

Poppies Grow

By Mira Zagorskaya (Year 3)

The poppies grow,
Through the crosses,
Wind goes blow.
Row by row they grow so steady.
The go swish, swash, swish, swash.

They start as seeds,
And grow so fast.
We remember the soldiers who died.
They do not sleep.
They hear the poppies whisper,
As red as blood they are.

We bow our heads low.
Day and night they grow.
So, thank you soldiers.
Thank you.
For saving us,
Such bravery shown.

The poppies grow,
In fields,
Row by row.
They stand with pride.
Let soldiers rest in peace.

I will pray for you,
I will think of you.
Thank you for saving us.

I will pray for you,
Everyday.

We cry,
And you die.
We sing,
You lie.

Poppies are as red as lava.
Horrid trenches,
Moldy food.

Now crosses stand,
Where you have died.
We sing and we pray.
The poppies grow,
Row by row.
We wear poppies,
To remember you.
Poppies grow.