

Remembering

By Balvinder Kaur

Coke cans, beer bottles and dirty
Carrier bags, these are all that remain
Scattered, discarded. Lying on the ground.
Angelic stone faces and pillars to those dead
That long ago walked along those same paths
That we now likewise tread.

A woman passes by, shopping in her hands,
Collecting her young at the ringing of the bell.
Now the day is over, eager to be out
They rush on by metal gates, or stop perhaps
To peer through, and pause and stare at those
Who now lie asleep, forgotten in their beds.

But poppy days remind us, when small voices ask
Why, where, when and how, with small persistent mouths
And even though we're still not sure of those
Who no longer remain, we try to answer
As best we can, those who put us to shame –
So our young, in their day, can do the very same.