

## War Poem

To you, this may be my last.  
My last breath, before a thousand shots are penetrated through my cotton robe.  
My last words, before grenades blow my insides out  
And crumble my tin crown of thorns.  
And my last touch, in which this all seemed to be forgotten.

I longed for the day to return home.  
I longed for the day to stop fighting.  
Men are blubbering and choking as the battleground becomes slimy with intestines.  
A gash of bright light slices through the misty sky,  
And a scar of blood spurts from my gaping wounds.

As my cold hands gripped tightly to my Lee Enfield rifle,  
I fought and pummelled against our enemy under the sunless sky.  
They kept surging forward like a swarm of merciless wasps,  
And all I could taste was the saline taste of blood in my dry mouth.

For you my love, before I set foot into the darkest depths of living hell,  
Just know that when this is all over,  
After the guns stop firing,  
After the endless screams stop screeching.  
And after all in which we all seemed would be forgotten.  
I will be watching over your beautiful smile with pride and dignity,  
Whilst my soul lives on,  
and for you  
my heart will never be forgotten.

*Died 19th September 1944*

**Connor O'Sullivan**