-ANZAC POEM-

-Ryder Brownlees-

-Diamante-

Soldiers
Traumatizing, Horrifying
Crashing, Smashing, Booming
Muskets, Cannons, Rifles,
Trenches
Running, Shouting, Screaming
Muddy, Bloody
Scars





Shrapnel in my chest Blood coming out of my throat Men getting shot down

