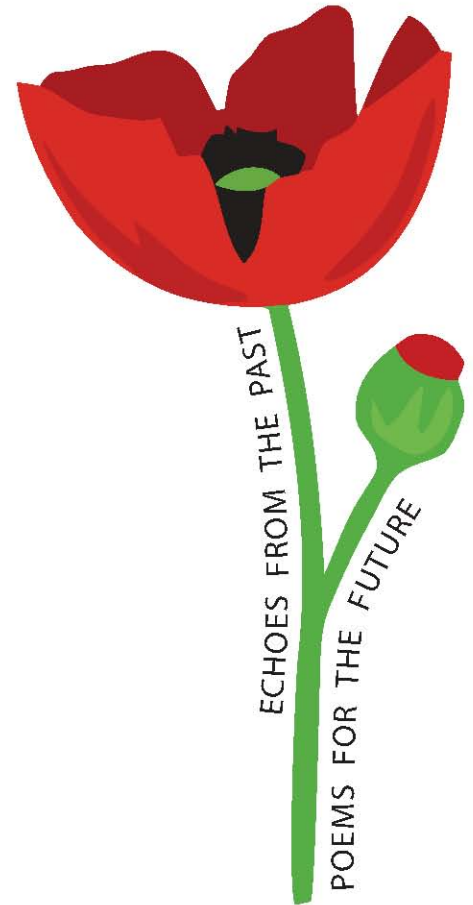


Students celebrating 65 years of liberation.



Echoes from the past; Poems for the future

In 2010 we celebrate the 65th anniversary of the liberation of The Netherlands by the allied forces, among them the Canadian troops. Echoes aims at the creation of awareness on the second World War as a 'never ending story' on freedom and democracy. A project linking the memories of the past with the hopes of the future, a digital gift to a generation that risked their lives and sacrificed their innocence for the freedom of others.

In September 2009 Mr. Maurits Kamman, history teacher, initiated the start of the Echoes 2 project, connecting past, present and future on "war and liberation" in learning. Together with the ICT-coordinator Marc Vreeswijk and Bob Hofman (the Global Teenager Project) it was discussed how to link History to Language and Literature. At the start of the two Learning Circles with 10 schools from Canada, 10 schools from The Netherlands and 1 school from Spain, the motto of Echoes 2 was created: 'Echoes from the past; Poems for the future'

Using ICT's to build international cross curricular bridges and connecting students to war veterans. Researching the actual situation in 2010 in Canada, The Netherlands and Afghanistan and the creation of poems to express the students' hope and dreams for the future. This booklet contains 171 poems out of the hundreds that were created by our students, a tribute to those who in the past, the present and the future contributed to our freedom.

Bob Hofman and Eliane Metni, Global Teenager Project coordinators.

Lyceum Oudehoven, Gorinchem, The Netherlands,
Lars Verweij

I'd fight for peace,
that's what they say,
My worries yet increase.
If only I could stay.

I'd fight for God,
the preacher claims.
They expect me to nod,
and go fight the flames.

I'd fight for adventure,
so it would seem.
To war I would venture,
it'd be like a dream.

I'd fight for my land,
is what they all cry.
I should go and stand,
stand, and with honour die.

I fought for peace.
Brought it to all,
from Belgium to Greece,
peace did not fall.

I fought for God,
or so they say,
still it's odd,
the dead can not pray.

I fought for adventure,
saw many lands.
Still I did venture,
though with blooded hands.

I fought for my land,
delivered it from harm.
Threats no longer stand,
can go home to house and farm.

Lyceum Oudehoven, Gorinchem, The Netherlands
Anonymous

All the Canadian boys who joined the war
Were all confronted with death and gore

Thought that they could bring a change over there
And never kept in mind the burden they would bear

They all had in mind one single thought
And that was to liberate us, for whom they fought

These men wanted to show that they were brave
The courage they had and their lives they gave

So that we people could be free
And live in a peaceful territory

At least there is one thing we learned from these boys
And that is that they fought for our joys

Lyceum Oudehoven, Gorinchem, The Netherlands
Mascha Dovgun

Canadian Help

The Canadian army is coming to help
Now Europe is going to be saved
But why did the Canadians join?
What was the whole point?

There were several reasons for that
One of them was unemployment
Some of the people did not want to go to school
They wanted to fight for their country
Canada was part of the Commonwealth
So Canada had no choice but to fight
Pride, glory, and freedom
Were some of the other reasons

Canadians also were craving for independence
Even though they didn't want violence
There was no other choice
We're grateful for the Canadian help

War

Someone cries, while another dies.

Think of all the children
Of mothers and wives
Of fathers, sons, and husbands
With interrupted lives.

Everything is burning.
After a while, peace is returning

Lyceum Oudehoven, Gorinchem, The Netherlands
Wouter Slits

Lorentz Lyceum, Arnhem, The Netherlands
Lisa & Cheryl

Changed in time

My world changed in just a view seconds
Changed from enormous into just a view meters
Never saw how beautiful the world was
My chance is taken,
Now I can only dream of the places I'll never see

Sitting here lonely, seconds minutes passing
Thinking of the world I'll never see again like I've
seen it
I would have seen it when my world changed
Days come and go,
Just like the sun and snow
Waiting here all those mindless hours
Until I see my old, trusted world again.

War

People live, people die,
Sometimes, you don't know why.

Every second can be your last one,
That will be in the back of your mind when you stand in front
of someone.

War, war, war,
It makes your country poor.

You see your friends die,
But you don't have the time to cry.

Mothers with children, who can't see each other back anymore,
All the time, they think about it that they had to make another
decision before.

When war is finally over,
It wasn't as it was before.

Lorentz Lyceum, Arnhem, The Netherlands
Koen & Arjana

Lorentz Lyceum, Arnhem, The Netherlands
Sophie & Merel

Peace

Peace is just a word
So many times heard
There is still war and violence
Where a humans life doesn't count anymore
The world would be prettier
If the people will live peaceful with each other
No more fighting or difference between
Black and white, poor and rich
Every person is equal
Peace... is just a word
To many times heard

How would you feel?
When you have to live in fear all day,
That you would be killed, just because you're different.

How would you feel?
When you think you are finally free,
But you can't trust nobody.
Because before you even know,
you will be lock up again.

A war if you even survive it,

Will always be locked up inside of you.
There will be lock on your heart,
And you are afraid of everything.
You think that there is no reason to live.
Then you're really locked up.

Lorentz Lyceum, Arnhem, The Netherlands
Dalanyo & Wencke

Lorentz Lyceum, Arnhem, The Netherlands
Kelly & Sander

That's war

When war breaks out
No one is proud
People dying and children crying
Bombs and bullets flying
Everyone has got to deal with it
Innocent people and they get split
Soldiers fighting for their fatherland
But no one really understand
It's getting worse then before
That's called war
Everyone waiting for surrender
War is just a big time spender
At the end it's all useless
And everyone is fed up by the war process

War

I remember that day,
when I heard shots and said,
my parents have gone forever,
they won't come back NEVER.
In the night I saw the dead,
I heard shots in my head,
everywhere I looked around,
dead people on the ground.
Now I'm scared for the rest of my time,
for me the sun will never shine.

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Aniek

It's war

Some people like to shoot.
Most people hope the war is over.
But it isn't. It's war.
Most people want to stop the war.
But that's not possible. It's war.
There is a small group who can stop the war.
But they won't. It's war
Young people like to go out.
But they can't. It's war.
You have to listen. Because it's war

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Anne-Lot

Work camp

Life won't get better when you receive the letter
We thought the same, don't step in that train
I saw her cry, she didn't want to die
We should have started to run, and making fun
But now the time was here, the time of fear

We stepped in the wagon, a new life had begun
Everyone was thirsty in the train, I wish it had started to rain
When we finally arrived, some people died

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Carolien

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Christy

My hero

My dad the hero.
Yes, that's what he was.
Saved a thousand people,
all from the gas.

Coming back as a hero,
but left my dad.
Backed off by the attack,
but always turned back.

Should be happy and smiling,
should put my chin up and say:
"My dad the hero, saved a thousand man."
Not telling, he couldn't save himself.

The Fuhrer

Why is the Fuhrer so powerful?
Why are the people so scared of him?
Nobody knows the answer.
Why does Germany begin a new war?
Why do they hate all there neighbours?
Nobody knows the answer.
Why does the Fuhrer kill the Jews?
Why did the Fuhrer kill himself?
Nobody knows the answer.

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Coen

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Heleen

Child soldier.

A gun on his back,
killed his father.
He can never come back,
back to his home.
Because he has killed his father.
Now his life is destroyed
Because...
He has to be a child soldier.
His life is destroyed.

