

## 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 my fears for you my child  
For the world is - FORGETTING AGAIN.