

First prize poem

*Poem about Pleurant pour Paris by
Connie Wawruck-Hemmett*

By Connie Wawruck-Hemmett

Last day of November 2015
Stade de France
Anthems sung out
A history of many wars
Two countries now
Fierce football rivals
The game has begun.

At the gate a watchful guard
Turns away
An angry man
He disappears flash boom
A danger averted
Just one victim
So the game goes on.

Then in the parking lot
Two more flashes
Two more booms
Roaring fans muffle the sounds
Two more men die
This time alone
While the game goes on.

Across the city people dine
On haute cuisine
Fine red wine
Then the sound of guns blazing
Death and carnage
Fill Paris cafes
Still the game goes on.



On the boulevard Voltaire
Bataclan theatre
A band onstage
Called Eagles of Death Metal
An omen perhaps
Of what is to come
But the game goes on.

Young people cheer as
Musicians play
Kiss the Devil
None know that evil lurks
Violent men
Islam's fanatics
As the game goes on.

Instruments of death replace
Music instruments

Hand grenades
Rifles made by Kalashnikov
Wicked knives
And suicide vests
Thus the game goes on.

The devil is among them
Taking hostages
Taking lives
Gendarmes and special forces
Fill the streets
Prepare to strike
To bring the game to an end.

As Friday becomes Saturday
Theatre breached
Hostages released
Terrorists dead or arrested but
So much blood
So many dead
The game is finally over.
But for some this day will
Never end
Eternal memory
Over 400 wounded while the
Dead number
One hundred and thirty
And the world is weeping for Paris.