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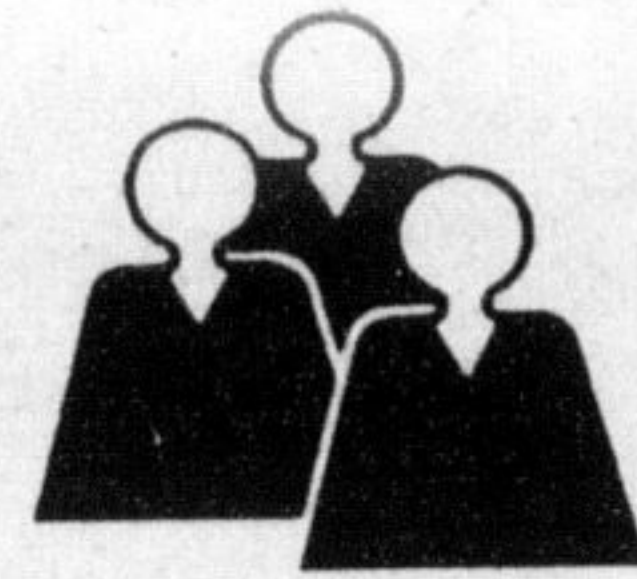
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The Last Word

Who was that sailor?
Where did he come from?
Does anyone really care?
Yes! He was another boy
to someone very dear

From the fogbound coast of
Halifax
To Victoria's sunny skies
He heeded Canada's call to
arms--
But asked not for the Whys.

He did not crave for glory;
No medals did he seek,
When assigned to duty
On a destroyer fast and sleek.

She left a snug, safe harbour
One cold and dismal morn,
Sailed into the North Atlantic
And a mid-November storm.

To rendezvous with a convoy
Off Sable Island's spits:
A course was set for England
By all one hundred ships.

The storm increased its fury--
All hatches battened down,
While men below in hammocks
Swung wild and tossed around.

He stood the lonely midnight
watch
On decks made slick by foam.
While on this lonely vigil
His thoughts turned back to
home.

Each sea broke o'er the bulwark
And swept along the deck.
He shivered in his sheepskin
While drenched up to his neck.

His happy dream of distant
home
In a bright and cheery vale
Made him wonder why he'd left
it
This angry sea to sail.

Alas! He ne'er saw England--
His ship was blown apart!
He's but a fading memory now
In someone's shattered heart.

As the sea closed o'er his head
He said a final prayer...
Begging God forgive his sins,
And preserve the freedom dear!

A known grave he does not
have,
No cross to mark his plot.
He died alone in the cold, dark
sea--
Or have we all forgot?

He asks you not to weep for
him,
Or praise upon him heap.
All he would ask for freedom's
sake
Is the memory you will keep.

That dreadful war's been over
These many long, long years.
Time has erased the memory
not,
Nor dried a loved one's tears.

A statistic only is he now,
A name within a book.
It's resting in the Peace Tower,
Should you ever care to look.

So on the Day of Remembrance,
As I raise a glass in toast...
To all who died in Freedom's
name
I salute a Shipmate's ghost!



*In memory of all R.C.N., R.C.N.R., R.C.N.V.R.
and Merchant Navy Personnel lost at sea.*

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The Veteran's Eyes by: Erin Skalski

Some people say,
Eyes are the windows to the soul,
When I look into the veteran's eyes,
There are images of dying soldiers,
And life's vital juices spilling on the ground.

His eyes are cold and icy blue,
Hard as flint with sparks of hate,
The pupil dark but not quite vacant,
Images hypnotic I can't help but stare.

When I look into his eyes,
I see young men in mortal combat,
They are the same age as my brother,
But war makes them look older.

The veteran's eyes fill with tears,
I see him dragging his mutilated friend,
Out of no man's land and into the trench,
A few hours later his friend dies,

In a daze of self pity,
He pulls his own body out of the trench.

On Remembrance Day,
We are told to remember,
But the veteran can not forget,
The images permanently etched in his mind,
His soul forever tormented.

The veteran's mind recollects,
The A-bomb and D-day,
He was not there in body,
But he was with the soldiers in spirit.

The veteran looks into my eyes,
He sees innocents, and tenderness, my soul is at
peace,

Eyes are the windows to the soul,
But I don't think we truly understand what we
see.

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*In grateful memory of those
who fought and died*

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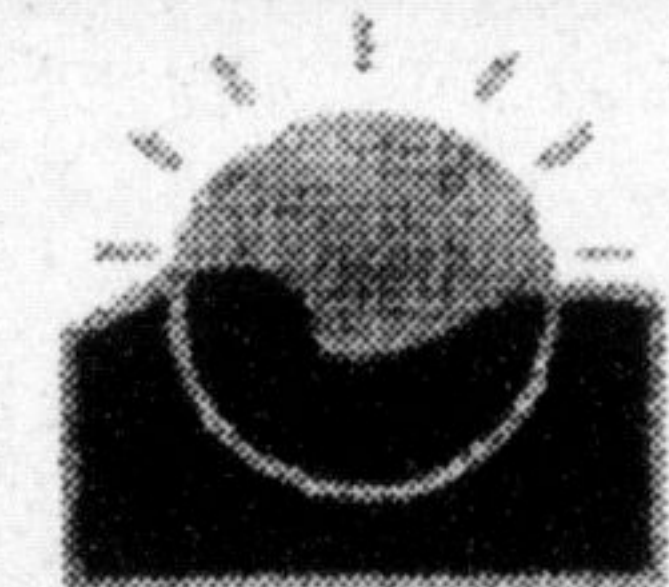
Lest we forget

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