Childsoldiers

It's chilly and cold in this camp
This camp isn't as usual
There are left over bullets
There are children, very young children
Their eyes tell silent stories, they look nervous
Ammunition, wars, like toy games
They've seen killing and death
They are capable of killing us
This camp isn't as usual

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Jasmi Jn

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Jelmer

War

War is war and no peace
War is death and no life
War is the sound of weapons
Weapons that kill people,
And weapons that make people scared
But also weapons that protect,
and make people free
But most of the time,
War is war and no peace

War or PEACE?

Dead bodies, shots, guns everywhere
in the whole world..
Crying people, their family is gone
in the whole world.
Hiding into cellars, discovered and you're gone
in the whole world.
Fights, soldiers, child soldiers, tanks and planes
in the whole world.
War is a nightmare, it's awful
in the whole world.
Nobody wants war, everybody wants **PEACE**
in the whole world.
PEACE, why is there no **PEACE**?
Why should we kill each other?
PEACE, it sounds so easy...
in the whole world.

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Kira

Why are people fighting?

There are many wars in the world.
But why are people fighting?
Bombs, guns, tanks, rockets,
they are used a lot.
But why are people fighting?
People were killed, poisoned or die of starvation,
they are scared to lose family and friends.
But why are people fighting?
You weren't welcome in another country,
you were killed because you have a different religion.
But why are people fighting?
Hospitals became over populated,
there aren't enough nurses.
So why are people fighting?
The reasons for war don't make sense,
people will die unnecessary.
So why are people fighting?
For nothing...

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Linde Staarink

If there would never be a tomorrow

Through broken streets
Without your father, without land
You walk helpless at your mother's hand
Destination unknown
And no one sees how small you are
Day and night, always in fear
Time to think about
What you would do if there would be never a tomorrow again

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Linde Vrerink

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Loes

Fighting for freedom

Go into hiding and being attacked by the Nazi's
A lot of fear and worries
Many bombers in the air and tanks on the ground
German soldiers fighting everything they encounter
Jews transported to concentration camps across Europe
Bombs destroying entire cities
The suffering is too much
Fighting for freedom, a lot of injured people
Is that what we want?

My life in times of war

I heard a lot of noise
then I heard my father's voice.

The war was starting
we got into our car to go away
to a safe place.
We went into hiding by Dutch people.

They would help us in WWII.

I was afraid and I would cry
but I had to be strong
in this time of war.

Sunday morning 25th April 1944 was a nightmare.

The German soldiers arrested us.

We went to Auschwitz by train.

Now, seventy years later,
I'm old

I have never seen my parents again.

I can't describe the fear
that I have experienced.

Now,
I'm a healthy and a happy woman.

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Maddie

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Mariël

'There are no words for'

Nobody can say it
Nobody can understand it.

Everybody knows it.
Everybody thinks it is awful

Jews were the victims.
Jews went into hiding.

Canadians liberated us.
Canadians are our heroes.

Gays were discriminated.
Gays were killed.

Hitler was a dictator.
Hitler is a horrible person.

The second world war was an awful time.
The second world war will always be remembered.

Freedom

Looking for freedom,
Hiding for pain
Alone in the dark,
No father, no mother
A chilly world,
The world has been destroyed
Everything away,
Nothing left
Have to surrender,
Pray to God
But suddenly the shot,
Everything turned dark
God will help me,
I know
After a long time I woke up,
Woke up in freedom

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Maud

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Merlyse

Wars for ever

Will the humanity live long?
With all those wars in this world.
All that anger, the dying for revenge,
the desire to have power.
All those people being killed,
that can't be the purpose of the humanity, can it?
Has there ever been a time were people weren't fighting.
What is the fun about having the dead of
innocent people on your conscience?

Why, why, why?

World War II, why was this war
Jewish people were killed
Billions of people are afraid
Allied forces liberate
Step by step the world

Terror, why is this war
Americans, Canadians people are killed
Billions of people are afraid
USA are fighting terror
Step by step, for the world

Why is there war
Why are people killed
Billions of people are afraid
Good guys are ending war
Step by step, for the world

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Rick

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Rob

'We were soldiers'

People suffer
Many soldiers died
Bodies everywhere
Betrayed by some of our own
But we didn't give up
We did what we had to do
Vietnamese soldiers all over the place
We crushed them into the ground
1000 Americans VS 10000 Vietnamese
We were undefeatable
We showed them what war is
Fighting for freedom
We proved that we were soldiers

Freedom

Who does know what is freedom?
Not the people who live in war.
Who does know what is freedom?
Not the people who are hiding.
Who does know what is freedom?
Not the people who are imprisoned in a concentration camp.
Who does know what is freedom?
Not the people who are fighting for their lives.
Freedom, it means more than you think.

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Sophie

War

On 7. June
waves are rolling in
waves with blood
waves with death and suffer
waves with destruction, and dead people everywhere
That's the price the allies paid for a free Europe
On 7. June
waves are rolling in

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Stef

Liberation

Thanks to the Allies we're free,
they gave their lives,
for our freedom.

D-Day took many lives,
but they came through,
and pushed the Germans back,
to Germany
the people Holland were happy,
when the Allied forces came,
and saved us.

The whole world,
and especially Europe,
wants to thank you.

So thanks,
for giving your lives,
for our freedom,

Thanks

Sg. St.- Canisius, Almelo, The Netherlands
Tom

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Bas van Boldrik

'The misunderstanding war'

I see a soldier gasping for help
Crying, having pain, letting go a heartbreaking yelp

Soldiers almost never let tears
Although there minds are stuffed with fears
This soldier, is really in need for some serious aid
His fellows are already digging his grave with spades
They think his battle for survival is already lost

This war did take his life, what a horrible cost
Many years have gone by and still no peace
Trenches are getting worse: rats, filth and disease

And still at the homefront they have no clue
Maybe someone had got to give them another view
Trenches and machine guns is the new life here

These are what soldiers the most fear
Cause ones in the battlefield there is no chance flee
To this mustard gas attacks which will soon be

Let's end this war for once an for all
Sooner or later some side will always fall

Bombs are flying
soldiers dying
Women crying
still denying

All of this for just some dimes?
Causing now, the end of times?

Winter's chilling
Bullets killing
Shells are shrilling
Gasses spilling

Come by me, my poor old friend
here and now our lives will end

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Nik van Rozendaal

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Robin Linssen

The sky is grey
Every day, the same grey

Bodies all around me
Everywhere I look

Get down! I hear
A bomb again

Rats are walking everywhere
Eating the rotting bodies

Kilometers of the same trenches
All along the battlefield

It never ends
This war never stops

But does it matter?

We will all die
Today, or tomorrow

War Story

Based on the book: Heroes by Robert Cormier

Grenades coming near
Death, the only thing I fear
Still alive, but dead inside
A lonely life without a bride

Another shot, another kill
This can't be God's will
They keep on going, cries of pain
All our efforts are in vain

Im going back, going home
Myself still there, a heart of stone
Physically young, mentally old
That's how my war story is told.

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Rob van Raaij

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Sharon Franke

The wind,
blowing through my hair
The wind,
who makes the leaves flow
The wind,
it is always there
The wind,
smooth like a shadow

roaring across the battlefield
following the war
men having to fight for their lives
as they did before
the first world war of even more

The wind,
having to see this
The wind,
with all its wisdom

The wind,
blowing as it is
The wind
where did it come from

Now,
fighting in the horrible war
seeing my friends die
being stabbed from behind as well
dying in the dirt
and then slowly losing myself
dead in the trenches
turning steadily into dust
knowing that...

The wind,
it will slowly blow me away
The wind,
always the winner

Tone deaf

The whistling sound,
the taste of sand in my mouth.

Bomb shells dropping all around me,
mortars from highest degree.

Fellow medics became friends,
they will probably be dead before the war ends.

What should I do?
This moment will forever pursue.

I think about my girl, her eyes beautiful and green,
what can I do to stop the war machine?

I look down, my leg is hurt.
blood spatters all over me, red becomes the dirt.

I can not anymore stand the hum,
people here are getting numb.

Badly injured ones everywhere,
I can no more bare...

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Jip Steenbakkers

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Rob van den Heuvel

Even at the darkest time
Even when the World is committing a crime
Young children screaming for their mom
There are the angels of freedom

Fighting against this total control
Explosives planted in a small doll
A world wherein every human has a choise
And a chance to raise their voice

In this world there are only a few one
That have really done
what they had the potential for
a pitty they didn't stopped them before

those who took their freedom
a place where nobody wants to come
shot in front of humans doom
waiting for the sound of boom

Lead keeps passing by my head,
But I am not afraid of dying,
I have yet to find the death
The blood besides me is still drying.

I can't think clearly anymore
I've lost the sense of time and date
Due to all the blood and gore
I can't escape my very own fate.

Will I be send to heaven or hell
Or must I go home without a farewell
There is no virtue that goes above this
Dying for your country, the best thing there is.

My officer tells me I will be alright,
he says he needs me back in the fight.
But I wouldn't reach the end of the night.
I fought for my life, but I lost the fight.

