

Those of us who saw the worst,  
fought for which seemed forever.  
Lifelessness spread the land,  
with the help of the steel mosquito,  
draining all the hope from our struggling bodies.

Rotting boots, over-weighted helmets,  
life-stealing shrapnel, everywhere it seemed.  
Knock-kneed, bent-double, down in the ceaseless and ditches  
men marched absentmindedly forever, forever, forever

Horses alerted  
every single second.  
Reared like anger up, up, up  
“Gas! Gas! Hurry boys,”  
A bomb of scurrying and scattering

**By Ella (Year 5)**

