

The Second World War

- A poem by William (Year 5)

Bombs exploding, blood shed -
All that I can see is red
Open wounds, mud and flames -
Blood and injuries. It's not a game.
Wailing flares, burning wood,
Run away you really should.
Explosions coming everywhere,
Loads of soldiers in despair.
Sparks and fire, mist and flesh –
Feel your heart pounding in your chest.
Missiles coming, coming near.
Sadness and pain is very clear.
Squelching mud, blazing fumes,
Loads of soldiers feeling disarmed.
Blood stained bullets and injuries,
Soldiers pleading, “Please, please, please”.
Broken bones, death is near, exploding bombs coming here.
Cracking flares and misty moon,
Dirt and oil, cans and mud,
Missiles coming ... “thud, thud, thud”.
The end of the war is coming near,
A hefty soldier had lost one ear.
Trudging home in the mud,
No more crying, no more blood.