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Thomas Degreef

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Jarno Schellekens

Did it make sense

Did it make sense
Fighting for people
Who think they are superior
People losing their lives
For nothing
People losing their family
For nothing
People losing their limbs
Simply for nothing
Did it make sense

Bombs flying around,
Like life is no different.
Brave men dying
But is it really worth it?

Here to serve
Our nations pride
"all men join in"
No, you just can't hide

Life's so different
And feels so wrong
I'm at the front now
And far from home.

To protect my wife
To protect my child
Here to fight
And then reunite.

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Mitchel Kappen

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Rick Timmermans

Clouds of Dust

Clouds of dust
Them I can no longer trust
Due to the shells and their so called leaders
With this I'll speak to my readers
Sending a message of life
Their deeds carved like a knife
Into my vivid soul
Detained, and under control
My fellow soldiers left me behind
Those deeds I always bear in my mind

One day

One month ago I was at home, sleeping in my own bed
Every day I went to school, building up a future
Every day I saw my friends, enjoying life
One month ago I saw my girlfriend, loving her

Now I am in Germany, sleeping in cold tents
Every day I go to the front, hoping not to get shot
Every day I see one of my mates, suffering from injuries
Now I get completely mental, from the happenings

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Max Rooyackers

Elde College, Schijndel, The Netherlands
Charlotte Rem

In the trenches every day,
And not a word to say.
Every day again and again,
I'm still alive, amen!

Nothing is certain in the war,
You realize that more and more.
Always is there fear,
One day it will disappear.

I cannot stop thinking about the war,
It is so much I can't bare it anymore.
Enough is enough,
This path is way too rough.

I hope this will all become ok,
And that we will get away.
But that hope is almost gone,
Maybe it will last till dawn.

But for now I will go on and fight,
But there will never be delight.
In the trenches every day,
I will stay and pray.

A soldier, living

There are times when my feet fall, one before
the other, listless only for the wandering
of mind, when suddenly I hear a squashing
sound; a garbled noise that could only be
wet muck circling my bootheels.
Without pause, nor drag from tendrils of time to
slow me, I am there again.
My teeth, I'll notice, will buzz and shake
akin to the violent rippling of my lips
to match the unearthly grumbling of a
sky so drab and thick with cloud and weather gray.
Mortar shells, grenades, shrapnel,
none of these so dangerous as
the cloth-wrapped slug I have become.
The men around stand as sequins upon
the landscape, simple only for the blank
state that each minute rest delivers.
A much simpler time-skip occurs
here, and I can taste the warmth of
home in bones I didn't know had tongues.

Bathurst High School, Bathurst, New Brunswick, Canada
Dylan Sealy

To all those for, and all those against,
to everyone touched, and everyone felt,
what would I have to say to you?
Perhaps, I would tell you that now,
I only care about the politics of pulmonaries.
Of the friends you can make in the
finale of their lives.
Of fishhooks and family and all
that once and would become life.
Of how I am not, nor have ever been
the ventriloquist's viscous tool,
pulled upon all by strings; that
I've only fought for the things
that are home, the people I've met,
the lives that have, or shall be
lived, and all the things that make me exist.
I think all I could say is that
I am a soldier, and there are
times when I remember

6.25

1950 June 25th
A country called Korea
The day when tragedy and sadness began

For 50 years
Suffer it became
Unable to forget the pain and the suffering
It cannot be expressed with words

Between the same Koreans
Aiming guns at each other
Being so foolish

Now we look back
And think how great it would be
To erase the line that goes across Korea with an eraser

North and South Korea
Being foolish
Made an irreversible mistake

Looking at the distant border
Only a long sigh comes out
But if we unite
The sighs will turn into laughter

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Jarrod J.

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Kalina

Scars of War

Bones are broken, tears are shed
Lost are the innocent that tore and bled
Gunshots sound, screams unending
Sanity moving, twisting, bending

Wars leave scars wherever they land
Caused purely by the hand of man
Never forgotten, forever told
Many left with no one left to hold

When will we stop, when will we learn
That destruction and violence is all we will earn
Not what we wish, not what we desire
Just a heaping mess or fire

Religion, land, greed
Death, bloodshed, innocent lives gone
is that all worth fighting for?

Boom, bam bam bam, another 80 soldiers gone
Gases, guns, bombs all made for destruction

Those guns, shooting off like the sound of popcorn popping
gases spreading like harmful diseases

Death

This is war

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Heather C.

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Ashley L.

Religion, hatred, land
Wanting more then you already have
Should have stood up for what you believed in

Maybe it would have all disappeared,
instead of guns blowing in my ear
You could have made it like a splash in a pool, simple and fun

Bombs going off like sparks sparking in the fire
Guns shooting as often as leaves fall from trees in autumn
Look at the fear in their eyes, Make love, not War

I walk the beach of Normandy,
Not knowing what is in for me.
The screeches and screams,
All these horrible scenes.

The beach is now red,
Men laying down their head.
We hear the pain,
But that is the game.

Bullets being fired,
Men being hired.
To do their deed,
For the countries they need.

I am always scared,
This is so hard.
The strength we need,
Killing is our feed.

The lives we take,
There is no break.
All that's left is bodies,
But those bodies resemble freedom.

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Colton T.

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Kelsey

How can one word do so much?
This one word is caused by Power, greed, and religion.
Loved ones gone,
homes destroyed,
all because of one word...
this one word is dirty, evil, and loud.
How can this one word mean so much?
This one word controls everything,
this word can be between you and your sibling,
or between 2 countries,
this one evil, dirty, loud, painful and powerful word is...
War.

This Is War

Money, hatred, greed
Are all things we need
To start a war.

People killing, people dying
Mothers hurt, and children crying
This is war.

Gunshots, destruction, needless pain
What in the world is there to gain?
This is war.

Several wounded, many more dead
Fighting themselves into pointless dread
Brothers, sisters, sons and friends
For these fallen soldiers it is the end.
This is war.

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Becka

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Leah

Is It Wrong or Is It Right

I am proud to live in a land that is free,
A gift that was earned and is given to me.

It came with a price that some had to pay
The price was their lives for the freedom of today
Together they have stood strong and fought bravely,
The men and women of the Air force, Army and Navy.

Some may question the decision to fight,
Deciding on their own if it is wrong or if it is right.

Now I ask the question to you
Do you believe in wars in the world too?

Wars

Why do wars start
Do they not have reason
Do this or die!
Or commit treason

Vietnam or Iraq
China and Russia
All have a leader
Hell bent on destruction

The hiss of bullets
The ringing of shells
The gates are open
I hear hells bells

For six years straight
It fell upon us
Tons and tons
Of bombs fell on us

Why do wars start
I ask you this
Because mistakes are made
Bullets are thrown
Graves are hammered
Right to the bone

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Ben B.

War

Soldiers
They Fight for our freedom
The Blood
The Ash

It litters the ground
The smell of War
The Sound of Gunfire
It fills our ears

The Beginning
The End

The Difference is Death
We Fight for Our Lives
We Fight for Our Freedom

We Fight for Something We Believe in
You see what we see
You see after we see
Bodies' lay everywhere
As our enemies conquer our land
They set fire to our homes
They take their War treasures
And leave us in ruins
They walk on
We check out

Kennebecasis Valley High School, Quispamsis, Canada
Andrew L.

Field of Hope

As I run across this field
It's so very loud and people lay there dying.
I wonder how people can be so proud?
What about the families still crying?

There are so many people
I knew of the First World War and I fear this is the sequel.
I hear the bullets whistle and fire sizzle
There are people dying all around me!
I do not believe that people can't see what goes on in
this war!
All we want is to be free.

As I run across this field
I will reach the end the war will be done!
Soon a new world will have begun
I hope that I live long enough to see it.

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Cole Chafe

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Jonah Curl

Dead bodies to my left
Dead bodies to my right
I'm waiting for the day
When I won't be filled with fright

I look over at my buddy
He's just as scared as me
I'm waiting for the day
When life will set us free

My comrades are being slaughtered
As bullets zoom past me
I'm waiting for the day
When war will let us be

The red of blood all around me
It's a very horrific sight
I'm waiting for the day
When we can stop this fight

I start to think of my kids
I start to think of my wife
I'm waiting for the day
When I can get back to my life

I look at my heart
I'm covered in red
I'm done waiting for the day
When I join the dead

The Bay of Pain

Walking out of the boats
The water is red, the sand is red,
We all see now

It's a suicide mission
The bullets are flying past my face and body
It's terrifying, why am I here?

Most of us will not make it home
So we fight till the end

The things going through my head
It is horrible

You never know who you're walking on or over
It is an awful feeling

All we can do is go as far as possible.
The pain that we went through
The things that we saw

I hope there is never a war again.

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Garret F.

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Cierra Foster

We loved you once,
Love you still
Always have
Always will.

