

The Message of the Poppy

"What is the Message, poppy gay
You bring from year to year?
What are the words you wish to say,
As you silently appear?"

And the poppy voices a reply
If we but understood.
"I have a three-fold mission
To proclaim thru out the land."

I speak in tender, loving tones
Of those lads of yesteryear,
Who fell amid the shot and shell
Paying the price full dear.

For all and these our heroes
Sleeping here and "over there."
I speak a silent word.
I invoke a silent prayer.

And for the many who returned
To ply the broken threads of trade,
I bid a bustling world remember
The sacrifice they made.

Then for that countless multitude,
The shattered, crippled, blind,
The maimed, the wrecked and broken lives
Whose wounds love fain would bind.

I beg, do not forget this host
For which war has no end.
Do not accept the sacrifice,
Forgetting to befriend.

My Message is remembrance.
The words that I would say
"Lest we forget, please buy and wear
The blooms of Poppy Day"

Poem written by Mrs. Sara Ferber, Member of Bean Goodwin Unit 36 Oakes, North Dakota.
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