

A Handful of Poems

In this silence, November's red falls on grey
Your words give me life that war took away

A handful of poems, all lovingly crafted
The true meaning of remembrance with each line that you drafted

You sought out our stories, learned Veteran's tears carry truth
Your words found new wisdom but held the beauty of youth

Mentored with pride, Legion Branch Seventy-Three
A precious connection that brought you to me

Time is relentless, at memories it grasps
But your words of remembrance make present the past

You wrote of Soldier's Prayers and obligation
How what we did defined a nation

Of sacrifice on Freedom's Altar
What would have been lost if we had faltered

Of Bells of Peace and chapters ended
Among Poppies and Larks, what we defended

Of how a single poppy can leave its mark
How I fought my fear, how I met the dark

I pray that time does not break our bond
For if it does, then I am gone

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Roman T. Javorek