Even though
Bombs are dropping and
Sadly soldiers are falling

You lay there,
Looking at the sky
watching the roaring planes go by.

Your heart is heaving,
You've now lost your freedom.

But lost in thought,
Your mind doesn't stop

Just one more minute,
can't refuse it, you didn't choose it.
You breathe your final breath goodbye

But remember
We loved you once,
Love you still
Always have
Always will.

The water red with blood,
The beach full of corpses,
This was not what we had planned.

No one knew they'd be waiting,
No one knew they had known,
We planned it so carefully, what had gone wrong?

Bombs exploding around me,
Bullets hitting my friends,
How I hoped it would end.

I had to keep fighting,
I had to defend,
"For Canada" I kept thinking, until my last breath.

Now I lay in a field,
Under the ground,
Along with many others who fought with me that day.

We hope not to be forgotten,
We hope there will be peace.

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Shyla Grantmyre

His heart began to race as he braced himself
for the challenge soon to face
Hearing painful cries as bullets fly high
through the sky

He ponders at the thought of where his fate lies
whether or not if it is to live or die
Bashing into the crashing waves which now
became many heroes graves

This overwhelming state was all too much to take,
feeling as though he just might break,
then he thought they came to fight
for what they believed was right
Picking himself up off his feet feeling as though
he could not be beat

Charging up the bay only to his dismay
floating not to far away was his limp
body lying still struck by icy chills

His body lives no more - taken by the deadly war,
vowing to return once more over the rocky shores
Because of his brave sacrifice he helped
the struggle to save innocent lives

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Hayley Rosenow

Your Final Resting Spot

Imagine being sent to war
Leaving behind everything and everyone you loved
Battling for your homelands freedom
You have to leave behind your family
You say goodbye one last time
You realise you will see horrible disturbing things at war
You are afraid you will see many people you care about die
Once you arrive at Juno Beach
Your heart starts to race
The palms of your hand start to sweat
Sounds of guns and explosions are racing around you
Bullets shoot by you
You are the lucky one
A man behind you falls to the ground with a loud thud
You quickly look around you, people are falling all over
Red appears on many peoples uniforms
You drop your body to the ground; you shuffle along the sand
with your fellow soldiers

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Chantal Wagner

Angus Morrison Elementary School, Angus, Canada
Brittany Williams

Untitled

Guns here, bombs there,
Guns and bombs are everywhere,
Making people lie on the ground dying.

The dreadful thought of the sad looks
On my family's faces,
As soon as I think of that
The tears run down my face,
Not just one or two, but many.

All I can feel is the aching pain
Running through my body,
I feel my heart and my head,
They are covered in blood.

I knew someday I would join the dead,
So I think of one last memory,
Of my family and I.

And so I hear one last gun shot,
And BAM! My eyes start to close,
I am now nothing more to some
Than one of those crosses
Row upon row.

The wife helps her husband get ready to go
supporting him for she loves him so,

she will wait for when she'll hear him say
Honey the war's over I'm coming home today.

The men don't say anything out loud,
they just stand there and look proud.

As they pack their bags
everyone is feeling sad, real sad,
kisses and hugs
good byes and cries.

Phone calls will be made and letters will be wrote,
so a soldiers heart won't be broke.

We know they are being appreciated
risking their lives,
so we once again have peaceful lives.

IES La Cala de Mijas, La Cala de Mijas, Spain
Abi Bashforth

Lives are ruined,
families are pulled apart,
children separated from their parents.

Men of all ages trying to save their country,
to protect their people,
risking their lives for others

Boys at the age of sixteen,
shouldn't be firing gun,
shouldn't have enemies.

Families heartbroken,
finding out loved ones have died.

They pull the trigger and shoot,
pull the trigger and shoot,
pull the trigger and shoot.

The enemy falls to the ground,
that's another family been teared apart.
All the soldiers in war,
died saving their country.

They did it for the people who live today,
to make the world a better place.

IES La Cala de Mijas, La Cala de Mijas, Spain
Hannah Spitzal

The world is crying
as it watches the soldiers fighting.
They fight for their friends and family,
all their important people.

The world is black and white
As everyone fights
They fight through sweat and blood
and tears running down their cheeks.

The world is dying
leaving everyone wondering
if they will ever see their
special loved ones again.

The world will survive
Through this awful time
Moon of the sky, Moon of the water
My hands can not reach

The world wont forget
These memories that should be left
alone and never remembered
We will touch the sun and peace will return.

IES La Cala de Mijas, La Cala de Mijas, Spain
Charlotte and Kayleig

IES La Cala de Mijas, La Cala de Mijas, Spain
Kelly and Frankii

Madam - WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU
YOUR SON HAS BEEN FOUND DEAD!!

The words had blurred her vision
She collapsed onto the floor,
The little boy with the bloody knees
Was now a martyr of war.
This mother's hair turned grey that night
She had no will to live,
She'd given God her flesh and blood
She had no more to give.

Millions of mothers around the world
Have made this sacrifice,
For the sake of barrels of oil
They've paid the ultimate price.
How many more do we have to lose?
As world leaders play these games,
How many more must sit and wait
For that bullet with their name.

War is begging a question: 'Why?'
War extracts a deafening cry:

War Means death
War Means cry
War Means tears
War Means destruction
War Means fire
War Means bombing
War Means sorrow
War Means guns
War Means blood
War Means explosions
War Means mutilation
War Means sickness
War Means killing
War Means occupation
War Means loss
And lots more

War,
Is simple,
But it repeats itself,
What is war but a bad game.

IES La Cala de Mijas, La Cala de Mijas, Spain
Pearl and Manu

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

War is a hard time for everyone,
Many women will lose their son

Every time a lot of people will die
It's something you can't deny.

A lot of fear is in the air
We have to stop this, it isn't fair

Negotiate instead of attacking another
Treat each other like it's your brother

Together we can make this world a better place
Were people can live peacefully with joy and grace.

Bombs are dropping,
This should be stopping.
Every day and every night,
Women and man die and see the bright light.
Everywhere is the smell of deaths
Which were people who were shot through their heads.
Why do we have to kill each other,
Shouldn't we help one another.
People come and go,
lets live in peace and use all we know.

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Once there was a World war
It is just so bizzare
We can't imagine
What life was like back then

In a war millions of people die
Without saying their relatives goodbye
A peaceful world is what we need
A world without misdeeds

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Second world war
A period that nobody can ignore
Guns and soldiers all over the place
Controlled from their German base
Rockets and bombs were used in war
But it stopped in 1945 till so far
A lot of countries fought together
To stop the German soldiers forever
At last they had won the strike
This was the end for Hitler's Reich

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

It all began when this land was invaded
Destroying our world which was so nicely created

Why can one person be so cruel
Fighting with superpowers in an everlasting duel

It effects the whole world, this useless fight
Will there ever be peace and no fright?

The war must be stopped and may never occur again
Hopefully we can do that together and stop this awful man

It all began when this land was invaded
All the hope could be forever faded

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

War is hard for you and me,
you can't trust anyone and aren't free.

People are dead
and don't even have money to buy bread.

Why kill each other
and not just help another?

Why should we make war,
it's all too bizarre.

It's not fair just to murder,
just first think a bit further.

Let's just work together,
and stop war forever.

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

War is hard
War is unfair
War can kill you
Doesn't matter where

Everyone is scared
Everyone is hiding
Everyone wants to stop
This horrible fighting

It will end somehow
It will end sometime
You will survive
And get back life

Who's the blame,
who's the fool?
Is there no shame?
Using a gun as a tool?

People in the street,
are scared and start to run.
Why don't they just retreat?
Who's the man with the gun?

We're full of mistrust,
greed and disgust.
Is it worth dying for?
It's something, you can't ignore.

*It's ironic,
At times like this you pray
but a bomb blew the mosque up yesterday.*

People have hope,
tomorrow they'll be gone.
Children will be able,
to play outside on their own.

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Soldiers die everyday
Also innocent people pass away
Maybe you won't notice that
What's happening to the world is bad
On television you can see
What wars can do to people like you and me
A lot of tears are, and will be, shed
But they have to go on, even when their loved ones are dead
Such a terrible thing as the second world war
Who thought it would come that far
I hope one day wars will come to an end
And everyone would be eachothers bestfriend

TOO FAR

People don't want to live in a war
But how could it ever have gone so far

No Jew was safe in any place
No gypsy or gay or any other race

Only Hitler was the best
And would kill all of the rest

Hitler the leader, Hitler the Führer
But everyone wanted another ruler

They stood up and were brave
Fought together so they knew they were safe

They really thought it had gone too far
So they killed Hitler and ended the war.

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Anonymous

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It's already a long time ago,
But I still remember everything

Creepy German men were looking for us
So we went into hiding
There was nothing we could do
Just sit down and wait

After a while we were found
We were brought away
I thought I would die and I thought:
"What would my grandmother say?"

