

## *The Forget-me-nots*

On 'Poppy Day' - I kid you not -  
I saw a blue forget-me-not;  
and walking, wondered at the reason  
that here miraculous it grew:  
a yellow sun amongst such blue  
petals lonely, out of season.

That ghosted flower left behind  
now flutters each year in my mind.  
Once war knew well each season's place -  
spring offensive, winter ceasefire:  
humans gave it a natural face  
to hide the bending of our nature.

So many flowers, many fields.  
The mind thinks on, yet what's not healed 's  
reminder to us still of debts  
we owe to others here no longer;  
knowledge that gnaws at our regrets  
and sense of sacrifice the stronger

felt in each new generation:  
the men and women that live on  
in our remembrance, whose lots  
went horror-humbling to make us wise;  
who died red poppy deaths yet rise  
as thoughts of blue forget-me-nots.

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*As read at the 'Lest We Forget' performances, Bournemouth International Centre, 2015  
A poem written for Remembrance Day  
and to commemorate the centenary of the First World War*

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