

That Man

At 18 he was called up to defend the King and Realm,
There really wasn't any choice with Hitler at the helm.
That man wanted the Airforce, but he failed the test at maths.
Algebra defeats me still, genetic then perhaps.
So, to the army he was called, South Staffs his regiment
And to the depths of Burma 'gainst the Japanese was sent.
Six months of active service, in the jungle and monsoons
To fight among the Chindits, but then one day far too soon
A Jap grenade exploded, just behind that man.
All he knew was he fell forward, and didn't know the harm
That blast had caused, as he's carried on a litter cross a hill.
A shot rang out, the carriers fled, and he was left there till,
A squad of yanks, they found him, took him to a village that
Had a makeshift runway nearby, just made from coconut mat.
That night the Japanese sent firebombs that village's way.
That man was in the only hut that wasn't hit that day.
So, flown to evac hospital, a tenuous hold on life,
In pain and struggling to survive the horror and the strife.
At night they said that man will not be here to see the dawn
For months they said each morning that his hopes of life are none.
That man, he proved them wrong, and fought with all his heart and soul
To make it home to Wales and live, for that was just his goal
That man was such a hero, never thought his fate was sealed
And the fight he fought was hard, the injuries that never healed
But fight he did and on and on and I am just so glad
That that man who had fought so hard, was the man I called my Dad.

Melanie Peet

The Miner

The oxygen mask is connected to the tank that sits beside the chair
The breath sounds are painful and gasping as he desperately sucks in the air
There's a couple of scars on his forehead from an accident from years ago
And they're blue from the tinge of the coal dust, for the accident happened below
Down there in the hell hole of mining, where he breathed in the coal dust all day
And he knows in his mind it's the coal dust that will finally take him away
My childhood was filled with these brave men, who worked underground in the pit
In the cold and the damp and the danger, but when older they could only sit.
They provided the vital resources that would keep a nation on its feet
And they hoped above hope when the time came, their most basic needs we would
meet
And as the mines closed and the jobs ebbed away, and the miners were all at a loss
So many families, so many towns all suddenly counted the cost.
My home town was founded on mining and the brave men that worked underground
But they didn't consider themselves heroes, were just grateful a job they had found.
So, if you should meet an old miner, with scars that are all tinged with blue
Please show respect and admire that man, as it could easily have been you.