

# Poems by Serena Arthur

Do not be the book that is never opened

Or the bird that never flies  
The present never opened.  
Or the student that never tries

Do not be the Moon that is never full  
Or the Sun that never shines  
The flower that never blooms  
Or the person that never reaches for the sky

Do not be the pen that never writes  
Or the candle never lit  
The language never spoken  
Or someone who knows what they want, but never works hard for it

Do not say you can't  
Or hide yourself away  
When you can keep on trying  
Or find another way

You alone have the power  
To reach your dreams  
To turn potential into power  
And ensure that you succeed  
To open up more than a hundred books  
And write  
with a thousand pens  
And let your determination shine  
Like more than a hundred thousand gems

Keep your eyes on the prize

Do not see  
The atrocities, with  
But that does not lessen the tragedy  
Possibly to the lowest point of humanity

We can't forget that they are  
All that suffering without cause  
All that they bleed on  
At the altar of moral or criminal law

But hope,  
It is not forgotten  
Even as they lead their final rest  
It is the hope that we should look back on  
Not just to say they were so cruelly oppressed

It may be hard to understand  
The horror caused purely by mankind

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poem to commemorate those who fell during the First World War.

As the soft wind blows  
And a tide of red flows in the fields  
The wind whistles  
A tune of the courageous lost

Who gave themselves  
To help us all  
Yet they did not  
Fall defeated  
But  
Gave their souls to the welcoming ground  
And greeted the Earth like old friends  
Greeted the land so it'd mend  
In time  
Like the nation  
Recover  
From the devastation  
And deprivation of peace

They were heroes 'til the end  
And so their friend, the Earth, decided to send  
Us a sign of life  
And of their hope  
And so  
As the soft wind blows  
And a tide of red flows in the fields