

HEROES

by Sergeant James Figel, Royal Corps of Signals

Here we find ourselves in a foreign land.

Battered by heat and wind and unforgiving sand.

A band of brothers are we, making our stand.

For the good of the people, to lend a hand.

We know what we must do; in our hearts it's clear.

We can see the rounds go down, as they are here.

Never faltering in our professionalism or showing fear,

We think of homecoming and our parade, full of cheer.

On foot patrols and in our base.

The insurgents and their tools of killing we must face.

We know we will fight with God's grace.

To make the world a much safer, better place.

We will take casualties, the certainty is clear.

Not all will survive some will die out here.

Bravely fought lads and lasses, who are no longer here.

When you think of them, please do shed a tear.

For Queen and country, they answered the call.
They did their bit. Fought well, one and all.
Their loved ones be proud, find solace stand tall.
For your loved ones name is on the Arboretum wall.

Not just those that have passed and gone,
but for the injured and wounded still soldiering on.
For the thanks they deserve in what they have done.
Heroes, each and every last one.

About the poem's author: James Figel was born and raised in Staffordshire and joined the Army at the age of 16. He served 24 years in the British Army in the Royal Engineers and the Royal Corps of Signals gaining two General Officer Commanding Commendations and winning seven medals. He left the Army in 2013 and now lives in the East Riding of Yorkshire.