

Wednesday 28th February 2018

I can contribute to a class poem about Dunkirk

I can use a variety of sources to find out about Dunkirk

Freezing cold, we know the soldiers are desperate and hungry,
Leaving from the South coast we head out to do our part,
All my ears can hear is the distant guns and bombs being dropped,
Spitfires zoom overhead, fighting to protect our country.

Injured soldiers are waiting anxiously to be saved,
Stranded soldiers fighting for their lives as bombs drop around them,
Starving soldiers almost dying from hunger and thirst,
Large and small rescue boats docking at Dunkirk beach.

As we approached Dunkirk, we can hear bombs going off,
Our small boat is swaying side to side,
We can hear men screaming for help from miles away,
Getting closer, we are shocked by the crowded beach.

In the blue, wavy waters hundreds of boats get closer,
I wave with joy as a boat arrives,
People around me die one by one, as the bombs are dropped,
I must escape to safety on to this boat.

Looking in their eyes, I can see the fear and desperation,
In seconds, my boat is cramped with brave but injured soldiers,
Very tightly, they cling to my hands as I pull them on board,
All these men jump on my boat hoping they will get safely home.

Feelings of relief flood through me as I climb onto a boat,
9 days I have been waiting to get closer to Britain,
The thought of home fills me with happiness,
As I find my place on board among hundreds of men like me.

So relieved and thrilled the brave soldiers are,
Almost home, they've come so far,
Each one ready to see family and proud friends,
Children will think they're mighty heroes again.

We are all getting closer to Britain and my face burns with light,
I cannot wait to see my family and hope they will be proud,
Closer and closer we get to safety, to the shore,
Leaving the nightmare of Dunkirk behind.