

Never Fade

Words that echo from a haunted era
Such contrast amongst the carnage
Your voice still warms our hearts
A remarkable soldier, a friend,
And son but never a husband.

Poems of death, love and beauty
Broken hearted you strived for freedom
Amongst the beaten down regiment
Making tea is where your life ended.

Surrounded by sounds of musical poetry
Reminiscence of you dear Francis
This commemoration does partake.
A poet remembered, celebrated
One hundred years later.

Fare thee well to you whom we still recite
Knowing you gave with all your might
Never forgetting the impact you made
Your memory and work, shall never fade

Ruth Leonard