**A true soldier**

The sound of a gunshot,

The squawk of a crow,

The worn, grubby battlegrounds,

Where the roses now grow.

The sacrificed lives,

The horror bestowed,

Upon innocent eyes,

That now may rest closed.

I solemnly remember,

The cold memories left within,

The tip of my rifle,

Gunpowder on the rim.

The bodies of dead or dying,

The trench simply grim,

The thought of my family,

My kind hearted kin.

But one thing stood still,

In the fog of my fears,

Stood and stared into my soul,

And today is still here,

The soul of a true soldier,

Kind hearted and calm,

Destiny at his fingertips,

Bravery in his palm.

*By David Gomina*

*Year 9, Sandringham*