

A Day on the Plains

An amazing day, it had finished so fast.
Sara had hoped it would continue to last;
Throughout the fall, with the sun in the sky.
She looked down the street and let out a sigh.
She was touring Canada, and had spent the whole day,
Immersed in a city and its certain "way".
The cultures, the food, the people and friends,
The buildings, the fashions, the stores and the trends.
And after her dinner she decided to go
To a park she had seen a few hours ago.
It looked like a nice place to sit and cool down,
In Quebec city; her new favourite town.

She flopped on a bench and undid her shoes,
Admiring the park and its lovely views.
"Where could I be?" Sara asked in a hush,
"This place is so gorgeous; its grass is so lush."
She closed her tired eyes, and gave out a yawn,
Listening to wind gently blowing the lawn.

As she opened her eyes, she looked to her side,
At the place she left her three bags behind.
A tall man had taken a seat next to her.
He looked like a soldier (but she wasn't sure.)
"Excuse me sir, but are you in a play?
I didn't know there was one on today."
The man didn't smile, but his eyes looked kind,
A thing that gave Sara required peace of mind.

He started to talk and his voice was a murmur,
But once again it was his eyes that assured her.
"Do you know the story of this field right here?
The one we now sit in with little to fear?
It wasn't like this a long time ago.
Come with me please, there's a scene I must show."
Sara gazed onwards, her eyes in a stare.
She couldn't go with him; she wouldn't dare!
But there was a comfort in this man in red,
The slow way he talked, and his pale white head.
She got up with caution, and took his cold hand,
And suddenly her feet were no longer on land.

She appeared on a ship; on a little row boat
Which was paddled by soldiers. And as it did float,
She noticed the men were not talking at all,
On this cold night. It was almost the Fall.
“These, my friend, are the strong British troops,
Sneaking into Quebec where they’ll quietly regroup.
See that man there?” he motioned at someone,
“That is James Wolfe with his hat and his gun.
He was the man who changed Canada’s direction.
He made a good plan, and along with his section,
Sailed through the night on the winding St. Lawrence,
And attacked without warning, to Quebec’s great annoyance.”

Before Sara knew it, she was flying again,
This time she landed on a field with men.
“Where am I now?” she asked with a stutter.
An explosion went off, it sounded like thunder.
“You should know this,” the man grinned at her,
“You were just here, but in the future.”
Sara looked ‘round with her eyes open wide,
There was shouting and gunshots; she wanted to hide.
But after a moment she soon recognized,
the place she was in was the park *militarized*.
The soldier looked on with a glazed over stare,
And gazed at the conflict with immense care,
“We’re in the Plains of Abraham you see,
at a battle that impacted both you and me.”

Once again Sara felt the wind through her hair,
And yet again she was away in the air,
And into a place with no light she did fall.
And so black it was she could not see at all.
Only the kind soldier’s voice could be heard,
And Sara strained hard to hear every word.

“The places you go in this land of ours,
Have been heavily influenced by that war of wars.
The French were defeated in the foul play,
Almost three centuries have passed since that day.
New France was now owned by Britain’s strong force.
I suppose you could say that it was the source
Of the Canada *you* know, with mixed languages,
And meshed traditions that have lasted ages.

