

POEMS

DESERT RATS

An hour to spare this pen and me
A word I'll pen whilst thoughts are free
To write, and pay those "Rats" their due
As we know them, me and you.

Hard and lean, covered in sand
Fast and sure. Gad! what a band,
That dirty but efficient lot
And "Desert Rats" that name they've got.

I met a Cockney who says he's a "wiv"
That bloomin Seventh Armoured Div
Their prestige couldn't change somehow
With nearly all new faces now.

With modest air, they mention places
Where Rommel saw their dirty faces
Unshaved and scruffy, eyes red rimmed
They don't use language finely trimmed.

And when the dust blows like a cloud
I'm sure its nectar to that crowd
Fast and true on the "blue"
Fords and Chevis gliding through.

When these days are o'er and done
Like a dust storm's death in the setting sun
And desert nights are quiet and cold
The Deeds they've done will still be told.

In whistling sand, or Barcia's gate
Tobruk, Mechili its their Fate
Their ghosts will haunt each battle ground
On which the "Desert Rats" were found.

**Author unknown.*