

Can I compose a World War II poem?

Friday 19th October 2018

As the silent night crept past

by Tiffany W

As the silent night crept past,
The anger of the guns drew quiet.
The drops of snow fell down,
While dead bodies hit the ground.

As I sat and stared at the sky,
I dreamt about my life at home.
I floated up and up very high,
Remembering what it was like to say goodbye.

As the morning slowly came,
I was ready to start again and again,
I stood up straight shaking from head to toe,
Whilst remembering what life was like at home.