

A Mother's Son

written by Samantha Adams-Waters

Two heads of state met as of yore,
We must have war, we must have war,
Young men were caught up in their net,
Their fate to be decided yet.

Death, heartache and blame,
Is all that comes from the war game.
Night was falling very fast,
Hundreds of men caught in the blast.

A shot, a gun, a cannon blast,
A mother's son gone too fast,
Her hands she wrings in her despair,
How was he trapped in war's sad lair?

Comes peace at last,
The war is past.
The soldiers were extremely brave,
Some buried in a strange land's grave.

They are at peace,
To say the least.
Laid to rest,
They tried their best.

The heads of state, they die in time,
And answer for their sin.
The gates of heaven are open,
But do they enter in?

Their crime was not to understand,
They should have held each other's hand.
And made peace for the world to see,
That men and women should be free.

In memory of brave Private Jack Kirchin, who died in World War One, and his mother, Bertha.