

# THE WAR

The war was on and my family gone,

I had no doubt of where they could be about,

Cannons were blowing bombs were glowing,

How could I and when would I be saved? Children in pain,

Whilst the gun shots rain,

Airplanes fly over the dark blue sky,

BAM! Was that the end of me?

We will have to wait and see,

I survive but I can't thrive through this,

One will win and one will lose the battlefield will have to choose. Blood red were the flowers. Blood dripping from the flowers for hours.

Army men are training even when its raining.

I fought but I couldn't think of a thought of what to do. I

died when I was 47,

But I am now in heaven.