

Poetry Series

luke stanley owen

- poems -

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luke stanley owen (11/03/2000)

My name is luke i like war poems
i am like my dad with poems. My poems
are like war poems hes is not.

A Call Of Duty

A call from a man dying
duty awaits,
his death is sure to follow.
Call of duty awaits
as then the days
go pass
night
to day I wait
in the trenches
wating for
death
to follow
me and my
friends.

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Fire of Death

this war
is made with fire
and fear

I am sad as
the wind blow
on my cold dirty hands

I think about
my family
and friends
I will
leave this war
and see them again

but something has just hit me
i fall to the ground
as the pain runs fiercely
through my body

as i slowly die
i cry
knowing i will never
see them again.

Gone

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where the guns cry

As my dad drinks a beer
my brother eats cereal
i write a poem
I can only hear guns cry over the birds sweetest voice
as a man screams
in pain
and I cry as it hapens.

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