

Pink Floyd, Southampton Dock

they disembarked in 45
and no one spoke and no one smiled
there were too many spaces in the line
gathered at the cenotaph
all agreed with hand on heart
to sheath the sacrificial knives
but now
she stands upon southampton dock
with her handkerchief
and her summer frock clings
to her wet body in the rain
in quiet desperation knuckles
white upon the slippery reins
she bravely waves the boys goodbye again
and still the dark stain spreads between
his shoulder blades
a mute reminder of the poppy fields and graves
and when the fight was over
we spent what they had made
but in the bottom of our hearts
we felt the final cut