

Boys – A poem for Remembrance Day

Boys, that's all we were
Boys from the factory,
Boys from the mill
Boys off the farm
Boys, just boys.

We had great times,
The pranks we played,
Like carrying young Peter Jones
In his bed to the parade square,
As he slept, we were:
Boys, just boys.

He got his own back,
He bided his time,
Then filled our boots,
Every one, with muck,
From the stables.
Boys, just boys.

We shipped overseas,
In itchy new kit, laughing
And playing up to the cameras,
Fresh faced, we played as men,
Boys, just boys.

We soon saw action,
Those boys and I,
Cowering in shell holes,
Trenches and ditches,
Crying for our mothers,
Because we were
Boys, just boys.

I returned in my aged stiffness,
To that field of woe and pride.
Where we laid all those bodies
Of my friends and brothers,
Torn apart when they were
Boys, Just Boys.

I stand and remember,
Those far off days,
When we answered the call,

When we believed what we were told
When we knew no better,
When summers were long,
We swam in the river
Played conkers in autumn,
And it always snowed at Christmas,
When all my friends were alive,
When I was a boy,
Just a boy.

They did not grow old,
As I who am left grow old.
Age didn't weary them,
It was torn away from them,
And I still remember them
An old man, remembering the boys.