

**Pink****"Southampton Dock"**

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They disembarked in 45  
And no one spoke  
And no one smiled  
There were too many spaces in the line  
And gathered at the cenotaph  
All agreed with hand on heart  
To sheath the sacrificial knives  
But now  
She stands upon southampton dock  
With her handkerchief  
And her summer frock  
Clings To her wet body in the rain  
In quiet desperation  
Knuckles White upon the slippery reins  
She bravely waves the boys goodbye again

And still the dark stain spreads between  
Their shoulder blades  
A mute reminder  
Of the poppy fields and graves  
When the fight was over  
We spent what they had made  
But  
In the bottom of our hearts  
We felt the final cut

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