

240mm

120mm

c) *OUTBREAK*d) *WHEN THE WAR*

Men and boys were both caught in the madness
 A friend or a foe? It was no choice for her
 The Red Cross retreat became a haven
 And then it was the eye at the heart of a storm

Brussels fell hard in the wake of the tide
 And she stayed behind as they closed up the doors
 They held on to the promise of love and redemption
 As a passage for the young boys to get home

I'm going away – to follow my heart...

Her darling man was taken away from her
 On a non-descript gloomy day in July
 He was caught at the front, where he was still writing
 And he never saw the shell that fell close by

She grieved, she wept, but swallowed in the chaos
 For she had a purpose, no time to stop
 With friend Philippe, they did what they had planned to
 Until betrayed to the enemy and their fate

AN AVERAGE MAN

(James Fairfax 1922-1945)

He lived a quiet and a tidy life and that was all that could be said about him
 He came and went to work, he liked to bowl and dress in vogue
 His name was never splashed on hoardings, his neighbours said he seemed a pleasant man
 So when the letter from the War Office landed, it interrupted a routine plan
 At school he'd been a straight C's pupil (average, unnoticed and a friend to few)
 Well read, but mainly fiction, a watcher of the football on a Saturday afternoon
 He never went to the big store markets, preferred the service in his corner shop
 Had his hair cut every fortnight, liked eating chicken or a nice lamb chop
 So unobtrusive, so invisible, he'd always feared to change
 Stuck to the sensible proper conduct and stayed well out of range
 The call to arms was quite disconcerting, unnerving and a bolt from the blue
 For once he sat and thought about a future, with no-one to remember him, when he was through

A little plan had come to him, like a soft whisper on a soothing breeze
 So he journeyed to his roots in the Scottish Highlands and stood by the lonely lake
 With a cutting wrapped in clean newspaper, he dug foundations for this little seed
 Smoothed the soil between his trembling fingers and planted in the earth a family's tree

From the girl they'd branded a witch, down the long ages it grew
 Each leaf revealing special stories, each branch that had started out anew
 Each twist of the unfurling curling bark, each notch on the twisted frame
 It called to James, how it called to James... "Remember me, for I was once alive..."

120mm

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