

My ANZAC Day 2020

At 6 in the morning my parents call.
From the comfort of my bed I sluggishly crawl
With slippers on feet and jumper on back
At the end of the drive, dawn will crack.

All down my street torches do shine
I'm so proud of this community of mine
We will continue even in hardship
A dawn service Australian's never skip.

A voice in the distance at 6:02 am
Starts the 'Age shall not weary them'.
Another voice along the street
Joins the call without missing a beat

As the poem's read out everyone listens
With admiration for all the men and women
Who gave their all for this great country.
We would like to thank you humbly

As the poem ends someone starts to play
The Last Post in their driveway.
With coffee in hand and ANZAC biscuits out too
The amount of torch light suddenly grew

The Last Post swells and comes to a close
Now a minute's silence as everyone knows
As we lower our heads and reflect
To show our ANZACs the greatest respect

A minute ticks over and the Reveille kicks in
I feel goose bumps all over my skin
I may not have known them, but I refuse to forget
We owe the ANZACs a tremendous debt.

