

The Farmer's Boy

The farmer's boy was lucky...
At least, that's what they said.
For he escap'd unscath'd and whole:
Mustard's sting and sting of lead
Had not disturb'd his shaggy head.
And not a drop of farmer's blood
Was spill'd on velvet Frankish dirt
Where, now, frail poppies grow.
He left that place with more than most.
At least, that's what they said.
A host of others now compost
The ground on which we were engross'd
In bloody bloody war. And so,
He should be thankful for his luck.
For his life. And for his limb.
At least, that's what they said.
And yet, the farmer's boy,
Despite returning safe and sound,
Alive and well,
Is dead.