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St. Brendan's, NL

## **Forgotten Memories**

The field was beautiful, sunlight warm  
As the graves rested quiet with peace.  
The wind blowing, restlessly through the trees  
Re-emerging memories bringing him to his knees

The ground lay silent, tranquil with rest  
As the sun dipped slowly into the west  
His brothers had fought here. Had given their lives  
To protect their children, to protect their wives

But there on the earth, blossoming in growth  
Sat a new and prospering hope  
A flower, sprouting out of the soil  
To mark the remembrance of all their turmoil.

It brought a weathered smile to his face  
As he bathed in the memories of this place.  
Its stem was green, leaves red as blood  
The flower sprouting everywhere out of the mud

They dominated the fields, they ruled over the ground  
Covering the graves, bursting out of each mound  
His brothers were at rest now, they've become part of the land  
The end of the war, finally at hand.