

Alysha

"War Flowers"

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I strike on my drums
I the willful singer
that I may fire our friends
who think of nothing
to whose minds plunged in sleep
the dawn has not yet appeared
over whom are yet spread the dark clouds of night
may I not call in vain and poorly
may they hear the song of the rosy dawn
poured abroad widely be the drum
the divine flowers of dawn blossom forth
the war flowers of the cause of all
glittering with dew they scatter abroad their fragrance
bring them here
that they be not hidden
nor bloom in vain
that they may rejoice
you our friends
and not in vain shall be the flowers
and not in vain shall be the flowers
the living, coloured, brilliant
War flowers!!!!

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