

**Poppyscotland Education Competition 2014
Shortlisted Entries.**

Primary Poems

Listen

by Sarah, Abernethy Primary

You may think the world is perfect,
But are you not aware
There are horrible wars happening almost everywhere

You may think us children are clueless,
But we really care, that this world is
turning into one big nightmare
It's all over the news, this inhumane violence,
We just wish there would be silence.

As you are reading this do you know
There are people losing their lives?
Then their loved ones will shed a tear,
There is no peace there will be no happiness

If the world was to just stop and listen
But I guess it's not that easy,
If there are thousands of people losing their lives every day?
Then we know this world needs to change.

War Town

by Mika, St Aloysius College

There's a bridge not far from here
Where crosses hang along the rail
On each one a soldiers name
To remind us what they've done.

There's a square so pretty in the sun
Where old men line one by one
To lay a poppy here and there
And salute old friends who've fallen.

There's a boy I know who's in a crowd

Of people who're against the war.
Which war, I whisper? But walk on past.
Next time I'll ask.

In any town or any square
In Scotland or elsewhere
In the morning , noon or night
These small reminders of how we haven't got it right...

Peace at Last

by Sean, Arngask Primary

No more bombings
Peace at last
No more blackouts
Peace at last
No more hiding
Peace at last
No more rations
Peace at last
The children are home
Peace at last
Rebuild our community
Peace at last
Thank you heroes
Peace at last
Remember those who freed us
Peace at last

Conflict in our Community

by Conor, St Aloysius College

As the hour passed we got worried,
Watching our neighbours flee
Not caring about seeing us,
Our shop got closed, leaving
People without a crumb.
Still our city was getting bombed
Leaving people to die unarmed
Without a hope.

People running on the street

Panic crawled over their faces
Our community was gone
Like a sunk ship leaving all of its
Passengers to drown.
This is war.

Secondary

The Family

by Nicholas, St Ninian's High School

O, Dearest wife, please don't worry
I promise this war will be over in a hurry
The platoon has reduced 50 more
We will still try to save our country for evermore

O, my brave husband please don't give up
Everything is happy here I have bought a pup
The kids aren't scare and neither am I
So you shouldn't be my sweetie pie.

O, Daddy, I want you to come home now
As fast as the army will allow
I play with the pup all the time but it doesn't replace you
Please come home now, I want you to.

O, Son, we're really worried about you
Wish this war was through
We are your Mum and Dad
And you're our little lad.

Medic, Soldier, Wife, War

by Spike, Kinlochbervie High School

Medic
Soldiers enter with wounds
I'm very disgusted by war.
It's my job to heal.

Soldier
Hanging onto life.
Pain burning in every cell.

No reason to live.

Wife

He was *my* reason.

I loved him with all my heart.

No life without him.

War

War is a monster.

Snarling behind a cage door.

Released affects all.

Soldier Boy

by Holly, Nairn Academy

Brave and strong,

He stood tall

And proud in uniform,

With no fear at all

For what was to come.

He was so young,

Too young to fight

And risk his life each day and night.

But he could not stay

And simply watch

As war destroyed the life

He had loved so very much.

And so he became

Another player in the cruel game,

That was driven by evil and greed for power,

That caused death after death, every minute, every hour.

But he stayed brave and strong as still he fought

For months and years,

As the ones he loved

Choked back their tears.

They hoped and they prayed for his survival

That he would not fall but conquer the rival.

Sadly, these wished were not to come true

As one final, fatal bullet flew.

Gone

by Jessica, Kinlochbervie High School

Watching my dad go,
Watching him leave,
Watching him stand behind other soldiers,
Watching my mum and granny cry.
Waiting for him day after day,
Waiting for the mail to say he is ok,
Hearing the knock at the door,
Hearing my mum say that I could open it,
Hearing the hanky being blown into and the sobs getting louder.
Reading that he is gone forever.