

To my son on his birthday

This is the year you would be a man
21 is what you should have been
But nine years old was in your plan

Remembering the day you were born
Is a story I continue to tell
How would I have known nine
Years later was the start of
My living hell.

Over the years I have managed to survive
Thank you for the memories
With these I can thrive.

My world revolves around those memories of you
Keeping you alive in my heart is
what helps me get thru.

How we were cheated, you of a life,
Me of a son, to take care of me in
Times of strife.

Now I go on, waiting for the day
Doing what I have to do, until
I find my way
Of why I am still here and
What is the reason.

On your birthday means the
passage of another season.
Till then, we'll be together
Somewhere Out There
Or Where Dreams Come True.

Love, Mom

Rosemary

In memory of my son,
Arthur III