

## Essex Farm.

I have been up to Essex Farm to-day.

To find a soldier there -  
Headstones gleaming row on row,  
Tended with such care.

Do they hear our feet above them  
As we walk upon the grass?

Looking for Smith or Wilks or Jones  
And all other names en masse.

I hope they hear our footsteps,  
We've come a long, long way  
To look + think and thank them  
For what they gave that day.

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