

A Mothers Lament

By Lorraine Ferguson

Within a corner of the Caribbean.

A mom, big tall and strong proudly reads on.

Dear mum, I've got some leave.

Dead excited yes I'm coming home

I just can't wait to see, you all soon especially my Nan,

To play cards and Dominoes with old man; Uncle Alan.

And go to church with my Dad Simeon.

Then eat dumplings, ackee and salt fish

With plenty of plantains with the green

calao

Simply the best fit for the King.

A cake from one of my comrades from

Coventry for you mom

But it's not like your lovely fruit cake which you've soaked in rum.

I'm looking forward to tasting: Some real good traditional West
Indian food.

Oh Halaloo My son will come home.

So let us throw. A surprise party for him.

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But only a few days later a little girl said

“Good Morning, Mrs B, Auntie B

Someone said to tell you.

There’s a letter at Negril Post Office for Thee
Possibly from your son serving in the Mother Country.

It looks like a Telegram

penned by the king of England, Himself”.

All the way from Great Britain.

What! JUST for me.

So with joyful expectation, my son is coming home

His mother screamed in such pain
and anguish after reading the letter
which stated her son Lloyd is:

Missing in Action. Presumed dead.

Last seen at the third battle of YPRES.

Mending fences inner a small village called Passchendaele.

Trembling lips, grief and sorrow

Yelling My son Lloyd the Hero, has died.

Her shopping drops, Siblings stop what they are doing

Covering their eyes

Spinning around in a world of tears.

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Swelling up like a bursting fountain.

As tears of sadness overflow.

“Oh our dear brother Lloyd No, no, no!”

In a split second the news in the telegram turns their world
upside down.

“Oh why our Kid? Oh why my son He was our world?”

I remember your cute countenance.

And all those laughs and jokes,

As a family we used to have.

Now he is safely resting eternally, in the loving arms

Of Father Abraham.

Please Jesus, Gentle Jesus:

God our lovely Baby Lloyd has slipped away

From me.

But what did I do?

Where did I go wrong?

You were just lent to us,

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Oh for just a short while.

One day you'll be singing,

Redemptions, Songs

In your own unique style”

“My son is coming home,

But, sadly now He's gone...

Father clutches his hands close to his chest.

Then says oh, my, my beloved son. Sleep and take your rest,

We miss you now and forever.

But my God knows Best.

You've gone too soon far, far away.

One day we'll be reunited together,

forever.

On Resurrection Day”.

Sighing deeply, he says, gasping for breath.

“My son has surely gone

He's crossed over the River Jordan.

Your battles are all over.

Yes his war is done.

Some sweet day.

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You'll come back home

To the ones you truly left and loved.

As an all-conquering,

Champion you gladly gave!

You're all".

It was the war to end all wars?

No more to roam.

So let the Church bells of peace ring out

With such awesome vision and zeal

For now truly out of many, we are one people.

"Good-bye! G- OO-d bye, MY SON! ".