

When you close your eyes and think of peace, what do you see?

Peace: tranquillity, the space in-between,
Peace: inside us, though is never seen,
Peace: being yourself, not having to hide,
Peace: no conflict, it's where we should reside.

Peace, it means to be yourself, to laugh, to smile, and
everything else.

Peace, it means to finally be free, to live, to love,
that's what we should see.

Peace, the feeling of finally letting go, the waves of
emotion, frozen in snow.

Peace, it means resolve and kindness, no fighting,
being happy, escaping the darkness.

Two red wings, grasping a black bodice, held up by a
single strand of green,
Representing the bravest humans the world has ever
seen,

Although, when the wings shrivel up to die,
Another will rise, side by side,
Holding the latter up like a team,
The bravest humans the world has ever seen.

A poppy, a singular flower to give hope,
It thrives and lives through the summer months,
A red soul to show that we aren't to rest,
Red hearts, red blood, red poppies, upon the Earth's
chest.

A soldier sees peace as a wonderful thing,
They'd be free from conflict, or so they think,
They're haunted by every moment they have lived,
Which is why we remember them.

Lest we forget,
We can not forget,
We will not forget.

By Hope Isherwood