


O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?

A photograph of a vast field of red poppies in bloom, stretching towards a hazy horizon. The sky is a pale, overcast grey, and the overall mood is somber and reflective. The poppies are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others just starting to unfurl.

*In Flanders Fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up your quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.*

***In Flanders Fields***  
***John McCrae***