

A Moment For Peace

It is Remembrance Day and I am at the Cenotaph.
I see people gathering around me.
I hear people talking and the bugler playing The Last Post.

I touch the poppy on my jacket and I think about the
sacrifices of my ancestors.
I smell the fresh cool breeze coming off Sullivan's Pond.
I think about how lucky I am to live in this free country.
I take the poppy off my jacket
and place it on a styrofoam cross.

My Aunt and I walk away in silence.