

Clitheroe war memorial



Rifle reversed,
head bowed,
Never able to forget the machine guns peppering pulse.
This grand Grenadier Guard
One hundred years old
and more.
Private Percy Pelham
Now he is at peace? Even when
days of knights
parry peacefully around him,
bring swordfights anew.
Percy ponders
Pendle and the Pennines,
His eyes traverse those hills,
like the machine guns
that never quite leave him.
From his perch, where peregrines power the peaks,
scream for the sky,
Percy pauses, never quite in peace himself.
Poignant reminder
that this protagonist once screamed
at the pity of war.
He screams no more.