

**100 Years of Silence**

**By Edwin Roberts  
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That one, cool breath ebbed away,  
That one, brass note that shook my heart,  
Bowed my head, looked threadbare, enough to say,  
I'm here today.

Cruel valley, valley of silence, where morbid clouds roll in,  
And the wounded green beguiles a crimson-covered glen,  
Plundered by petals - but peace now:  
One hundred years of silence in seconds dozen by ten.

And we will remember them.