

66 Men

From our brick terrace step through history's gate,
We see their sepia faces, proudly dressed,
Among the columned stones we contemplate
Their lives within our story now compressed.
These fellows walked down our familiar streets
And through these doors their smiles and cares have passed,
Our floorboards echoed to their booted feet
And in our homes they warmed by these same hearths.
The magpies' harsh staccato voices called
Their sorrows and their joys, indifferent
To loss and suffering shouldered here by all
Their families bereft in long lament.
With poppies placed we still invoke their names,
We grateful living, we remember them.

Mark Wilkinson, July 2016