

## On That Cold Winter Day

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*On That Cold Winter Day*

Silence. I remember the Silence. No guns. No cannons. Just an eerie silence. Silence was a rare occurrence around here. Yet I remember the silence, on that cold winter day. A day where I sat chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud.

Across the field the other chaps sat. They were like us. Tired. Cold. far from home. Covered in an eerie silence. On that cold winter day. Across the field I saw men just like me. Chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud.

The snow began to fall on that cold winter day. Covering the living and the dead. Covering everything in her white sheet. Blotting out the red ledger around us. Cleansing us in her pureness. In the silence I saw the snow falling. While chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud.

Carols began to fill my ears on that cold winter day. Not quite as silent as before. Carols in my own tongue. And the tongue of the man across the field. Some men began to mingle, forgetting why they were here. Yet some remained in the trenches. Remained chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud.

On that cold winter day, Christmas arrived turning the red into white. We were all brothers. We were all friends. We drank. We united. A moment of peace in a war that never ends. Chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud.

A Christmas on the frontline. We walk among friends. We don't think of tomorrow when the battle will commence. We thought of our friends. Never to make it home. For they sat chest deep in earth. Waist deep in bodies. Shin deep in mud. On that cold winter day.