



Armistice Day

At home, in school, or in the stores downtown,
All business ceased, cars stopped, when we would hear
In gathering quiet the familiar sound
Of church bells, saying, just this once a year —
In what seemed slower cadence, from their height
Above bare trees caught out like fugitives
In mid-November's elegiac light —
“Remembrance is the task of all that lives.”

As boys we retook Iwo and Bastogne
In war games, and fought Indians on the plains,
But Ypres, Verdun, Passchendaele, the Somme
We left alone, as though we heard again
What this day whispered to us to extend —
The guns' great silence at The Great Wars' end.

BRUCE COFFIN
Woodstock, VT



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