

World War 1 Poems
Kentisbury Primary School
West Exmoor Federation

The poems written below are the Junior's response to their leaning about
World War one.

They were inspired by Wilfred Owen's poem 'Dulce Et Decorum Est':

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of disappointed shells that dropped behind.

GAS! Gas! Quick, boys!- An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And floundering like a man in fire or lime.
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, -
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

Amy Martin:

It was a nervous night,
I could hear bombs going off,
BOOM BOOM BOOM!
Next morning, I woke up to hear guns shooting at my friends,
I was thinking, I've got to go and help them,
I've got to find my gun,
Suddenly, I saw blood all over the floor,
The Germans were in our trenches,
I was scared and terrified,
I didn't want to die!
I ran through the trenches and then I saw No Mans Land,
Quick as a flash, there was gas all around me,
I put on my mask,
I was alive!

Lee Townsend:

Escape from the gas

"Gas, Gas! Quick boys!"

Bang, Bang! Look out!

Too late...people fell, some were wounded,

When the fighting was over, we loaded them into a wobbly cart,

A bomb fell!

It blew up the enemy trench,

Everyone died in it!

Sarah Batty:

I was fighting in a regiment in the army,
We were in No Mans Land,
It was the land where we fought,
We stumbled through the slimy mud,
Through the dark, dark gloomy night,
To the enemy.

Kieron Pocock:

The Tommy War

Come on boys!
The gas is rising,
Boys quick!
Put your gas masks on,
Get into the trenches,
Panic!
Chaos!
Tragedy!

Charlotte Dapling:

The fight for life

The darkness,
The noise of the guns hit me as I slept,
It made it hard for me to sleep in the night,

Everyday we go off to fight,
Some of us do not make it,
But for me, the old crooked one,
I lived to make it home.

Amy Rudd:

WW1

The first time I went to the war I was petrified,
The sound of the guns banging in No Mans Land,
I was horrified by the mud and the water trapping my boots in
the ground,
I was stuck!
"I am going to die, I really miss home"
All of a sudden, an evil green gas came around me,
I had to find my mask,
But I couldn't see it!
I was panicking thinking that I was going to die!

Daisy Burdett:

The War

It was a dark and gloomy night,
We sat on the hillside waiting for the battle to begin,
Suddenly, there was a Boom!
Bang!
We started trudging through the soggy mud to our enemy to kill
them....

Anthony Burdett:

Down in the ditch

I was sat down,
In the damp, dark, dusty trench,
Six rats were eating out of my pockets,
Like dogs eating off the streets,
But I did not care because I was dying,
The drone of the guns kept clattering,
Unexpectedly, my mates dragged me out of the trench
To the hospital,
I was saved at last!

Jake Freer:

World War One

We marched in sloppy, gloopy mud,
The relentless guns firing: thud, thud, thud!

Rats as big as cats running around,
Revolted rodents eating scraps left lying on the ground,

The smell of decomposing bodies like the stench of mustard gas,
Is all around the trenches like a blanket of despairing mass.

Jacob Bartlett:

I saw guns and cannons being shot at people as I hid in the trench,

There was blood and weapons everywhere!

A man shouted GAS! GAS! but one man did not get his gas mask on in time,

They took him away with froth coming out of his mouth.

Luke Caley:

World War 1

We heard the big bombs fall,

BOOM!

In the thick dust someone got shot by a gun,

We put him in a cart,

With every bump, you could see his head bobbing up and down like
a sunset,

We did not know the Germans had put gas in our trench,

And set it on fire!

We were dead, so were the trench rats and the body lice!

William West:

It was a dark and gloomy night,
I told everyone not to light a candle,
But Oh! Someone did,
"NO!", I shouted. "What if there is a German around?"
Boom!
A Bomb,
There was a bomb,
"Arrr, a German!"
I had just got enough strength to shoot him,
Bang!
I was saved.

Shaun Batty:

Dear Mum,

I am killing the enemy with my tommy gun
From the middle line - one by one,
I am scared and frightened of getting shot,
By the sniper riffle which the enemy have got,
My best friend Jake, got shot in the leg,
He was so badly injured he had to beg for help!

From: Shaun

P.S - I carried him back to the medic tent where the doctors
operated and Jake survived.

Joshua Dapling:

WW1

I pushed through the sludge,

"Gas Boys! Quick Boys!"

It all went black and gloomy in the mist of the gas,

The night was dark and we waited for the Germans,

Bang! I heard the guns go off like lions,

"Get into the trenches!"

I saw someone drowning in the darkness.

Danny Niness:

The air tasted foul,
Far beyond imagination,
The rats are back!
They smell terrible!

Lewis Hale:

World War One - German Soldier

I was stumbling through No Mans Land dragging my gun behind me,
My heart beating as fast as a cheetah chasing his prey,
Boom Boom Boom! Grenades chucked in the air by the British,
Men screeching "Retreat!" as petrified as a bird.

I could taste the bitterness of smoke firing from the guns,
I could feel death in my body, my lungs were trapped,
Where's my family? What am I doing here? Why me?
I am going to kill them all!

Where are all my friends and weapons?
Then I saw my friends on the floor, dead as a shot rabbit,
What would you do if you were me?

Tommy Pipe:

World War 1

Muddy, murky mists creeping like a pool of milk spilling over the trenches.

"Shoot the enemy!" Screamed the sergeant, as loud as a TV at full blast.

Boom, boom, boom, cry the massive guns. Blood and guts and bones scattered everywhere and people screaming like foxes in the night.

Rats running, rats raiding, rats eating rations and rats eating friends.

Trenches cold and muddy, I lost my boots in 'no man's land'.

I'm scared, frightened and confused should I run or stay?
The whistle blew, over the top I go, an almighty bang and I see no more.

Liam Mills:

Doomsday

I stood in the trenches,
I saw my enemy charging towards me,
I saw his moustache and his angry face,
It turned out to be Hitler!
He shot me in the forehead,
I died!
Ouch!!!