

Song Of My Mother

By Neil Newcombe

My mother of loyalty to her family.
Of the work ethic, of high morality,
of being a creature of habit.
Of her contribution to defeating the Nazis.
Of being very much of her generation.
Of anachronism, technophobia and a touch of misanthropy.
Here is an instance of her technophobia:
one day she dusted the CD player when it was on -
pressed buttons and off it went.
She explained to me, in all innocence,
that she pressed several buttons to try to get it back on.
I duly clarified, with a hint of sarcasm,
“Mum, each button has a specific function!”
Somehow my mother’s mistake on that day
causes me to remember her with even more affection.
An innocent and amusing error from long ago
seems to open the portals
and reservoirs of my love for my mother
often, during sessions of sweet silent thought, come pouring out.
Strange how a distant memory
can launch a sea of respect and
a now diminished, but still painful, grief.
Just as a broken bottle launches a ship.
A bottle breaks - just as the moment of death -
at 1:43am, Thursday 6/10/2011 - broke our 54 years and 10 months relationship.
It breaks - never to be mended!
A loved-one dies and he/she is gone forever.
Maybe onto a second life - maybe not?
The finality of death is as ruthless as the death of yesterday.
And tomorrow has not yet been born.
My mother of being wise and healthily cynical.
My mum of being good at needlecraft and an expert cook.
My mum of being a keen reader and a good wordsmith.
My mum of deserving credit for being married for 67 ½ years - because marriage is
no easy matter.
My mother of being a good mother!
My mother of being an unsung heroine,
whose work and duty on earth are now done.
Buried next to my dad - her epitaph and wreaths
tell the world of the living she no longer breathes.