

Eleven

We come to mark a celebration,
an act of adoration and remembrance,
those fallen, to protect our nation,
against the fist of intolerance,
now what remains around this place,
all members of the global race,
each colour, creed and orientation
place a red flower close to their heart
and cry silent tears for faces lost.

In a land of a ten thousand monuments,
we come home to commemorate,
entranced by the history of this Grande Dame,
one of the Magnificent Seven,
she may be over one hundred and seventy
her face a little grimier than she would like,
but inside is a history of London families,
from millionaire's row to pauper sites,
from names carved deep as marble highlights
to others brought low by circumstance,
all now enhanced by Mother Nature,
taking back her own once more,
providing habitats for all her creatures,
a place of green worship.

The trees whisper messages of mourning,
as a century of tales are shared on the breeze,
sent out across the busy city
that takes one day to remember.