

WAR MEMORIAL

What you see is poppies and confetti.

What I see is carnage, shrapnel and body parts, roadside bombs ripping through galvanized steel, stripped like a slapper on a one-night stand. The red of the petals stained by the blood of comrades, gasping to life but the effort fails. Flown hundreds of miles home covered in a union jack – this will not keep them warm.

The harm was done. He is heading home to mum.

Her words lost in her throat, her tears roll

All she has is medals and a flag – her pain as great as the roadside bomb.

Raw and helpless, she lays down the wreath.

JUDITH