

# Teardrops

as a young boy into manhood grew  
he wrote a letter to the father he never knew  
it was his twenty first birthday, and many presents he had  
but he would gladly swap them all, for the love of a dad

a father he would never know  
as from a boy into a man he would grow  
with only the love of a good mother  
who would love him like no other

at night he would hear his mother weep  
as he lay in his bed, unable to sleep  
as to God his mother would pray  
to see her one true love, for one more day

as a young boy he didn't understand  
when he would creep into her bed, and gently hold her hand  
and kiss her on the cheek, as the teardrops would flow  
gently down her face, and onto the pillow

for he knew, a better mother no one could have  
a mother who had shown him nothing but love  
a mother, who had always put him first  
who had always fed and clothed him, always quenched his thirst

a thirst for knowledge and education, and it came as no surprise  
that as he grew older, he grew into a man who was truly wise  
honest and wise beyond his years  
a man she would be proud of, she could see that through her tears

as he started to write, he recalled memories of times that were hard  
of how he would play alone in the back yard  
how he would play with his school friends, seemingly without a care  
but always thinking that one day, his father would be there

he also recalled the time, as older he grew  
that his mother told him something, that he already knew  
she sat him down, and said there was something she must say  
something that she had put off, until this day

she told him how the father, that he had never saw  
was killed, fighting in the war  
a war that they said was politically motivated  
a war that the politicians initiated

as he sat quietly taking this all in  
he felt a teardrop rolling down over his cheek, dripping of his chin  
leaving a smudge on the paper, as it dropped down from above  
which he would look back on later, as a token of love

but as his mother spoke through quivering lips  
and lovingly glancing at a photograph, held between her fingertips  
a photograph that she kept in a locket on a chain, close to her heart  
that she would open and kiss, before the teardrops would start

she again wept, recalling a letter that started, sadly we regret  
and ending with the words, killed by a snipers bullet  
a letter printed in a batch of thousands  
none with the personal touch, none signed by hand

he recalled overhearing somebody once saying how sad  
and saying that poor child, he never knew his dad  
a man who was killed in a faraway land  
killed by a hidden gunmans hand

his mother told him that the letter arrived  
two days after she gave birth to a new life  
cradling her new born baby, a baby his father never saw  
all because the politicians, ordered a war

a man she loved, with an undying passion  
to gentle and kind, to be killed in this fashion  
mown down, and to be placed in a body bag  
brought home in a box, covered in a flag

his last journey being driven through the streets  
lined with mourners throwing flowers, as a hero they would greet  
but all this was of no comfort to the widow  
knowing that her one true love would never walk through her door

he thought of his own wife  
he had only just married, only just started their life  
he swore that he would never go to war  
he vowed never to be sent into battle, and never to be told what for

he looked up at his mother, and gave her a smile  
had a lump in his throat, and a tear in his eye  
a mother who had given him so much  
who had struggled without a father's touch

a mother so dedicated, and so much love she gave  
who the first time she took him, to see his father's grave  
stood sobbing and trembling, as they stood there alone  
as they laid flowers, and a tear drop fell onto the headstone

a headstone, like many, in many other countries  
that prime ministers, and presidents would never see  
the men who only ordered the wars  
then turned their backs on the horrors the soldiers saw

how many politicians would send their own sons  
to be killed by a bullet or a bomb, the answer is none  
as they sit planning the next war in a secure room  
as the soldiers are laid to rest, in a dark lonely tomb

he then thought, how many families can relate to this story  
as the politicians cover their backs, as they bask in glory  
how many of them have been threatened by a gun, or a grenade  
as they cower and hide, after the decision is made

they say that the pen is mightier than the sword  
but also deadly, ordering battles in fields far abroad  
battles that can also be stopped with a stroke of that pen  
and end the needless killing of service women and men

brave people who go and do their patriotic duty  
who loose their lives, and their families will never again see  
and those who who are needlessly maimed  
whose lives will never be the same again

the political monsters have so much to answer for  
as they call it conflict, while the soldiers call it war  
sent to fight for their country, sent under prepared  
no proper armour or weapons, vulnerable and scared

he finished the letter, and sealed it with a kiss  
knowing that no one would ever see this  
for this was a letter that he would never send  
it wouldn't bring his father back, it wouldn't make the teardrops end