

Pastures Green

Pastures green, poppy fields,
Graves for soldiers fallen
A wooden cross marks a resting place,
A thousand miles from loved ones.

Rusted wire, silent guns,
Trenches torn and broken.
A helmet rests on a rifle butt,
The tools of war unspoken.

ANZAC Days, colours blaze,
Their battle honours borne on.
Old men march and a bugle plays,
In memory of the fallen.

Mike SUBRIZKY (1965)