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 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.

As A Bright Light Comes Near

As we hide in the tree's I reload suddenly as footsetps rustle the leaves. I start to sweat as i think of death.

We are the resistance fighting in France.

Me and my friends are injured as black suited men approach and order us to our feet-

My dad is in the trench taking my honour

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

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.