

The Trenches

The Valley is calm and peaceful.
 Then the war started.
 Soldiers came to our village.
 I went to fight in the war half hearted.

The trenches are cold dark and muddy.
 I hear the rattle of machine guns over my head.
 I lie at night.
 Bombs exploding as I try to get to bed.

The nights are the hardest in the trenches.
 As I stand on the field of battle,
 I aim my rifle at the enemy
 I hear the sound of machine guns rattle.

After a long days work,
 I settle down in the trench.
 I imagine my self in my village park
 Sitting on a bench.

A few years later after the war, I was in the park
 I sat down on one of the benches.
 I remember my self as a soldier in the war,
 Sitting in the trenches.

