

The Poppies of Malpas

Awaken my Child! We must flee
The enemy approaches, we shall never be free
But Mama, where shall we go?
Who will protect us? Who do we know?

In England my Child, new friends we will find.
To a village called Malpas, our ties we will bind.
But Mama, no English do I speak.
They will think I am foolish. They will think I am weak!

Courage needs no words my Child
There is comfort in an embrace.
There is safety in a smile
Compassion in a Strangers face.

Awaken my Child, for we are here
In Malpas we start a life free of fear.
And when this War has ended we will return Home
With little to show we were ever known.

Oh no Mama, for I have found,
In verges and fields, Poppies abound
They remind me of Flanders, they remind us of Home
The Poppies of Malpas will be memories, grown.

The Poppies of Malpas now play two special parts,
To remember the Fallen...
And keep Belgium in Malpas Hearts

Rod Brookfield November 2017