

In one minute's silence,
Can you imagine
The convulsing blue deep
No longer boundless,
Broken by bluff,
Escorting queasy soldiers,
to their painful demise.

In one minute's silence,
Can you imagine,
Hundreds of muddy footprints,
Gouged into an innocuous cliff,
Slowly filling with two kinds of blood.

In one minute's silence,
Can you imagine,
Gunshots like thunder,
Blaring light, sonorous sounds
And above all the strident screams of spiritless comrades,
Ringing across the hills.

In one minute's silence,
Can you imagine,
The look in their eyes,
When the truth of their actions,
Pierces their consciousness,
And stains their soul.

In one minute's silence,
Can you imagine,
The eerie quiet,
Broken only by the scrape of shovels,
And the echo of trauma,
As friends and foes are buried together.

In one minute's silence,
Can you imagine,
Touching your neck,
Seeing your hand soaked with blood,
That terrified moment,
While you fall into the endless night.

By Lennox