



## **"The inquisitive mind of a child"**

Why are they selling poppies, Mummy?  
Selling poppies in town today.  
The poppies, child, are flowers of love.  
For the men who marched away.  
But why have they chosen a poppy, Mummy?  
Why not a beautiful rose?  
Because my child, men fought and died  
In the fields where the poppies grow.  
But why are the poppies so red, Mummy?  
Why are the poppies so red?  
Red is the colour of blood, my child.  
The blood that our soldiers shed.  
The heart of the poppy is black, Mummy.  
Why does it have to be black?  
Black, my child, is the symbol of grief.  
For the men who never came back.  
But why, Mummy are you crying so?  
Your tears are giving you pain.  
My tears are my fears for you my child.  
For the world is forgetting again.

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