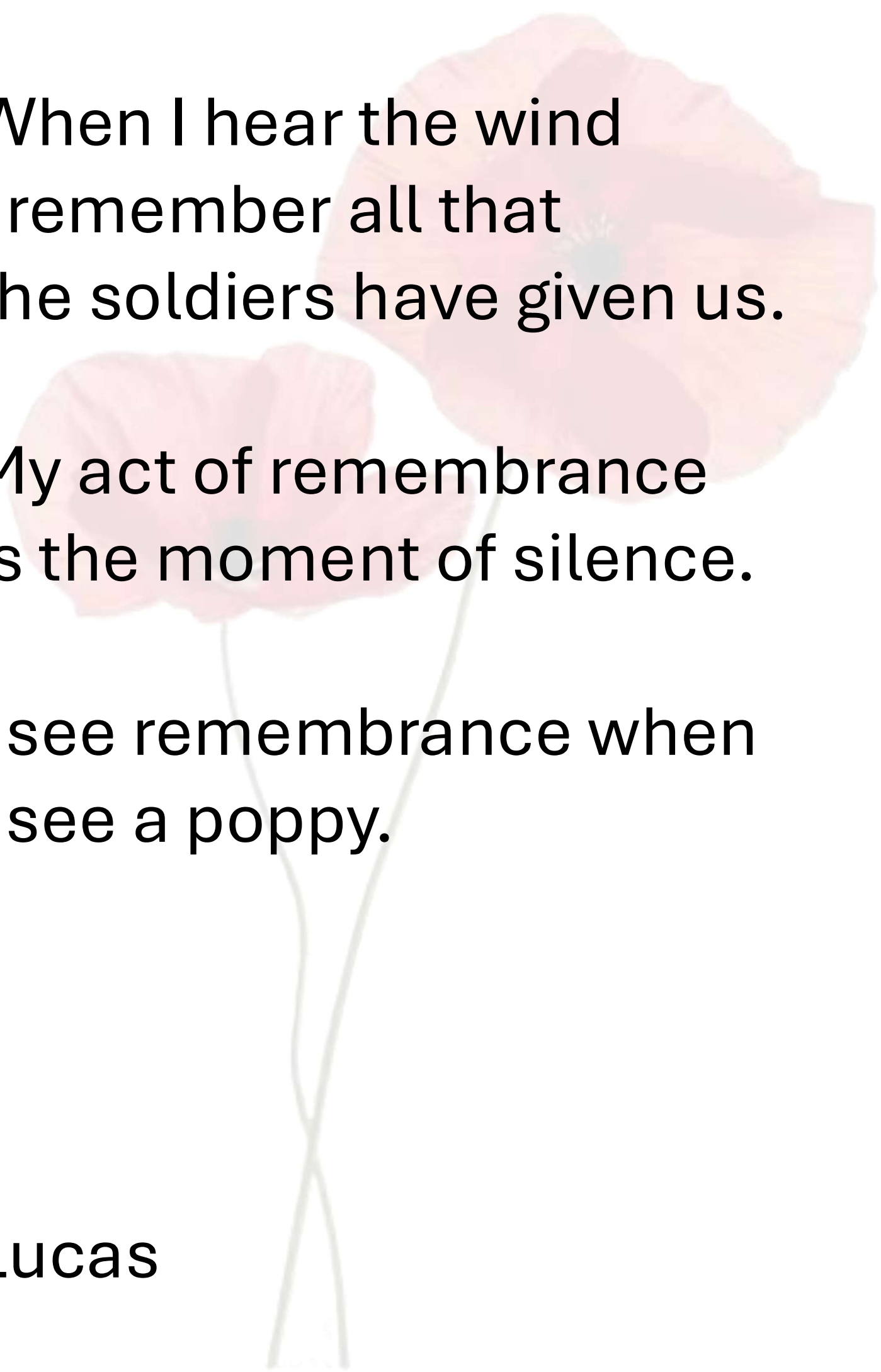
The breeze whistling,
The big brown dust,
The air moving,
Dancing poppies in the
wind.

Lennox

The red poppy on a stage
Proud and graceful
Glow like light
Like a little lamp in the dark
It's like a ballerina leaping
Like horses in the field –
The forgotten fields
With dead grass.



Evelyn



When I hear the wind
I remember all that
the soldiers have given us.

My act of remembrance
is the moment of silence.

