

AN OLD MAN BOWS HIS HEAD,
HIS BOTTOM LIP QUIVERS,
HE RAISES A TREMBLING, WEATHERED HAND AND WIPES THE TEARS AWAY,
AND REMEMBERS WHEN HE LOST HIS FRIEND ON THIS REMEMBRANCE DAY

HE WEARS A POPPY ON HIS COAT PINNED FOR ALL TO SEE,
AND WHEN HIS COMRADE FELL BY HIS SIDE HE WONDERED "WHY NOT ME?"
WHY WAS I SPARED THE COLD HARD DEATH OF WAR?
FOR I STILL FEEL THE PAIN,
AS THEY READ THE ROLL CALL AND REMIND US OF YOUR NAME.

CHILDREN LOOK ON IN BEWILDERMENT,
NOT SURE WHY THEY ARE THERE,
AND EVERYONE'S HEAD IS LOWERED IN SILENT, SOLEMN PRAYER.

THE FORESAKEN WAIL OF THE BUGLE'S "LAST POST" FILLS THE NOVEMBER AIR,
A DOG RESPONDS IN THE DISTANCE, A BLUE JAY CRIES,
THE PEOPLE SIMPLY STARE.

A QUIET HUSH AND STILLNESS IS LOOMING ALL AROUND,
THE LAST CLINGING LEAF FLUTTERS TO THE GROUND,

TURNING UP COLLARS AND BITTER WINDS CHILLING TO THE BONE,
I FEEL A SENSE OF SADNESS AS THE SOLDIER HEADS FOR HOME.