

Vera

There was once a young girl raised in comfort and plenty;
with a life full of promise, her hopes they were high,
but the nations around her were arming for conflict
and she watched the men leave for the battlefield.

And the bright carefree days that her youth should have brought her,
they were stolen away by the dark days of war,
and she tended the wounded and sat with the dying,
saw the wreckage of men on the battlefield.

And the first man she lost was the lover she cherished,
and the last man she lost was her brother and friend,
all her dearest companions whose lives were so precious,
they were cut down in youth on the battlefield.

And it seemed that her pain was a pain beyond bearing,
yet she took up her life and she took up her pen,
and she wrote and she spoke and she argued and pleaded,
calling men to have done with the battlefield.

And the years that came after brought husband and children,
and the words that she wrote brought her fortune and fame,
but wherever she went, and whatever it cost her,
she would call for an end to the battlefield.

And she moves us to tears with the tale of her anguish,
and we smile when we read how she found love at last,
but we don't understand what she laboured to teach us
till we learn to say No to the battlefield.

Now our children are living in comfort and plenty;
with their lives full of promise, their hopes may be high,
but the nations around us are arming for conflict
and it's time to have done with the battlefield.