She had been killed at war
Not this war, but the other
As we were walking to gas chamber
I grabbed the hand of my mother

I hoped everything would be alright
And it all became true
From that moment on we were saved
One more happy Jew

It's already a long time ago,
But I still remember everything.

WAR!

People running everywhere trying to find a place to hide
Climbing over the bodies of everybody who died
Another bomb falls out of the sky.
Destroying everything and everyone that was just nearby
"Kill the Jews!" "Kill the Germans!" they are the enemy
But were those women and children the cause of this misery?
This is what we call a war innocent blood being spilled.
But at least now the general's orders are fulfilled.

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

We couldn't defend our country
The Dutch tried so hard, but failed
Luckily we got help,
The Canadian soldiers were mailed

They promised their help,
And they did their best.
Saved so many lives,
But got shot in their chest.

They helped us and fought,
To make sure we could survive.
We should remember,
That they gave their live.

They saved our country
In the end, they succeeded
We should still regret,
That they were needed

Why are so many women left with fear?
Their husbands are fighting far from here.
All those children lost their dad,
The rest of their lives they will be sad.
Roaming around in this fight,
Hoping to survive a dangerous night.

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

It's so quiet in the street
I only hear the sound of running feet
But then a huge boom
I run to my mother on the other side of the room
She hold me with both her hands
We as Jews have no friends
That yellow star makes me powerless
This war is full of sadness
I'm still lying in the hands of my mother
Thinking about my dead father
Suddenly the bell rings
I can feel what my mother thinks
They are shouting and knocking on the door
What are they looking for?
They break the door open en enter our room
The man takes his weapon and I hear a big boom
I feel a huge pain in my head
This war makes my so sad.

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

The Second World War

Living in the time of war
Jews wearing a yellow star
Soldiers in the street
Not enough food to eat

Airplanes are flying in the air
Bombs falling are not rare
Millions of people are dying
Small children are crying

The awful result of this war
It's leaving an enormous scar

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Blood in my face
Streaming every place
Blood in my eyes
Dreams full of lies
Blood on their hands
Holes in my pants
Tears on the ground
Soldiers never found
Tears cried by my mother
I've just lost my brother
Deep scars are left behind forever
And they will not be healed, never

A war is bad
It makes me sad
People die
I have to cry
People change
I is time rearrange
The world we live in now
Let this never happen again
No more dead man
But it still happens
Man fighting with weapons
Even children have to do this
They deserve a kiss
From their mom or dad
But they're already dead
Please God let this never happen again

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

War

Never more
It costs a lot of lives
and afterwards there are many lonely wives
Even for children it's sad
because they loose their mom and dad
They run around crying
because there are so many people dying
Instead of going to school they have to fight
a child with a gun, no that's not right
People are living in fear
and praying that the end of the war is near
Let's hope we'll never go through this
That is my greatest wish

A child of war

I was born
In the second World War
A soldier I would become
I'm a child of war

At the age of seventeen
I sat in a car
I would join the military
I'm a child of war

Three years I fought
I ended up far
Hundreds of people killed
I'm a child of war

From hard fighting
I had several scars
Now I'm unaware, I have been shot...
I was a child of war

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Cambreur College, Dongen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Silence
A scream
Sound of guns and bombs
Looking for a shelter
A shelter from death

And why
Why the screams
Why the guns
Why fear
Why death
And then there's silence again

A secret

Soldiers come and go
Respect for their proud
actions; but what we know
is to remember them out loud

Is it hate or is it fate?
Freedom we create
Is it peace or is it love?
A question we should think of

Soldiers fight for our nation
Defeat all their frustration
When the final gun is blown
The white flag will be shown

But what were their thoughts?
Are those gone in the fougths?

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Children of war

I see a little boy standing on an empty field
He looks around, fear written on his face
All the horrors of war in front of his eyes revealed
This field full of death truly is a horrible place

The children of war have been through rough times
They have seen things no one should ever see
They have witnessed the most cruel crimes
The have become persons they never wanted to be

These children taken by heartless men
They are trained to kill and can't feel pain
On their way to destroy villages again and again
Used as machines, captured with ball and chain

On this field a child of war takes his last breath
On his playground, the battlefield full of death

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Trenches

Being in the trenches
Close to the fences
Seeing all the killing and heartbreaking
War is time for decision making.

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

War

War
This ironic destructive thing
Leaving a scar
This is war!
Being shot feels like a sting

War
When my brothers are dying
And their kids feel like crying
After that final shot

War , the terrible thing
It is a thing we keep on remembering

War

War is a horrible thing
There's nothing to praise and sing
Men are dying
Airplanes are flying
Bombs are dropping
They should be stopping!

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

There we lay in the trench,
Together with my brothers in the stench.
Shells exploding all around,
Dead men laying all about.

Clouds of sulphur
In the air.
Bombs are falling
Everywhere.

Everybody need to cry or needs to spit,
Every sweet tooth needs just a little hit.
Every beauty needs to go out with an idiot,
How can you stand next to the truth and not see it?

Bombs are falling everywhere,
It's a heartbreak warfare.

The days of war

Living in the days of war
You're not safe in your own car
I'm afraid to go outside
Where already so many died
I'm all alone
In this big, dangerous war zone
My brother and sister have left
It's just like theft
My father and mother are away
It makes my life dark grey.
All those bombs that drop
This really needs to stop
I hope my life gets some colour
Because my world keeps getting smaller

Anonymous

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands

Anonymous

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands

Please

Please give me a second grace
Please give me a second face
I've fallen far down
The first time around
Now I just sit on the ground in your way

Now if it's time to recompense for what's done
Come, come sit down on the fence in the sun
And the clouds will roll by
we must stop the war, or at least try.

Please tell me your second name
Please play me your second game
I've fallen so far
For the people you are
I just need your mercy for a day

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Men are needed to serve the state,
They have to protect the land,
They leave their family and their mate,
They need to do a job they can't stand.

Children are missing dad,
Women are left all alone,
It's all so sad..
Will he come home?

However hope is not lost,
In the future it will all be OK,
But what will it cost?
Will it be better that day?

What is the world a miserable thing..
What has the future for us to bring?

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

War is?

Perhaps war is,
destroying lives of millions.
But perhaps it's this
saving lives of billions.

Perhaps war is,
all about power.
But perhaps it's this,
it feels like a cold shower.

Perhaps war is,
fighting for your nation.
But perhaps it's this
a lack of conversation.

For sure war includes death,
which takes away a man's breath.

Inhumane

Bombs are falling
Gas is drifting
Death is calling
Mass people are shifting

Soldiers take cover
Food is needed
Men thinking about their lover
Death is being cheated

A thousand-mile stare
War is not over
Eyes are in despair
They seek a four-leaf clover

We are in disbelief

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands
Anonymous

There we lay in the mud
just dropped off onto the shore
the water red from all the blood

yes, this was war
Bullets whistled all around
soldiers screaming in pain
We were haunted by this sound
war is driving us insane

Fellow brothers dying
shot by an enemy's machine gun
German airplanes overflying
they have to pay for what they have done
At the end of the day
all our bodies wasting away

Silence

All that's left is an empty space
and people who can't tell the tale.
Lost their voices, lost their face
as death and chaos did prevail.
None of all that was is left
now everything is gone,
because this o so cruel theft
their relatives will moan.
So now we will avenge their fate
now they shall pay the price.
Now they will fall in massive rate
as throwing just a dice.
But will this help in all what's past?
As destruction's o so vast.
The man who laid down his life,
In all the world's endless strife,
And as bombs from the sky soar,
'Only the dead have seen the end of war.'

Anonymous

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands

War

Sometimes I feel like it's all been done
Sometimes I feel like I'm the only one
Sometimes I wanna change everything I've ever done
Too tired too fight and too scared to run

And if I stop for a minute
I think about things I really don't wanna know
And I'm the first to admit it
Without you I'm a liner stranded in an ice flow

I feel like I'm a thief who has no faith
Maybe more than by the grade
Of the drugs you took that day

Sometimes I feel like the chosen one
Sometimes I wanna shout out 'til everything goes quiet
Sometimes I wonder why I was ever born

Anonymous

Zeldenrust Steelantcollege, Terneuzen, The Netherlands

My father was all dressed up
He was ready to walk out the door
My mother and I said our goodbyes
Then that truck pulled up with ten other men
He jumped in it and waved goodbye
I watched it go down the road
My mother was so quiet
I looked up into her eyes
They were like oceans
I grabbed onto her waist
I never knew that was the last day I would see my father

It's ten years later now
The war is over and everybody came home
Well almost everyone
My mama cried for weeks when she got the news
But now we have moved on
I was only five when he left I really didn't know him much
Mama tells me great stories about him
I wish I got to know him
But I do have so much respect for him as if I knew him my
whole life
A brave man going off to war
I have so much respect for those men
Rest in peace

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Alicia Brown

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Courtney Emond

Not for Myself

I stand in the trenches among my brothers
Prepared for the dark hours against the enemy
Terrified for the possible loss of the oncoming slaughter
Knowing many of us may die for the cause
Yet I stand here
Not for myself
But for my people
But the suffering in these lands
If I die, so be it
I will run into battle and embrace it
Because I am the spirit of the people
I am a soldier

Waiting for the Word

The crosses stand in the dark moonlight
As the Canadian soldiers stand in the morning light
Such a free and liberating sight
Out in the morning glaze
They stand, they wait
The crack of gun fire at the stroke of dawn
Saw sparks of fire, saw flares of bullets
The eyes of the soldiers glisten
Waiting for the word
We will remember
That the crosses stand in the dark moonlight.