I see remembrance when
I see a poppy.

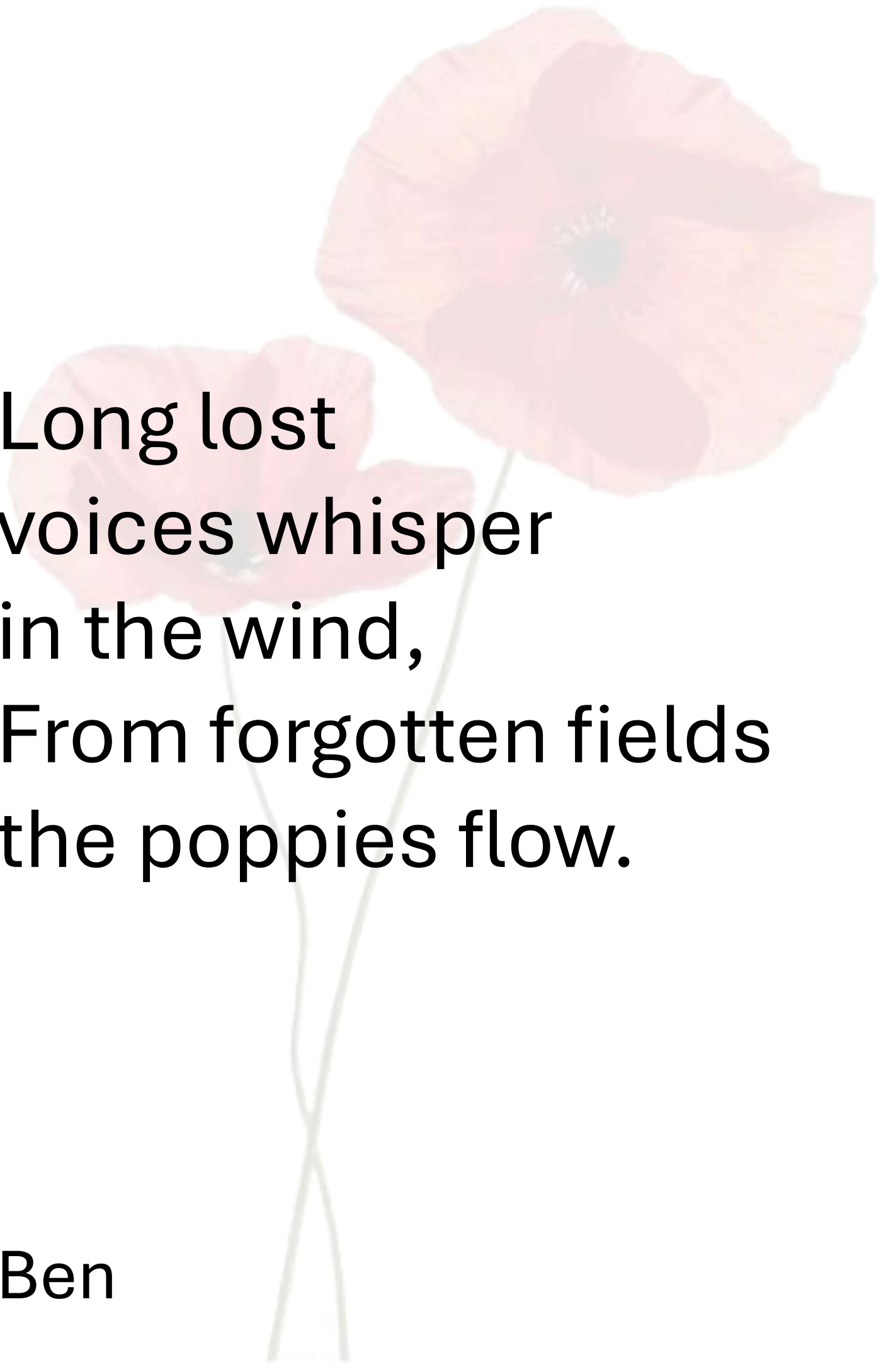
Lucas

In the dead sea
A light was there
It see the end
It runs but can't move
It cries
It is in pain
It cries louder
But the pain won't end.
It looks and sees poppies.

It is a poppy.



Kai

Two pink poppies with dark centers and thin stems. One poppy is in the foreground, slightly to the left, and the other is behind it and to the right. The stems cross each other.

Long lost
voices whisper
in the wind,
From forgotten fields
the poppies flow.

