

Lest We Forget

George stands sentry,
With helmet, gun and bayonet,
Above the poppies on the grass,
Lest we forget.

Cast from shards of Corten steel,
Designed from first to last to let,
His figure fade then reappear,
Lest we forget.

Perhaps he's sent a letter home,
After stubbing out his cigarette,
To say how much he misses them,
Lest they forget.

Or he's remembering his mate,
Beside him on the parapet,
Last week before the bullet struck,
Lest he forget.

As we walk by will we ignore,
Our phones, our friends, the internet,
Just long enough to notice him?
Lest we forget.

For if we take a closer look,
George is the everyman we've met,
Standing guard come rain or shine.
Lest we forget.

- Hugh Dunford