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Cam Seaward

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Cody Leger & Ben deJong

Strength in Misery

While waiting for the enemy
The fear in their eyes was clear to see
Under the hail of fire they rest
With every step we walk under fire
We aren't there yet, we pass through the wire
Among the fiery flames the Canadians came
The strength of the world is in their hearts
As the Canadian gunslingers do their parts
And as they were chased, one by one
The Axis slowly laid down their guns.
Fear and hate is in the air,
We seemed to be the only ones who cared
And because of this an eternal bond we share
Making us forever a pair
With every step we walk under fire
We aren't there yet, we pass through the wire
Among the fiery flames the Canadians came

War

The smell of death in the air
But we don't really care
The people need our help
This just makes my heart melt
Blood running down my face
It burns and burns, it burns like mace
They started the war
We arrived on shore
They really need our help
This really makes my heart melt
All these things if felt
I wish they would melt

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Devon Mabee

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
John Shillington

Lives were lost others were saved
Canadians fought and they gave
No one knew what the outcome would be
But they fought for you they fought for me
They left for overseas
And left the Canadian leaves
With family's left behind they had one thing on their mind
To overcome the fight and come out with a shine
When they got there they saw why they answered the call
Once rich Holland had now taken a fall
They saw it would be harder than they thought
But they came and saw and they fought
With lives on the line
They now had little time
With shots in the sky
Lots of people had died
They pushed back the Nazis with the force of a bull
But the Nazis took everything, cheese, milk, shoes and wool
Canada could have left but they stayed
Saved by Canada and their loving shade
Lives were lost, others were saved
Canadians fought and they gave
No one knew what the outcome would be
But they fought for you they fought for me

Only For A Moment

Silent for a moment
Only for a moment
One imperfect moment
Then the moment is over
The sound of death can be heard
Screams of pain like bullets flying all around
Above me the world fights
Beside me the bodies of soldiers who tried to fight a little
longer
But didn't have the strength live
People talk about war
They talk about what war would be like
Have they ever even seen one?
I can hear it the sounds of guns and screams
Slow breathing for a moment
Only for a moment
One imperfect moment
Heart beating for a moment
Only for a moment
One imperfect moment
Then it all just stops

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Kaitlin Skelding

Will You Come Home?

I think back to the day we met
A smile still lies upon my face
I think about you all the time
I don't know how I am alone in this place
You told me you needed to help all the people in need
I shouldn't have let you go
Now, every day I'm always worried
That you just won't come home
The day I thought I'd never get through
I heard a truck outside, I thought to myself, is this real?
Then in the view, all I saw was you
You came running through the door
It was the happiest moment ever
The only words that came out were "I missed you more"
Now I know, you're here to stay forever

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Kayley Godsoe

Why Can't We?

War is all guns blazing
It is far from amazing
The world is so cruel
Why can't we all get along?
So we could all live for so long
The ground is so wet
And with our pain we pay our debt.

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Aaron Barker

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Mitch Savoie

Liberation

Teens lie about their age
For the chance to go fight in the war,
Or just for the excitement
Could you imagine
Fighting for your own freedom,
In a foreign country
The Canadians helped liberate the Netherlands
And now they are very proud of us Canadians

All They Had

Sacrifice;
Took so much to dry their eyes
They fought and fought
They fought some more
Their country they did adore
Bravery;
They did not lack
But some never even came back
We learn to appreciate those who gave
Who are now resting in their graves
Freedom;
They wanted so bad
They gave it all they had

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Bryana Montague

When Times are Rough

Day after day, night after night
Men and woman died left and right
It is an awful sight
The Nazis killed and tortured the Jews
It was all over the news
About kids being abused
Boom, boom, the bombs were like alarm clocks ringing in the
night
They had no say and if they tried to fight
The price of their pride was a bullet in the side, or packed in
a cattle car, tight.

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
James Clancy

Canadian Veterans

Here are Canadian soldiers
They fought for their county and others
They're the ones who gave us freedom
We are one of the some
Lovers of the Canadian elders
Veterans are brave
Now most sleep with peace and dignity in a grave
Bless them for giving us this land
Here we stand
No more being enslaved
Here we stand thinking
Of all the making
We stand over a cross and pray
Today we're here to stay
Time is a new beginning

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Kimberley Costain

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Mark Quinlan

Trench

We've been here for days
It is the only safe place
The dirt is so cold and damp
So many have died
I feel so tired watching at night
But, how could I sleep?
Down in the dark we still hear the guns
And most have lost hope
But I know that one day
When all is safe
I will come home

War in Sight

When we carry on we knock down the door
The shots sing a song all through the war
We will never find the one we belong with
For all man-kind we shall become myth
With every one step we walk under fire
We aren't there yet, we pass through the wire
For all to see
We will never be

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Ben deJong

At the Hands of War

I hide in my abandoned house, cold and alone
My whole family was killed a while ago
I'm running low on food, the fuel for life
I doubt it matters; I'll be shot by night

I hear troops outside my door
Fear spikes my very core
I know it is coming, the end is near
But all I can do is hide in here

I sob quietly, head in my hands
I never guessed like this it would end
With a bang, the door is broke down
It's now true that I am found

Anxiety builds seconds before the gun is shot
My body goes limp, collapsing on the floor
Who would have thought
That I would die at the hands of war

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Chelsea Miller

CANADA

Courageous
Amazing
Nation
Awesome
Devoted
Admired

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Tristan Ingersoll

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Joel Sheffroth

The Guns of War are Fired

The guns of war are fired
As the death toll inevitably grows higher
Light barely shows through the fear filled skies
And another young soldier stumbles and dies

Planes boom and tanks roar
The news tells the story as families mourn
Troops at the ready when the siren sounds
No emotion, no smiles, no frowns

We await the end of war, and all to be relieved
Then all that is left will be bodies to grieve

The War

I did not know about this war
Until I walked in SHS doors

This war started in 1939
Lots of soldiers shooting in a line
Young adults fighting for their right
Spit shined boots shining so bright

Canada and Holland are very good friends
We give all our fighters lots of commends
We sit at home and wish to see our loved ones again
This war lasted six long years

When soldiers didn't come back it gave their families tears
Soldiers trying to be revived
I wish I could have done something but I wasn't alive

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Kaleb Stevens

Promise

The roar of tanks
The sound of gunshots
For a second I'm frozen with fear
My friends lay beside me dead

BOOM! Cannon fire
A loud roar can be heard for miles
I move on with my head held high
Knowing that I have to keep my promise to return home

In the trenches soldier!
I'm with my troops again
Bombs going off everywhere
One by one soldiers drop
I just hope I'm not the next in line

I wonder why I'm here
Then I say I'm here for my country and to do what's right
Once again I head out to fight
Not knowing it could be the last time I see light

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Katie Frechette

Valentine's Day

He stopped writing me back
I wrote him everyday
He hasn't replied in weeks
I hope everything's okay
The days are getting longer
The nights are getting colder
He's missed five of my birthdays
Without him, I am getting older
My dreams are always dark
I hear gunshots everywhere
When I open my eyes
I pray that he'll be there
Summer turns to winter
Winter turns to autumn
I wish I could let him know
I've officially hit rock bottom
When he left he took everything
with him

My life, my joy, my heart
It hurts and it's tragic
Why would he want to see us
apart?
Holland will never be any
closer
I have to face the facts
I told him he could go
And I can't take that back
He stopped writing me back
I wrote him everyday
He hasn't replied in weeks
Because he was shot on Val-
entine' Day

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Kristen Girouard

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Tyson Bell

Across the Ocean

Traveling across the ocean to fight
With all of my might, holding back my fright
Show no fear because we're here
Long days and endless nights

People say fighting makes you free
But if they were in my position they would actually see
It's not always fun to carry around a gun
If you were in this war you would probably agree

The Grass Grows

I went to the war thinking it was fun and games,
But when I got there I was so ashamed
I saw lots of bodies lying in rows
Now that's were all the grass grows
With a weary old man that keeps it mowed

Now I am back in Canada once again
I think of it every day
About what happened back in May
So now let's hope we all stay home and not be afraid

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Zach Wilson

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Allison McKenna

How I love you, you are the stars to my night
You went when our country needed you most
You did what you had to do
And battled a hard fight

This country loves you for it more and more each day
You dodged bullets for us
Every single day, not knowing what could happen
Even at such a young age

Your smile was so bright
You were my everything
I loved you with all my heart
I miss you more and more each night

I hear your voice over and over in my head
I didn't know what to do, my mind went blank
When I heard you hadn't made it home again
I remember the last words you said

"I love you," said the last letter you sent
You left with your rifle
Hoping to be home again
But for you, the war couldn't come to an end

Where Is The Love?

