

Dirt

We build on dirt. We grow food in it. We walk on it. We run on it. Dirt surrounds us everywhere. But why, why would dirt be the topic of a Remembrance Day composition? Well, the dirt remembers.

We don't usually consider the dirt, the ground, the soil as something that can remember or even as living. But there are insects and bacteria that live in the dirt, so in this case the dirt is living and it remembers everything. You could argue that the dirt we walk on today is not the same as what our ancestors and our veterans have walked upon. I'm here to prove you wrong.

The ground we walk upon today is the same, but just like us, it has aged. What once was one hundred years ago is now underneath layers and layers of what it has become. The memories are still there deep under the surface we see, we just have to dig a little deeper.

Our army fought on the ground, in the water and in the skies; but eventually the fragments of what's left will touch the ground, and the dirt will collect it. Let them sink into the depths of the earth waiting to be uncovered and remembered. Soldiers who have fallen, are concealed under layers of earth and dirt.

The dirt remembers the battles and the marches, it remembers the vibrations of feet marching and the rumbles of explosions. It was stained the colour red. The red became a part of the earth and is now embedded into soil which holds the memory of every fallen soldier who has ever shed the colour red.

Many have tried to capture the memory, but only few succeed. The success is not in capturing the memory of one individual, but in telling the story of everyone who was willing to risk their lives in order for us to have something to remember.

*"The living owe it to those who no longer can speak to tell their story for them."
(Czeslaw Milosz)*

And the dirt... the dirt is living.

Lilianna Despres

Grade 10

École acadienne de Truro