

"The Unknown Soldier's Daughter"

Poem by Viena Milley, Branch #15 Abbotsford

I am the Unknown Soldier's daughter.
I am a victim of the slaughter.

For when my father went to war, he was unprepared for all the gore.
He didn't expect those dreadful sights that would grow to haunt him day and night.

When I was nine we said goodbye, and watched the soldiers leave.
We didn't respect that croix de guerre on that hated Nazi sleeve.

But Christmas passed, and New Year's too, and still I did not see,
The father of that little girl: That little girl who's me.

When he wrote home we gathered round to hear the latest news;
We heard what war was really like, and the falseness that they use.

It wasn't a happy and glorious charge, with fame and glory bright;
It seemed more like a nightmare you'd have, on a dark and stormy night.

And nightmarish it truly was as the next two years unfolded.
We waited for the ceasefire, as our hope and peace eroded.

Then on that sweet cold rainy day that we always will remember;
The clock struck at eleven, on the eleventh of November.

The war had finally ended, our victory secured.
Our father would come home to us, and we all felt assured.

But days and weeks did pass, and soldiers did arrive,
But never did my father come to be here by our side.

And then one day a soldier came, but he was not our father.
And that's when I found out he was a victim of the slaughter.

My mother turned all pale, but thanked the soldier tight;
Later I heard her crying long into the night.

And I cried too, for he was gone, my joyful, loving father
And soon I realized that we, too, were victims of the slaughter.

He'd never see his daughter grow, or watch her when she wed;
All because this war we fought left my father dead.

I am the Unknown Soldier's daughter,
And now I wish I'd known;

That brave dear father who went to war
And left us all alone.