Ben

I see a medal when someone
won something.

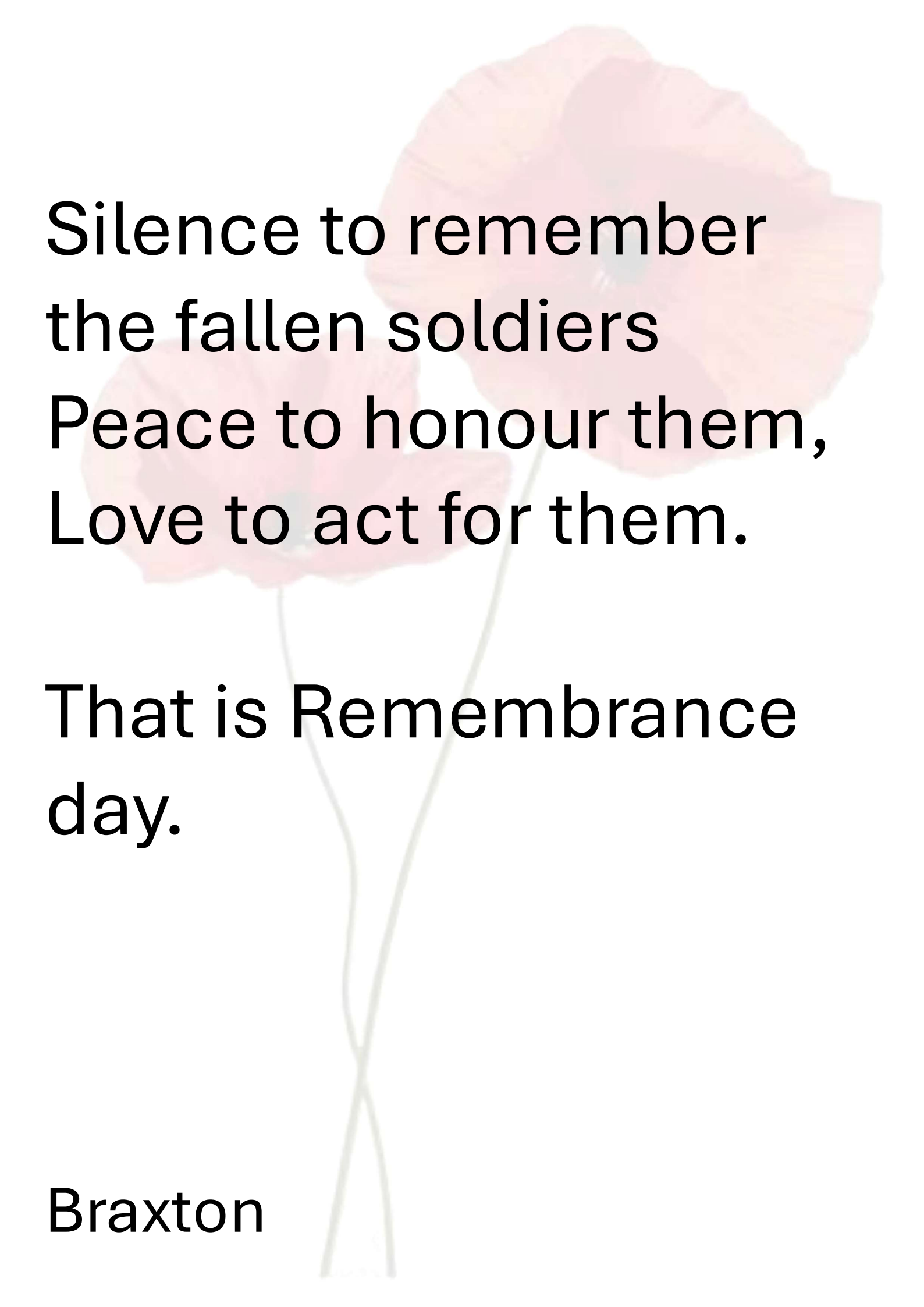
I see a cross when someone
died a long time ago.

They died and we remember
on the 11th November.

I see the poppy because we
remember the lost.



Logan

Two pink poppies are positioned in the upper half of the image. One poppy is slightly behind and to the right of the other. Their stems are thin and light green, crossing each other in the lower half of the image. The background is plain white.

Silence to remember
the fallen soldiers
Peace to honour them,
Love to act for them.

