

A vibrant field of red poppies and white daisies with yellow centers, growing in a lush green meadow. The flowers are scattered throughout the frame, with some in sharp focus and others blurred in the background.

Sow Many Poppies Sow Many Poppies

A "life" now joins this "Holy circle"!
He's brought back truth with his beliefs
He's witnessed war's foreboding cycle...
He's wearing maple... laurel leaves...

He's here for all the unknown "others"
Who have no place to mark their name
Recalls the screams, the shock of horrors
We might be wise to heed the bane.

If we defend with slings and arrows
And hope our foe will march the same
Sow poppy seeds in all our meadows...
Our tears will never drown the pain.

Prepare us now to greet the volleys
Before surprise, stains red our snow
Or sow our meadows, full with poppies
My tears... your tears... to help them grow.