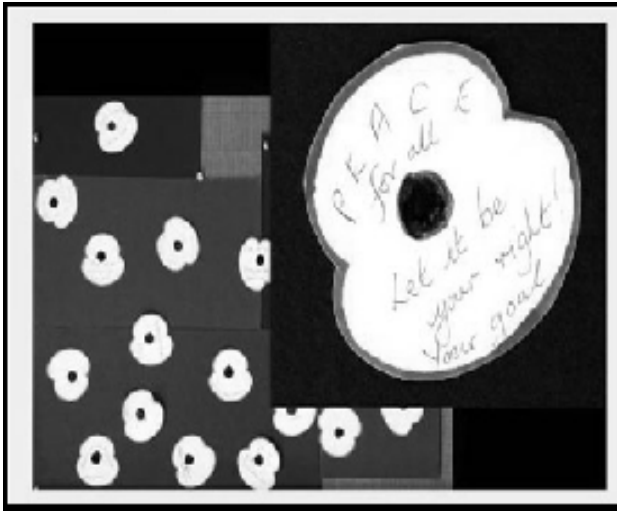


THE INQUISITIVE MIND OF A CHILD



**Why are they selling poppies,
mummy?
Selling poppies in town today.
The poppies, child, are flowers
of love
For the men who marched
away.**

**But, why have they chosen a
poppy, mummy?
Why not a beautiful rose?
Because, my child, men
fought and died
In the fields where the
poppies grow.**

**But why are the poppies so
red, mummy?
Why are the poppies so red?
Red is the colour of blood,
my child
The blood our soldiers shed.**

**The heart of the
poppy is black,
mummy
Why does it have to
be black?
Black, my child, is
the symbol of grief
For the men who
never came back.**

**But, why, mummy,
are you crying so?
Your tears are giving
you pain.**

**My tears are for my fears for
you my child
For the world is forgetting
again.**

Always
&
Forever

