

Four rows of eight	Thirty two
Next door the same	Sixty four
Five rooms on this floor	Eight score

Same above  
Same below  
Then four blocks in a row      Full

Tipped teen faces  
Agog and aglow  
In dimmed classes  
Fixed on footage

No one fidgets  
For forty minutes

Photos of young faces  
Fooling around  
Rolling on the ground  
Eating at trestle tables  
Riding atop a tank              Then not

Then eyes at the camera  
Over a comrade's shoulder  
Lining up in a trench

Then crouching in black and white  
Behind a low wall  
Blurred by imminent action

Then the school roll of honour

Ranks and names scroll the screen

One hundred and thirty seven

I look sideways along the rows  
Take in their floppy fringes untucked shirts  
Ear-buds and pen-dismantling fingers  
Their slouches              their blazers  
Their wondering gazes

Are they thinking  
the same as me?

Are they thinking

*They are                      the same as me*