That is Remembrance
day.

Braxton

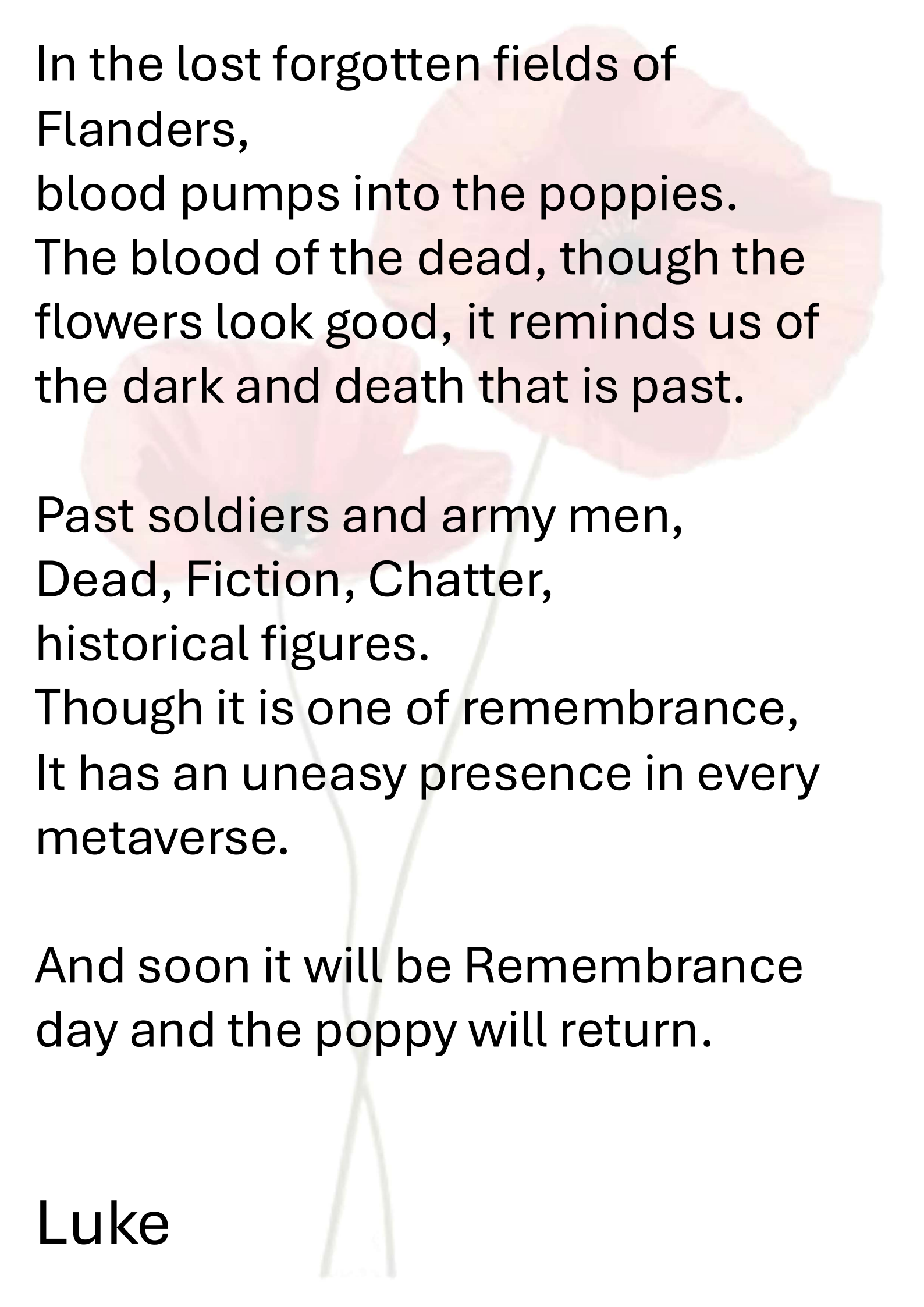
Red poppies dance and
sway in the Summer
breeze.

Listening to the long-lost
voices.

Bombs set off viciously.
I use all my breath to run.



Lennox



In the lost forgotten fields of
Flanders,
blood pumps into the poppies.
The blood of the dead, though the
flowers look good, it reminds us of
the dark and death that is past.

Past soldiers and army men,
Dead, Fiction, Chatter,
historical figures.
Though it is one of remembrance,
It has an uneasy presence in every
metaverse.

