



OAKLEY ACT OF REMEMBRANCE POEMS



The poems below have been written by pupils of Oakley Church of England Junior School and included in the service sheets for the Oakley Act of Remembrance. In addition the pupils read their poems to the assembled congregation at the service. We thank the children and teachers at the school for their contribution to our Act of Remembrance.

Remembrance poem.

Remembering the soldiers who fought for our country,
Everyone is forever grateful,
Many thanks to the heroic humans,
Eleventh of November is when the terror had ended,
Mourning of the soldiers' deaths,
Buried in pride,
Resting in peace,
Always with us dead or alive,
Never leaving us behind,
Crying mournfully day after day,
Everyone remembers the soldiers who courageously fought.

By Calum and Davy



Where the Poppies grow

Where the poppies grow,
Lay the bodies of the fallen,
Where the spirits still lie,
With their lives flashing before them,
Swallows flutter over the blood-red burst of colours,
Bones brutally scattered under the scarred crimson blanket of Flanders Field,
To this day their screams haunt the wounded souls,
With love in our hearts,
We remember those who fought for us,
The tears that we share,
Are of those who fell before us,
Thank you for this day that we remember those who served our nation.

Charlotte M and Daisy

Poppies lay on Flanders Field

Poppies lay on
Flanders Field
as the golden
sun rises. We
still remember
when there was
no peace in the
world. We are truly thankful for what we have today.
We wear our poppies with pride every November to
remember the soldiers who sacrificed their
lives for us.
Gone but not
forgotten we
will remember
them for
centuries to
come.

Lily-May and Evelyn



The Poppy Field

As the poppy started to grow
The battle came to an end.
The soldiers began to know
The fighting had to end.
As the poppy started to grow
Upon the ripped up soil
The poppy began to flower
Reminding us of those
Who died at our darkest hour.

Lucy and Ffion

Let them live on.

Screams fill the air with dread,
One by one, brave men fall to the ground,
Sudden silence takes over,
Remaining soldiers retreat and gallop home on traumatized horses,
No-man's land is finally empty,
The souls of deceased men ripples through the churned up mud,
They return,
New life sprouts from the dead earth,
Bursts of colour spring up, lightening the dull brown,
One poppy for each soldier that died for us,
Don't let them be forgotten,
Let them live on in our hearts if they can't live on.

By Niamh



The Special Poppy

In fields of green grass you grow
With your bright red petals on show.
You stay asleep for most of the year
In all kinds of weather.

Then once a year you are here
For a very special reason.
You remind us of that terrible fight
And all who gave their lives.

Francesca



Poppies

Great fields of poppies stand,
On England's great mighty land.
Through the grief and all the sorrow,
There is hope for tomorrow,
Floods of poppies all around,
Lighting up the mournful ground,
Glinting ruby red they thrive,
Where the soldiers gave their lives.
As we remember those who died,
Let us think of how much they tried,
For Great Britain they did fight,
Through horrendous day and pitch black night.
We pray that the immense tragedy will never happen again,
And that families and loved one-s will not experience that pain.

Lucy



Remembrance Day

We ought to thank the soldiers,
Many-of them lost their lives,
They jumped over hurdles and boulders,
Their souls touched heaven's skies.
They made a huge sacrifice,
Left their family and all.
Gambled with their life,
I know to stand proud and tall'
They gave us faith and hope,
Something we never had before.
What they put themselves through,
They deserve a lot more.
Their families are mournful,
They were clearly the best,
There are a million reasons why,
I wear the Poppy proud on my chest.

Samantha