



My Father, the Soldier

I think about him day and night.
I wish he wouldn't have to fight
A war in another land,
Where he wouldn't understand
The language that is spoken.
A war where too many lives were broken,
We lack comprehension,
To finally understand his tension.

My father is a soldier
With his gun on his shoulder.
He has no right for objection
He goes to war for our protection.
He just has to follow orders,
Even if he is far from our borders.
Despite the beauty of our dreams,
His are filled with screams.

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