

A VE Day Poem~ from a 12 year old evacuee.

The war is won. It's VE day.
A wild excitement fills the air.
Grown ups busy, children play
among the tables, standing there
in roads bedecked with myriad flags
and bunting hung across the street.
Women dressed in their best 'rags'
pile tables high with things to eat.
Men pull rafters from a bomb site,
building a gigantic fire.
Hitler, sitting very upright,
waiting for his funeral pyre.
Ernie plays the old 'joanna',
favourite tunes that won the war.
Any song for just a tanner;
money goes to help the poor.
Beer and whisky flow like water,
hoarded for this special day.
Young men hang round Charlie's daughter,
pretty as the flowers in May.
Darkness falls, they light the fire.
Flaming fingers reach the top.
Adolph, sitting in a tyre,
Burns until his head goes 'Pop'.
Dance and singing follow after.
Okey cokey, Conga too.
Food and drink and lots of laughter.
Oh, it was a perfect do.
So our super day has ended,
heads are aching, feet are sore.
Still, at least they'll soon be mended;
different from those hurt in war.
Let us hope we never have to
celebrate a VE day.
Be as one, just Europeans.

