

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO
I THINK I WAS?

1918

Margaret Daniel, Dowlais Visual Art Group

The War is Over

The night is cold and windy as a light from the train
The drizzle that is falling will soon turn into rain
I need a stick to walk while trying to ignore the pain
The pain comes from a piece of shell lodged in my injured leg
They will remove it soon and all will be well or so the doctors have said.

No one heard when I entered and it took a moment before they realised I was there
They welcome me home with hugs and kisses
Happy that I am home to stay
The war's over at last we never forget the price we had to pay.

The first night I sleep at home I expected to rest well
But my dreams are filled with the horrors of war and the sounds of exploding shells
Next day I sit in the sunshine trying to enjoy the peace
I gaze across at the gentle hill but dark memories will not cease

How different is this lovely view from the one I'd left behind
I remember the acres of dark oozing mud that seeped into our clothes
It slithered down into our boots and settled around our toes.

Living in that cold barren hell where death wasn't far away
You always did as you were told and hoped to survive the day.
A few of us got through it all but countless died
Some died from bullets and some from exploding shells
Some died in agony and some just quietly sighed.

