

The Inquisitive Mind of a Child

Why are they selling poppies, mummy?

Selling poppies in town today

The poppies, child are flowers of love

For the men who marched away

But, why have they chosen a poppy, mummy?

Why not a beautiful rose?

Because, my child, men fought and died

In the fields where the poppies grow

But why are the poppies so red, mummy?

Why are the poppies so red?

Red is the colour of blood, my child

The blood our soldiers shed

The heart of the poppy is black, mummy

Why does it have to be black?

Black my child, is the symbol of grief

For the men who never came back

But, why mummy are you crying so?

Your tears are giving you pain

My tears are my fears for you my child

For the world is - FORGETTING AGAIN.