

Life in the Trenches

By Sara Pluta

We're already six feet under; we might as well be dead,
Yet we still rise before dawn for the hard day's work ahead.
Shivering in the bitter air, we're ordered to stand-to,
Awaiting a German attack that seldom would come through.
Enduring the frigid weather is the best part of the day,
'For laying down the morning hate keeps the enemy at bay.

We're told to stand-down and assume our daily chores,
But is filling up a sandbag how we're going to win the war?
There's no life down in the trenches, they're brimming with despair,
The rats, the lice, the mud, it's your worst nightmare.
If you're lucky you'll get rum to take off all the edge,
'Cause, a soldier with the wind-up is a soldier who'd wind up dead.

If you think you'll catch some shut-eye, you couldn't be more wrong
'Cause the artillery bombardment keeps you up all night long.
There's no sleeping in the trenches, they come alive at night,
There's far too much work to do before a new day's light.
The waiting drives you mad, you're constantly on edge,
It's impossible to know what madness waits beyond the ledge.

Two minutes in the trenches feel like a whole lifetime,
Waiting just to see if you will live or if you'll die.
So when you're standing for two minutes and you claim that you feel bored,
The sacrifices we made for your future go ignored.
I *wanted* to be bored because bored meant alive,
Being bored meant being safe, being safe meant I'd survive.

My time down in the trenches was spent digging my own grave,
But that's the cost of freedom, the lives we so freely gave.
The scars of war are healing, but they'll never fade away,
While the blood of men is mimicked by the poppies on display.
The crosses mark the battlefield, now a garden of remembrance.
As a reminder to remember the lives lived in the trenches.