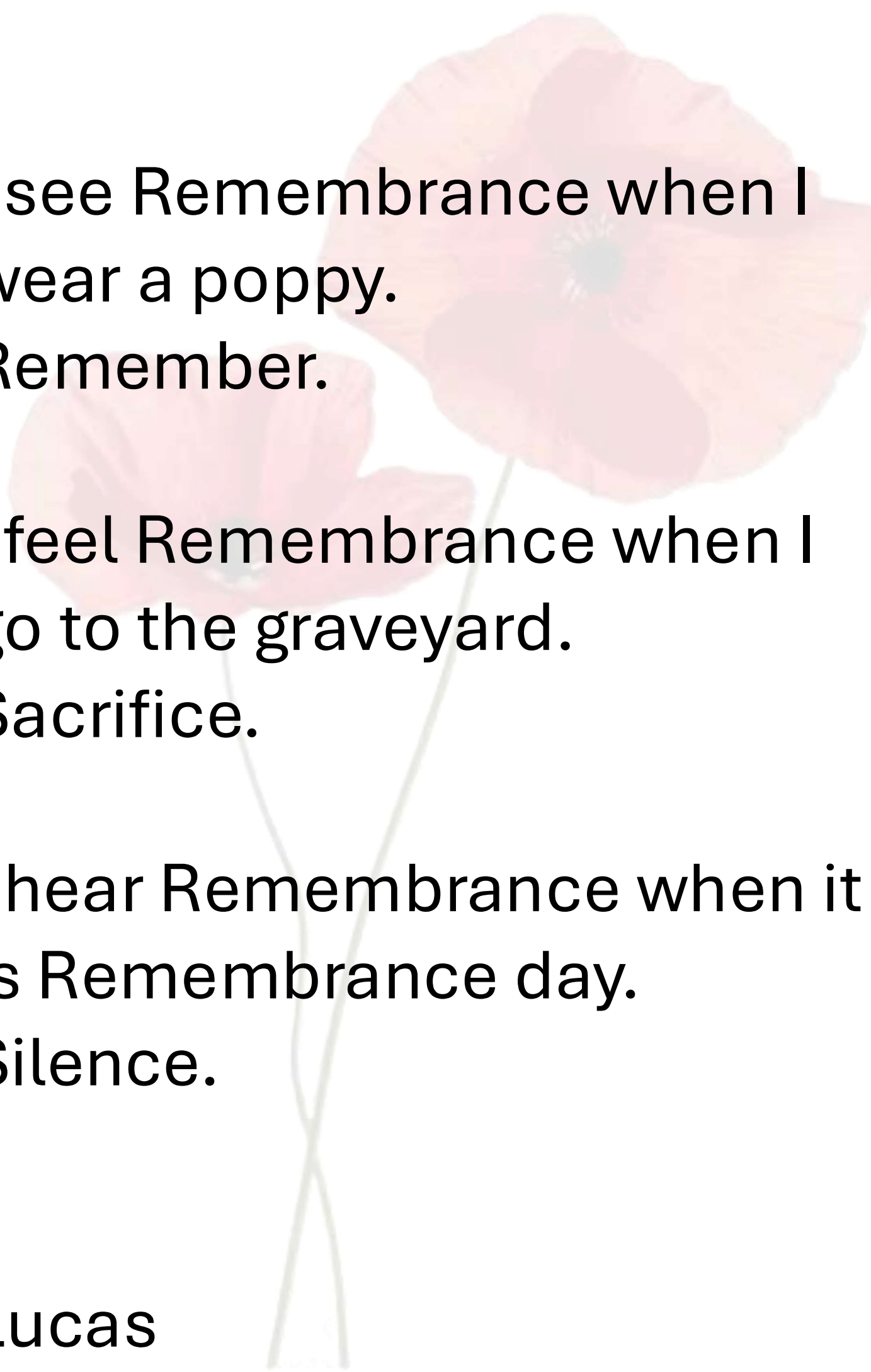
And soon it will be Remembrance
day and the poppy will return.

Luke

Dancing poppies in the wind.
Silence is golden.
Miss you forever and always.



Mason



I see Remembrance when I
wear a poppy.
Remember.

I feel Remembrance when I
go to the graveyard.
Sacrifice.

I hear Remembrance when it
is Remembrance day.
Silence.

Lucas