

## REMEMBER THEM STILL

Like everything else it's different this year.  
Tradition is changing, with many a tear.  
Though sombre it's true, we remember them still  
who sacrificed life and went over the hill  
to their deaths, full of honour, cut off in their prime,  
the waste and the sadness, a part of all time.

This new war we're battling, cut to the quick  
constrains all our lives as we hear the clock tick,  
and remembering then on that special day  
in November the heroes who died in the fray  
in those battles and wars supposed to end war.  
We are saddened to think of the ones gone before.

The numbers are shrinking, old folks full of risk,  
not braving the cold, numbed cheeks or winds brisk.  
In the Cenotaph's shadow up on the hill,  
flanked by reduced numbers, those serving us still.  
No cadets' earnest faces will witness lament,  
or hear "Flanders' Field" on the dampest cement.  
In our homes, on our streets, so quiet and still,  
The Last Post will echo. REMEMBER THEM STILL.

L. Patricia Bayley.

