

“At Least He Tried”

Poem by Arshpreet Kaur, Branch #6 Cloverdale

I had a gun in my hand.
I never thought I would make it,
But here I stand—
Ready for war,
Ready to die,
Ready to give my life.
I wasn't ready; I wasn't even sure.
Me, who had never even hurt a fly before,
Me that is now standing to fight a war
Just so my family can say,
“At least he tried.”
And then, The war began.
I fought with passion;
There was a lot of action.
And then came my life's last session.
I fell to the ground, full of poppies.
The flower and the colour of my blood looked alike;
It reminded me of my life,
It reminded me of my family,
It reminded me of my friends,
I didn't wanna die.
I wanted to go back
I wanted to hug my love just one last time.
I hated myself for even thinking that I stood a chance. I hated myself for trying.
I wanted to cry,
But I knew that I had to at least try.
I thought maybe, just maybe,
I will be honoured one day.
Maybe I will be remembered.
And just maybe someone will cry for me,
Saying, “At least he tried...”