

Dear Daylight

Years later, as I drift into slumber
My dreams take me back to things I don't want to remember.
I shiver, I shake
I long for daybreak.

Behind the curtain of my eyes
All I hear are the cries.
Sleep is the one thing I fear
At times, I just want to disappear.

Gunshots, explosions, heart wrenching screams.
Are those the first light beams?
I toss, I turn
I want to escape; I yearn.

A drop of sweat trickles down my nose
I feel fragile; An old rose.
I begin to stir
Faces flash; People that were.

The sun peeks through the shades.
The memories begin to fade.
I wake in a cold sweat,
Morning has come, a new mindset.

A few hours of peace
As the hours dwindle my smile will decrease.
I dread the night; Pitch black
Dear Daylight, please, come back.

Author - Paige Wuchner

Change

War changes us all.
It transforms the men,
the short and the tall.
While most pray they're still alive
Some are mourning the loss of a soldier's human body
And some wait for a letter to arrive.

The wives were afraid
Heart broken,
Every day they prayed.

This is too complex for a child to understand
They can't comprehend why
Their father would fight for our land.

War changes us all
Thankfully we are free
So almost 74 years later
The soldier lies within
You and me.

Avery Berezowski

A Grim Reality

By: Alex Hinz

As we neared today what did we think of?

As students, what should we think of?

Is it that as a nation we sent nearly 2 million of our boys, girls, men and women across the world?

To serve, to protect, and stand our ground

But the reality is 100 000 of our guardians never came home.

They never had the chance to grow old, to see their wives, kids, families or towns again.

Fighting a good fight; half a world away

For what we may ask?

Was it for our good, or the good of the world?

We struggle to relate when so few of us truly understand the magnitude of the wars

The loss of families

The loss of futures

The broken friendships

They who went out

Without fear

Without concern

Without regret

They need not to be regarded as soldiers but as fathers, as brothers, mothers, and sisters; as hero's.

They paid the ultimate sacrifice; not for self but for country

A proud nation made stronger through loss and sacrifice

How can WE feel pride and honour in the face of the grim reality?

If I Should Go Tomorrow

If I should go tomorrow
It would never be goodbye,
For I have left my heart with you,
So don't you ever cry,
I'll still see you from the sky
Just take a look up high,
For me, there may be no tomorrow
But it still won't be goodbye.

If I should go tomorrow,
I will still be by your side
I fought for our country,
There is no need to cry.
May the ones who fought
Be remembered
Every single day,
Especially on November 11th,
Canada's Remembrance day.

By: Meagan Carroll