**Lead**

It wasn’t a white feather for me

It was for the love of you and the king

I was bound by honour to him

And to you, one day, a ring.

Dreams of glory seem as distant

As the sandy shores of Blighty.

So far away from the safety of home

Yet all we do is pray to the Almighty.

In the depths of the trenches, I long of idles past

From tilling our fields, now to killing the young.

Our country needs all of us, does it?

Yet our leaders aren’t the ones facing the gun.

I dread you opening this letter, written with

A pencil once sharp and full of lead.

Now it’s blunt with use, drawing to an end

And being held by a man with a gun to his head.

So lay a poppy for me, dear, and

‘Lest we forget’. Yet we do,

For here our son lays beside me, twenty years on,

A victim of World War Two.

*By Darcy Watson*

*Year 10, Kensington*