

Red

Red is the colour of so many things,
It has a deep meaning that changes drastically,
Just as the sun sets and the moon comes forth,
Shining its soft glow upon the fields of poppies.

Red is the colour of love,
Unrequited love that will never be returned,
As their lover will never come back home,
From the battlefields covered with poppies.

Red is the colour of violence,
The sound of the shrill screams heard,
Before the bomb drops,
Where nothing lies anymore.

Red is the colour of passion,
As the soldiers marked with their country's flag,
Fight bravely through the gunfire to bring honor,
If they are able to return home.

Red is the colour of blood,
Bloodshed that tears will continue to fall upon,
As bullets never wait for anyone,
With the poppies slowly growing over fallen soldiers.

Red is the colour of poppies,
The rich scarlet that reminds us,
That with time, things heal,
But never the wounds left in our hearts.

Red is a colour that shall never cease to exist,
As it will always remind us of valuable things,
As red is witnessed in the battlefields,
Among the rows of poppies.