

Mother and Son by David Copson

A mother should never outlive her son,
Or see him suffer, inexplicably, as I have done.

I will carry this burden to the end of my time;
Will feel his hand in the darkness of night.

A mother should never have to hear his final breath,
Or see his body slump in sublime faithfulness;

Or dream that he still lives and walks in light,
That his smile and his words are works sublime.

I have hope we will feel again each other's hands
And meet above the tumult of these troubled lands;

And he will be a boy, a man, still mine;
The scars he bore be gone from sight.

A mother may weep in pain as her son is taken,
But may know that faith, in a million hearts, will awaken.