Where is the love?
What has the world become?
The pain and suffering of ones so young
I walk this line
Thinking of it on my mind
Trying to find a way
Hopefully I'll be there someday

I can't even picture the scenes one has saw
Nowadays, killing someone is against the law
So many wanting to live their lives
But all seeing pain; in their eyes
Please give us the peace we deserve
We all need to be heard...

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Ashley Childs

Fear of the War

Every day I fear what will come
Will I survive?
Will I ever see my family again?
I keep asking myself these questions

There are lots of people here with me
We all have guns and rations
There are dead bodies everywhere
I fear for what will come

We make it past the first wave
But soon there are many more
And with each hail of bullets that are shot
Another solider drops

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Brannon Robinson

Guardian Angel

Sitting down,
How could it be?
Just a week ago you were here with me

Your image is stuck
Always in my head
Just a week ago you were sleeping in your bed
Now you are laying in the muck

You are impossible to forget
I can only remember
The good times that we had together
I will never regret

I miss you
I love you
You're my guardian angel
Watching over me forever

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Caitlyn Chatterton

Young and Eager

I was young and eager
Why I did not know
Maybe it was for the glory
Maybe it was for the money

I had my rifle
I had my team
I had my girlfriend who was
waiting for me
I was young and eager

I was shipped on over to fight
for freedom
I was shipped on over to the
battlefield
I was young and scared

I fought with my team
Most wet behind the ears
By the end of the week
I was young and tired

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Devon Lavoie

The day was finally there
When the cannon fire ceased
And the day was finally there
I was glad to be alive
I was young and weary

The cheers and the praise
Of those people in Holland
It warmed my heart
I did the right thing
I was young and smiling

Although the time has faded
My memory has not
I sit here in my chair,
smiling at their praise
I am old and proud

The Devil's Work

Sixty-five years later, and soldiers are still dying
And the families of those are still left crying
These soldiers sacrificed their lives for us
And now their lives are nothing but dust

They say war is some of the devil's work
It is part of what makes this country hurt
Wives get prepared to watch their husbands leave
While they are left behind to cry and grieve

The ears of the soldiers constantly filled with noise
And half of these soldiers are still just boys,
Who would risk their lives for their family back home
Rest assure, they are not alone

This country is proud of these brave, brave men
Though some of them will never come home again
They will always be remembered in our hearts
But once one war ends, another will start

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Emiley Buote

Dancing On the Battlefield

Dancing on the battlefield
Swaying to and fro
Dodging bullets, bombs and knives
Hoping I won't be the first to go

With the clothes upon my back
I think I'm out here saving lives
How many I may never know

Will I be remembered for all that I have done?
Will I make it to the end to see the battle won
Or will I fall short, be ashes in the sand?
Never see the Saint John Port
Never hear another sound

This I ask myself
While dancing on the battlefield
Swaying to and fro
Dodging bullets, bombs, and knives
Hoping I won't be the first to go

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Erica Smith

Winds of Change

It is a wretched day
A horrid storm rages
The wind howls out in pain
The waves crash and thrash
Breaking the wall of independence
The water twists and turns
Forming pits of darkness

Then there is a shift
The sun comes and liberates the light
From within the darkness of the seas.

The wind dies
The sun shines
People begin to heal
Today is bright and sunny
Most are healed and whole

The waters are calm and quiet
But we must be careful
For the winds can shift
In an instant

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Sarah Cooper

I Went to War the Other Day

I went to war the other day
It's more then what I expected it to be I must say
There's bodies lying everywhere
Gun powder floating through the crisp cold air
There are many young men here to help us fight

Though it is no delight
Tanks ride through here all the time

It is definitely no peaceful rhyme
It's a shame to see the number of all the lost lives
That were destroyed by guns, grenades, and deadly knives

For all those families left with no dad
They are going to be so devastated and sad

I see my best friend shot
I want to help him, but I am afraid I myself will be caught

Every night I sit and pray
I pray that I will live to see another new day
I really want to help win this fight
But I pray that one day I will be able to go home and tuck my
baby girl into bed at night

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Shanna Partridge

They Fight for Us

Millions of guns
Shooting one by one
Bombs ticking
Then surprisingly blown up by one careless step
They are strong for us

Running around fighting for the people
Risking their lives
Knowing they may be hurt at any moment
Scared of what comes next
They fight for us

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Tamara Jefferson

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Justin Cannon

A Fatal Error

Thousands of the dead
The ground their bed
All killed in this killing season
For absolutely no reason

The bodies all stacked high
Tall enough to reach the sky
All the tears are an endless cry
Oh why, oh why

The bullets in endless supply
Each one marking a person to die
In this game of war and terror
It's all one big fatal error

A Helping Hand

Death and sorrow pain and fear
The bombs so loud I can barely hear
The planes fly above my head
By my side are the dead

In the trenches muddy and cold
Makes the soldiers strong and bold
The Canadians stretch out across the land
Here to give a helping hand

For the hope of a better future a better tomorrow
No more death no more sorrow
No more of the wounded no more of the bleeding
No more sick dying and pleading

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Justin Cannon

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Justin Cannon

The Chase

I can remember when I was little,
The walks to the beach
Trying to grab the ocean
Just out of my reach

I wonder what was here before
I see an old man mumbling about war
He seems to look sad
He tells me about the better days he has had

I sit and listen
Hear what I've been missing
He tells about the death in the air
And that nobody really cares

The sounds of the thunder
The dead stretch out across the land
All of this is because of one certain man
Adolf Hitler; the führer

Poland 1939

Destroying the city
Leaving the city
Leaving nothing behind
Except for the rubble and humble voices of the dead

Keep it in your mind
Never leave it behind
Make sure it doesn't happen anymore
The fighting and hatred that ends up being war

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Justin Cannon

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Justin Cannon

The Point of Impact

In this place of death and sorrow
I see a place of a better tomorrow
For all the dead watching in the sky
No more standing idly by

The soldiers keep marching on
Without a frown to look upon
Fighting to keep the peace
They will not stop, they will not cease

The bullets rang out across the land
I see blood dripping in my hand,
I felt the bullet go in my head
It hurt so bad I thought I was dead

All of a sudden I see a light
I start to feel good, I start to feel alright
Hopefully someday I'll wake from this dream
And we'll all be together me and my team

The Soldier

No one can imagine
The things that I have seen
The images are horrid
There is no in between

The pain and tears of others
The smell of death in the air
The screams and cries are deafening

The suffering of innocence
The pleading of the dying
A mother holding a tiny shoe
And I see that she is crying

No matter how much I tell you
We all seem to ignore
The hatred and fighting
That turns up to be war

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Justin Cannon

War is Full of Different Things

War is a terrible thing
It brings pain and suffering
Although it can be sad
Sometimes it's not that bad
Hope can come from war
Miracles can come from war

But the most important thing of all
Is that freedom can come from war
War can split people apart
But bring Countries together
War can make people mad
But glad that we have each other

War can make us feel sad
Then happy when it's all over
War is full of different things
The most important is our freedom

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Jamie Cruickshank

We Try and Try

All through the night
You hear children cry
Will things ever be right
Before the day that we die

We try and try to fight for peace
But some still die,
It's worth it though to someday see
That everyone will soon be free

As the night turns into day
As you lay on the cold ground
Hoping everything will be okay
And that you will not be found

The sadness and fear spreads everywhere
I think of it and shed a tear

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Julianne Burns & Mariah Sears

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Maddy Armstrong

Like a Flower Bloomed

Hitler's seed of terror was sprouting
With weeds spreading of hunger, hate and pouting
The loss of life was pouring like a river
Cries of battle that send kids into a shiver
Young boys sent into an old man's war
The purpose of the hate they were not quite sure

The Netherlands was a world turned around
Until happiness was diminished to a silent sound

Hitler's plants of evil, an infection of weeds
Until heroes came, and provided many needs
Canada came and replaced the weed with love
It's a flower bloomed, like a saviour from above

It Isn't Fair

It isn't fair now, I cannot walk freely
It isn't fair now, we have to hide
It isn't fair now our families have died

It isn't fair

It isn't fair how my supper is dirt
It isn't fair how my stomach hurts
It isn't fair my mom is gone

It isn't fair

It isn't fair; I may never see my friends again
It isn't fair, my home destroyed
I worry every second that I may never see daylight

