

## Why Oh Why

I see my comrades and siblings dying by my side,  
It's hard to see them, why oh why I wonder  
When it will be my time to glide.  
The cackle of the unearthly guns,  
Crying agony everywhere,  
I think why am I here?  
Why am I the only one  
Who smells this unbearable stench?  
This stench is the smell of burning gunpowder,  
Spilt blood and filthy rats.  
Crawling through the squelchy mud,  
I touch something,  
It's cold and soft like melting butter.  
I pull it out and I see my brother's arm,  
Still with his uniform.  
I cry until my eyes go dry like burning sand,  
I don't know how to tell Nan.  
The revolting and furry taste of oily expired corn beef,  
I wonder what my brother is doing with the angels.

*By Jennifer Kaiser and Jorja Leece*



## THE DEAD

White skeletons of the dead  
Lay with the rotting red flesh  
Clinging to the broken bones.  
Thundering rifles firing,  
The bullets hit the running soldiers.  
Dried up crumbling dirt  
Of the cramped trenches  
Fall down the tall walls.  
Slimy, rotting canned meat  
Slides down my parched throat.  
Smoke fills the air around  
As I breathe heavily.

*By Kristie Ward*



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*Photo: Hill 52 the highest point on the northern end of the Passchendaele Ridge in Belgium. Photo taken by Judi Billcliff in 2007.*