

our precious sons

we'll meet again, sang Vera
so confident, so brave

we'll meet again, quoted the Queen,
so nostalgic, so sure

yet we don't know our tomorrow
or even the rest of today...

...we don't have an amount of time
guaranteed here, I'm afraid to say

some of us have nothing more
than the faint belief in miracles

the occasional murmured prayer
the whispers of wishes

the silver thread of faith in living
a weak and uncertain hope
daily dashed, but dusted down

our hearts still knowing
longing and aching
that our boys will come home

they live in our hearts
we will take this bond to the grave
our love will never die

Jo Beth Gray