

**REMEMBRANCE by LES BARKER**

I want to tell you of a dream that came to me one night:  
I dreamed I saw a monument, an arch of purest white.  
The purest, whitest arch atop the longest marble wall;  
I saw when I moved closer that it bore no words at all.

I heard a sound behind me; as I turned, I caught my breath;  
I saw a hooded figure and I knew that it was Death.  
"Do you like my piece of sculpture? Let me tell you what it's for;  
It's just one more memorial to those who die in war.

It's just one more memorial, like those in every town;  
Once a year, you honour them; you stand with heads bowed down  
In remembrance of the sacrifice of those who won't come back  
From Paschendael, Gallipoli, Vietnam and Iraq.

And so," he said, "this monument; as yet it bears no text;  
A monument remembering the war that's coming next.  
You'll come here and you'll read the names and touch the ones you know;  
If ever you remembered.....you'd never let them go.

Look beside the wall; see, there's a mason standing by  
To carve the names of sons and daughters sent away to die.  
If ever you remembered, he'd not carve "lest we forget"...  
If ever you remembered; but you've not remembered yet."

I woke and Death was gone; and I swore that very night  
That I would build a monument, an arch of purest white;  
The purest whitest arch atop the longest marble wall;  
And strive for all my life to see it bears no words at all.

*(Tune: Roslin Castle)*