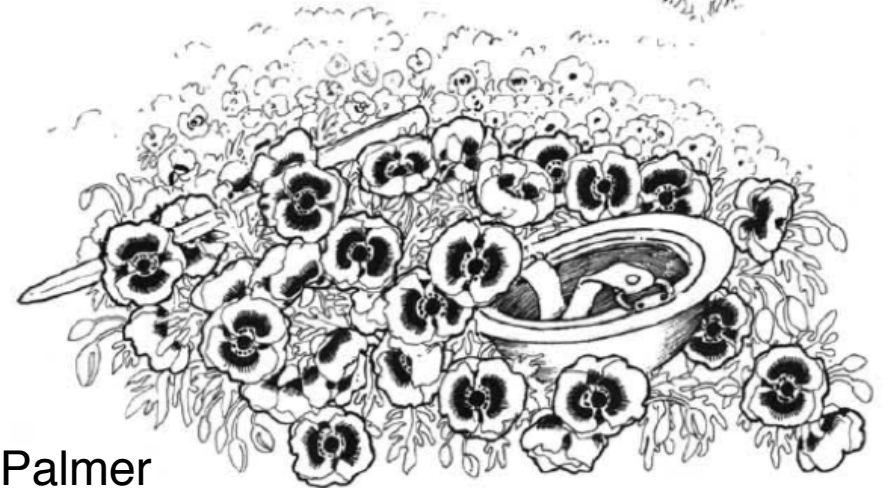


Lost Generation

So many...
Father, husbands, brothers,
Cousins, friends and worksmates,
Lovers...
In ghost grey light, they went to war.
So many of them never saw
The faces of loved ones any more.

They fought and died - and who's to blame?
The earth treats friend and foe the same.

Now,
Small girls, who never knew
Their fathers, come with flowers to strew
On foreign fields where poppies grew.
The scene has changed; the sky's still blue...



By J.R.Poulter, image by Dandi Palmer