

## The Streets of ANZAC. ©

A virus came along and shut the world down  
And people went crazy and emptied the town  
Stay at home and survive the best that you can  
Be a good citizen and respect fellow man.

For this lonely old digger, it's always been the way  
As he prepares to remember on ANZAC Day  
Social Distancing in place is nothing new to him  
And quietly chuckles at fancy dressed ladies, putting out the bins.

He polishes his medals as he sits home alone  
Cup of tea and the crossword, he sits by the phone  
For the calls that never come from mates long since passed  
The platoon is all gone, and he is proudly the last.

They told him Services and Marches are cancelled this year  
No poppies, no badges, no two up or beer  
No chance to tell stories of courage, valour and lost mates  
Where your very being was really just fate.

He straightens his tie as he heads for the door  
Reminiscing of lessons he learned from the horrors of the War  
Wondering will no one honour or even remember?  
Till Remembrance Day, the 11<sup>th</sup> November.

He hears a strange noise and gets to his feet  
And with a tear in his eye as he looks up the street  
The driveways of people with poppies and candles  
Honouring the fallen is more than he can handle.

They did all remember and they do really care  
They wave and salute while he just stops and stares  
Some children have handmade signs on his fence and the lawn  
"We honour your sacrifice and service at the rise of the Dawn."

The ANZAC Spirit will live on in the youth of today  
With respect and honour as this is our way  
The virus won't win, the futures not set  
As we whisper the words, Lest We Forget.

Stewart Elliott 19/04/2020.

### Act II

12 months on, the virus still has us beat  
And once again we will line our streets  
The old boys gone now, he lived his life  
Eternal peace his reward in the arms of his wife.

I'm sure when he got to the pearly gates  
He was met by his family and a platoon of his mates  
And when Saint Peter asked, has he sinned  
They all shouted, he is a digger! and welcomed him in.

Another soul embraced by the warm ANZAC flame  
The memorial wall proudly has a new name  
But I'm sure he remembers as he looks down from above  
The Streets of ANZAC and all of the love.

Stewart Elliott 11/02/2021