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## Omaha Beach

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*College of DuPage*

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# Omaha Beach

1944

1994

*by Lee Zorn*

Last time I saw this lovely beach  
The waves washed gently by  
It looked serene and welcoming;  
It was a place to die.

I heard the noise of mortar  
The clamor and the din  
The waves washed in relentlessly  
To bring the heroes in.

We held our guns above us  
The water reached our heads  
We brought our youth and energy  
How many were the dead!

The bodies spread out wordlessly  
An arm without a hand  
A head without a body  
Had bloodied up the sand.

The waters run with crimson  
The mortar shells they roar  
Now men so full of purpose  
Lie crumpled on the shore.



## My Family Lives Inside A Clock

MEMORIAL

We came so young and hopeful  
War took it all away  
We all were old and broken men  
On Omaha that day.

Today the beach is clean and bright  
No dark debris remains  
Gone are mines and booby traps  
Washed out by many rains.

Now grasses grow and birds can sing  
The cliffs are clean and bare  
The years have washed the stains away  
As though we were not there.

But we still see the faces  
Of each brave and noble friend  
And memory keeps the grief alive  
Of that day that would not end.

