

# A Sacred Place

I'll take you to a sacred place  
Where books in memory weep each name  
And mirror now and then a trace...  
Of lines and looks... from whence they came.

A leaf of brief lost lives is turned,  
All uniformly well displayed,  
Bears witness... to past valour earned...  
An act so solemnly replayed.

Shell casings melted down embrace  
Each battle glory... shrieking pain!  
Survivors of hell's storm still brace  
When death comes forth... like blood's own rain.

These hallowed chapel walls emit  
Haunting dispatches from the kill.  
Not counting cost, they would submit  
Their willing lives... the graves to fill.

Spring fields in Flanders bid to grace  
Stone walls of history... bleeding fame.  
Each sentry yet... a still young face...  
In sleep... in sleep...our torch's flame.