Yes, it isn't fair

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Nicheal Reed

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Steve Horgan

I Made a Promise

As I flew over the city I looked down below
And I saw the Dutch people, their morale was low
I could feel that the Nazis crushed their pride
They would be in their houses trying to hide
I made a promise to them that day
That I would make those Nazis pay
How could they show no mercy?
To those who had hunger and were thirsty
I made a promise to them that day
that I would make the Nazis pay

I Could Never Imagine

I could never imagine being sent off to war
I'd have to look around, see lots of blood and gore
I couldn't do it, say goodbye and walk out that familiar door
I could never imagine being sent off to war

My best friend could be dead, and I wouldn't know
I wouldn't have the chance to stop; I'd always be on the go
Children's faces would be full of sadness, not a childish glow
And at the beginning those soldiers may have not even had the
chance to say no

I wouldn't want to fight; I'd want to set people free
I might get a wound in my head and lose the chance to see
Nature wouldn't have the chance to survive, flowers die, even
an innocent tree
I know for a fact that war is definitely not for me

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Ashlyn Inman

Sadness to See Them Die

Here is where we stand
There is where we fight
With all the bravery that the soldiers show
With the suffering of a bullet to the head
To the pain of watching them die

The fear of the soldiers lay there
With anger trying to keep what's left of them
With the hate of why they are here
With the loud sound of a gun fire

You never want to see someone die in their own blood
Or because they are fighting for something so stupid
The only reason why they are doing this is because they want
freedom

And they want to quit this war
So their kids won't have to be where they are
With all the courage that they show it's sadness to see them
die.

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Chris Jones

Not My Country

This is not my country to save
But all have rights to live without fear
Without the pain
All the people feel the same.

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Jordan Thomas

Netherland Poem

Wake up day after day
Fearing the unknown
Trying to take back the things they took away
Everything that we no longer own

Life is harder than it ever was before
Work is limited, food is rationed
No one knows if we'll survive this war
Because we are dead when we take action

Germans roam our streets by night
They kill our people to please him
And we can't even put up a good fight
For this, there is no right reason

Wake up day after day
Fearing the unknown
Trying to take back the things they took away
Everything that we no longer own

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Tiffany Lowe

They fight, they die
I also die a little more inside
A ten year old girl
Shouldn't be a party of war
But now I'm free

"Mommy, why do they do this to me?"
"Put me through this misery"
They're angry, they're sad
Patriotism and bravery
But now I'm free

They put us through depression
We suffer, while they kill
Something I shouldn't hear
As a ten year old girl
But now I'm free

It'll end, we won't hide
Friends won't die
And kids won't cry
The soldiers will salute
And be done
But now I'm free

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Ashley Stewart

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Katie Smith

Someday, We'll All Die Free

We live waiting to regain our freedom
Seemingly encased by slavery
We starve and cry, watch others die
Simply waiting for same bravery

We live nearly too scared to breathe
As we take each hit they send
We'll hope and pray, every day
That tomorrow will bring an end

Through all the emotions we feel
Through anger, hurt and pain we see
The sun rises again, bringing a new day
And someday, we'll all die free

7,600

Some say it wasn't worth the breath
Seven thousand six hundred deaths
That hearts should beat beyond youth's break
That life isn't ours to give or take
Who are we to say it's free
To play as God, or let it be
Some say it wasn't worth the breath
Of seven thousand six hundred deaths

Some say it's how it should be
Seven thousand six hundred freed
Hearts so pure, strong and brave
Souls of seven thousand six hundred more were saved
For every man that had died
Two and more shall surely thrive
Some say it's how it should be
Seven thousand six hundred freed

That every man's worth the same
A noble death is not done in vain
In the blood red hate stained sky
Seven thousand six hundred fly
Upon the dawning of tomorrow
They've left hope and lifted sorrow
Yet some say it wasn't worth the breath
Of seven thousand six hundred deaths

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Sam Cunningham

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Jocelyn Richard

I Am a Soldier at War

I am a soldier at war
I wonder when it's going to end
I hear guns firing
I see soldiers running with fear
I want to be home with my family
I am a soldier at war

I pretend I am home with my kids
I feel depressed
I worry about the near future
I cry every night
I am a soldier at war

I understand it's for the best
I say it won't last much longer
I dream of never being here
I try to forget
I hope I will make it
I am a soldier at war

When He Came Home

When he came home I started to cry
To see his beautiful smile one more time
I've missed him so much
I didn't know how long I could go without seeing him

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Brittany Northrup

Tanks

Tanks come rolling down the hill
You can feel the ground rumble
How do you stop them?
How do you destroy them?

I watch as they shoot to kill
Under my breath I start to mumble
How do you stop them?
How do you destroy them?

They come rolling down the grassy field
There are thirty or more of them
Should I even try to run away?
I think this is the end of the line

I've seen the damage they can deal
Last time I was on the battlefield
They wiped out my entire squad
All except me, of course

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Jocelyn Richard

Flames of Ambition

Flames of Ambition
Swaying me to remember the sacrifice of their lives
Although not a sacrifice to blood hungry gods
A sacrifice for freedom

Freedom to live, enjoy, respect,
And most of all remember the loss of lives young to old
The price of freedom can be high
But to the warriors of peace it was worth it
So long as we remember.

And remember I shall
For the loss of life is no small sacrifice
Though I will not allow the cancer of my soul; Sorrow, to
weigh me down
I will remember with respect and dignity

For freedom is wonderful
With it you can live without permission from some Nazi Demon
The flames of their ambition swaying me to remember

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Deven Garnett

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Ben Legace

So Much I Did Not Know

This war started so long ago
There was so much I did not know
The soldiers fought for our freedom in the war
Even though we did not want them to go, the war needed them more

As the bodies descended
The families were offended
Husbands were lost
It wasn't worth the cost
Everyone lost hope
We just sit around and mope
Until the war was coming to a end
That was the end of World War II, my friend

Right

I look across the scarlet field
And I see my friends lying near
This isn't what I thought
This isn't what I want!

I suddenly think of my friends and family
For if I lay with my peers
I will not take it happily

I stiffen and step into the fight
If my father taught me anything
I won't back out of my word, even for my life

I will pay the ultimate price
But I'll go beneath the ground fighting for what's right
I'll hold my head high when I die
Even if I don't get to see another morning light

Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Sara Smith

High School, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada
Hae Mee Lee

Wars broke out
Why did this happen?
Why did everyone have to be so selfish?
Why did the innocent have to die?

War killed our loved ones.
How do you stop a war?
Was this necessary?
Why did the innocent have to die?

Wars are the most terrible things in the world.
Why couldn't we keep the peace?
We knew we could,
We know we should.

Right

I look across the scarlet field
And I see my friends lying near
This isn't what I thought
This isn't what I want!

I suddenly think of my friends and family
For if I lay with my peers
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Simonds High School, Saint John, Canada
Sara Smith

Saint John High School, Saint John, Canada
Hae Mee Lee

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Was this necessary?
Why did the innocent have to die?

Wars are the most terrible things in the world.
Why couldn't we keep the peace?
We knew we could,
We know we should.

Death stalk the trenches
Looking for its next victim
Peeking behind the most secure wall
Sneaking up behind quietly
Stealing the breath....

Saint John High School, Saint John, Canada
Christopher Gambline

Saint John High School, Saint John, Canada
Emily Arnold

Waste
All
Resources

Fight for pointless pride
Land is here for all people
Why do nations fight?

Saint John High School, Saint John, Canada
Ian McMullen

The Roars the rumbles the bangs and the trouble;
Shall we begin this war of pain and suffer?
Little did we know the casualties that laid within.

The conflict, the pain, the misery and hurt;
The behaviour of ourselves will not go unheard.
The mother, the father, the sisters and brothers.
The grandparents, cousins, aunts and uncles.

We'll never see their faces again, for they are gone.
Under selfish acts of was that happen again and again.
Some of those are lucky and we are blessed.
But, what about those who were put to rest?

Saint John High School, Saint John, Canada
William Tyler

Another day in Iraq
I think I'm gonna crack
If I don't see my wife
I think I will end my life
To another day in Iraq

Saint John High School, Saint John, Canada
Shawna Gonzales

Saint John High School, Saint John, Canada
Yiwei Wang

They left everything behind to give us peace.
In them we put our trust to make the fires cease.
To the soldiers, this is war.

Their children wonder on, not knowing when they will return.
Every night they check the date, increasing in their parental
concer,
To the parents this is war.

A tearful goodbye, a promise to return soon.
When a letter arrives, it is to say death struck the platoon.
To the husbands and wives this is war.

Loud noises fill the air, cries, bombs and screams.
A world soaked in blood and nightmares replace dreams.
To the people, this is war.

Pointless conflict, wounds hard to mend.
Easy it is to begin, but hard it is to end.
To me, this is war.



Colofon

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