

# 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***