

REMEMBRANCE

As I stood on the platform and I waved my son goodbye.
I felt the tears fill my eyes, as I waved my son goodbye.

I had to stand there with a smile on my face,
as I watched his train disappear without a trace.

But this I could not let him see, he had to have the perfect memory.
But on his return it was such a great sight,
to be on that platform was such a delight.

All I wanted to do was hold him tight and never let him out of my sight.
Some of his friends will never return, even although their work out there is done.

The British people should never forget the work that you all do.
And always remember each and every one of you.

By Isabella W Johnston