

## WWII

During the feckless year of 1939,  
Germans worth millions, to ones worth a dime,  
Heart of darkness, Hitler surging in the troops,  
Life saunters in a void of loops,

During the bloodshed year of 1940,  
Bombs illuminating the sky. Crash! It makes you draughty,  
What to life are the harmonizing, helping keys?  
Life dwells aimlessly in a void of memories.

During the nauseous year of 1941,  
In this war, no pros, just pure con,  
The booming blasts developing into ear-splitting flashbacks - endless  
Staple friends becoming distant memories – priceless,  
The men are getting skinny,  
But they can't give no lippy,  
You're in this war by yourself, what friends?  
Life wanders aimlessly in a dark void of ends.

During the year of 1942,  
Who is going to save us, who?  
Brave as a lion, but their emotions, brittle as a twig,  
Life just absorbs everything lifelessly, then makes it into a path, too long for any leg

During the cold winter of 1943,  
The men are shivering, the leaves gliding of the trees,  
The war, injecting mentality into the people's brains,  
Life just passes on, on a dark lane.

During the year of 1944,  
Killing innocents, they don't want to in core,  
Displaying their emotions like screens,  
Life just is bad and addicting, like nicotine

During that September 1945,  
The war has closed in, we shall thrive,  
All the people who have died,  
The families who have had to divide,  
They shall not grow old,  
Their life story, blatantly untold,  
Life drowns in a sea of mysteries.

**By Gabriel, Year 6, Aged 11**