

BETWEEN THE SUBCONCIOUS AND CONSCIOUS

Between the subconscious and conscious
There was silence out there in the desolateness,
Coming forward the mourning and the story
Wrapped up in khaki the doom and glory

The Last Post Bugle and Elgar's opus
When I am laid down in earth is so upon us,
This is a dream and not at all reality
It never happened, the funereal futility

11th hour ,11th day of the 11th month in time
In Shrewsbury the bells rang out into the sunshine,
And all that was left was the telegram and the truth
And a written verse, an anthem of doomed youth

The unknown Tommy and his stout comrade
Headed out over the top in light and shade,
They walk together in heaven's season
Known unto God, and always with reason

And the new dawn and lines of the few
Those that came home, those who made it through,
The Cenotaph, The King leads the silence again
It happened and the shame, and forever the blame

The tiredness of the poppy and the fallen petals
On the shoulders of the living so they settle,
But those that are left see the finale coming
And off they go once more in receipt of their summons

In late Autumn with Winter so near
Some mark just two minutes some shed a tear,
Cast off to Christmas and a veil comes down
Between the subconscious and conscious there is no sound.