

“In Faded Fields of Valour”

Poem by Oliver Yang, Branch #83 South Burnaby

In fields where poppies gently sway,
We gather hearts on Remembrance Day.
With solemn grace, we bow our heads,
For those who fought, for those who bled.

The echoes of courage, through silence resound,
In the whispers of wind, their stories abound,
Brave souls of yesteryear, steadfast and true,
In the tapestry of time, we honour you.

With every candle flickering bright,
We remember the darkness, we cherish the light,
A rifle rests gently against the cross,
Symbol of sacrifice, of honour, of loss.

In the eyes of the old, the tales intertwine,
Of battles and heartaches, of courage divine,
Each tear tells a story, each silence a prayer,
In the heart of the nation, their spirits still care.

So let us not forget, as the years drift away,
The price of our freedom, the price they did pay,
With poppies of red, let our memories bloom,
For in love and remembrance, they conquer the gloom.

On this day of reflection, let unity rise,
Together we stand, with hope in our eyes,
For peace is the promise, our hearts shall convey,
As we honour the fallen on Remembrance Day.