

Normandy

Upon the beach, they landed thus.
They knew their job; they made no fuss.
The ramp lowered, metal met sand,
They landed in this foreign land.

Without a sound, shipmates fell.
Bullets ringing through this hell.
Running forward, to secure the place.
From an evil, fascist, race.

Sinking in sand, feet swamped by tide.
Bodies floating, on either side.
Heat from explosions, searing hot.
As they plough on, through this rot.

Trenching through nests, of barbed wire,
Pushing on, through machine-gun fire.
Taking out turrets, killing those within.
No time to consider, the mortal sin.

Making peace, out of war.
Bodies piled, injured and sore.
We must never forget, never sway.
To always remember, D-Day.

David E. Gates