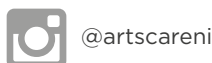


Living Well - A Tale to Tell...

Quis Separabit

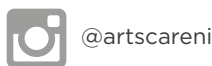
I felt the pain, I heard the shot
I couldn't catch my breath
I wondered in that second
Was it life or was it death
The bullet struck me on my side
Just right above my belt
The shock the burning and the pain
Were nothing like I'd ever felt
I tried to get back on my feet
And wondered if I could
Make my way across the open ground
And find some cover in a wood
The firing still continued
I was caught within their arc
The bullets tore up stones and clay
And cut through branches, shredding bark
Their weapons were superior
We'd known that all along
Our Mauser's rate of fire
Couldn't stem their Enfield's chilling song
I must have passed out with the pain
And woke to see two boots
Just right at my eye level
Khaki puttees, khaki suits
A prisoner now, though wounded
I was dragged behind a bank
I could see a first aid station
To my right behind a tank
British medics with red crosses
On their helmets and their packs
Dressed the wound and gave me morphine



Here & Now Older People's Health & Well-being Arts Festival 2021/22

Living Well - A Tale to Tell...

As I lay against tank tracks
I could read Quis Separabit
On a medics bandolier
But I didn't know the meaning
Though the words were stark and clear
I'm a P.O.W, now, in France
Just outside Picardy
But everytime I go to sleep
The only thing I see
Are the words Quis Separabit
On that medics bandolier
I must find out their meaning
And what made him hold them dear
Just this morning I got talking
To a nurse who tends to me
She said, "what is your trouble"
She said, "what did you see"
I told her of the words I saw
Now imprinted on my brain
I see them every single night
And forever they'll remain
She returned to me days later
As I played patience, with my cards
She said "the words Quis Separabit
is the motto of the Irish Guards"
The jigsaw was completed
My mind forever now at rest
The Regiment we fought that day
Were Irishmen, the very best
I'm back home now in Bremen
With my family, with my wife
But I'll not forget that fateful day
When Irish Guardsmen saved my life.....



Here & Now
The Art of Ageing Well

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