

The Streets of ANZAC. ©

A virus came along and shut the world down
And people went crazy and emptied the town
Stay at home and survive the best that you can
Be a good citizen and respect fellow man.

For this lonely old digger, it's always been the way
As he prepares to remember on ANZAC Day
Social Distancing in place is nothing new to him
And quietly chuckles at fancy dressed ladies, putting out the bins.

He polishes his medals as he sits home alone
Cup of tea and the crossword, he sits by the phone
For the calls that never come from mates long since passed
The platoon is all gone, and he is proudly the last.

They told him Services and Marches are cancelled this year
No poppies, no badges, no two up or beer
No chance to tell stories of courage, valour and lost mates
Where your very being was really just fate.

He straightens his tie as he heads for the door
Reminiscing of lessons he learned from the horrors of the War
Wondering will no one honour or even remember?
Till Remembrance Day, the 11th November.

He hears a strange noise and gets to his feet
And with a tear in his eye as he looks up the street
The driveways of people with poppies and candles
Honouring the fallen is more than he can handle.

They did all remember and they do really care
They wave and salute while he just stops and stares
Some children have handmade signs on his fence and the lawn
"We honour your sacrifice and service at the rise of the Dawn."

The ANZAC Spirit will live on in the youth of today
With respect and honour as this is our way
The virus won't win, the futures not set
As we whisper the words, Lest We Forget.

Stewart Elliott 19/04/2020.

Act II

12 months on, the virus still has us beat
And once again we will line our streets
The old boys gone now, he lived his life
Eternal peace his reward in the arms of his wife.

I'm sure when he got to the pearly gates
He was met by his family and a platoon of his mates
And when Saint Peter asked, has he sinned
They all shouted, he is a digger! and welcomed him in.

Another soul embraced by the warm ANZAC flame
The memorial wall proudly has a new name
But I'm sure he remembers as he looks down from above
The Streets of ANZAC and all of the love.

Stewart Elliott 11/02/2021