

The Blitz

Londoners wait silently,
For blood thirsty bombs to rain.

Their hearts scream.

And their bodies turn cold.

Roaring bombs drop overhead.

Buildings scream in mercy.

Search lights raid the pitch black sky.

Crackling flames burn all night.

Buildings crash at the dead of night.

Shells of buildings burn all night

Against the blood-lit sky.

By Evie