Tyne Cot at night

A silver moon was in the sky and from the south a warm wind blew. We thought we'd seen it all before, but this was something newjust rows and rows of pale white stones standing out in the morning dew, and a wall inscribed with more homicide than a lifetime's friendship ever knew.

A monument to those who fell speaks still of duty nobly done, and those who followed to their fate followed the lie that first begun when the wheels of history rolled into place, and the call went out to serve the gun, which relentlessly, without poetry, killed a generation of our sons.

And as we wander through the gloom, what stories could these stone retell, each one a different former life, each one a different dying hell?

A Catholic spurned, an exile returned, and a general reduced to tears: it's their legacy that the truth should be remembered now and down the years.

Only the truth can bring us peace, and truth in time will free these souls, and those who manufacture war will crawl dejected to their holes; and for us it seems like a far-off dream, but here the seeds of peace are sown, and like a gardener we must stand by to nurture them until they're grown.

Jim Boyes

Tyne Cot at night

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