

Songs of  
Love  
*from the*  
Front

# Songs of Love from the Front

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In 2012,

after having completed the book 'Messages from the War Torn Dead', I revisited the 1914 -1918 battlefield areas of France as I still felt a hollow, missing link inside.

I became more connected to the expression of emotions triggered by the enormous destruction of life and most profoundly to be seen and felt in the memorials dedicated to the loss of loved ones. Particularly those of the women in grief, mourning their beloved's lost life and shared plans and longing for a future life together. Dreams held, prior to the war's outbreak and its ugly demise.

These are the thoughts that came to me in verses of prose, poetic in expression, as I sat by these creative emotive structures and absorbed what they conveyed -

*Love - stories powerfully felt,  
heartfelt loss, tragedy  
and the continual reminder -*

*No more war and loss of life -*

*Love, that is what a peaceful world declares.*

*Love, that all-important  
humanly profound expression  
two people do implore.*



## Love

Songs of Love from the Front  
is easy to understand.

Long parted lovers,  
the beloved child of a father,  
a parent who cares.

Lost opportunity waiting inside,  
no idea of what others expect,  
but for the longing,  
the heart torn apart.

These are the trials of lives lost,  
of men who are permanently parted  
and those who are ill, wounded and vile,  
as well  
the mentally tormented -  
a life of permanent hell.

Letters, notes, words of love,  
human anguish, stories of others  
trying not to tell  
of all the deathly sights around,  
all the horror and mud, blood-soaked  
and of the human detritus  
the entrails of men.

Nothing here so sacred  
as the ones they do love.

*These are the stories,  
the trials of men in a war,  
women and children,  
parents of old age  
waiting, longing, separated  
and unable to be embraced.*

*These are the folk lost and loved  
missing each other  
and of that word, 'love'.*



## When we are together

It is not so much the volume  
but the content that counts  
when we are together,  
you by my side.

It is like the value of a book  
that one does not want to lend  
for the pages may get crumpled  
and the borrower  
not at all understands that prize.





## Don't go my darling

Don't go my darling don't go ...  
my life, my heart and my song.

The life I have had  
has been so blessed so far.

Why go to a war  
where the carnage and ravages  
will tear us both apart?

No matter your cry  
I will be here for your return.  
But darling, my heart is in yours,  
but so sad I fear  
no more your life with mine  
will ever come as before.





## His life there and then - lost

I knew I would die before he went  
of the fear I felt  
because somewhere within my mind  
I saw a battlefield strewn with men  
and his name was well written  
and clear above one of them.

His voice was laboured  
he had been bleeding, much loss  
the type of sustained injury  
that meant he had  
his life there and then - lost.



## My heart would be broken

Activate your heart strings  
and bring about the change required  
to understand the damage  
that war does to those whose death  
is yet left unnamed.

My husband left in fourteen  
the day was as bleak as one could imagine.

The soldiers grey with worry  
as they saw those first few  
arrive at the dock in disarray -  
they had the faces of dead men  
that scared the pants off  
those viewing about to depart.

And for me, as so many others  
I knew only too soon  
that my heart would be broken  
as we did part.

But not as an isolated journey  
apart for a short period of time,  
but more of a permanency  
that would in fact last.

It took a great deal of courage  
to let go of my beloved at the dock  
for what I knew at that moment  
was I would soon be receiving  
that telegram or letter  
with its aftermath of shock.