

A Poem for Remembrance Day

Did you see the curve on wing on high
the Spitfires' sweep across the sky,
the Hurricanes? Another time
'gainst drab green Junkers, one-o-nines;
watch the lucky ones survive,
the contrails' web of weave and dive.

Nightly went the heavies' beat
of Hercs' and Merlins' pistoned feet;
cough and roar, throb and bellow,
in the distance slowly mellow.
Four-motored Lancaster returning,
three okay and one still burning.

Wartime aircrew, thought to be
far too old at twenty-three,
living life at such a pace
most just aircrew, none an 'ace';
the most important thing in the world
was just to get back again....

Cannon fire; an aircraft dies
and probably, too, the man inside;
no mercy, chivalry or fluke,
no safe escape by parachute.
"It's him and not me and for that
I am truly grateful, amen."

Let today a message tell,
per pro those men who served and fell.
Your grandad's, uncle's tale of war
is real life's highest table score.
No replay for the mothers who cried,
no restart for the boys who died.

Rob Davis

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"They shall grow not old
as we who are left grow old;
age shall not weary them
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
we will remember them."

