

Mum



My mother taught me to walk and to talk
and to sew and to cook and to argue
She also taught me right from wrong,
and I don't know if I ever said thank you

She knitted me jumpers my friends would admire,
and altered girls' clothes to supplement my attire
Now I've adopted a thimble to remind me of her,
and I'm not sure I ever said thank you.

Mum would lay out grand tea parties for friends and relations
For birthdays, anniversaries and special occasions
Her cakes were a legend, her Florentines too
And I probably never said thank you

Mum learned healthy eating long before 'twas a trend
Every day she ate salad, until the very end
Wholemeal bread, acorn coffee, Vecon and tofu
All this we inherited and never said thank you

Expeditious deployment of Scrabble abounded
Mum never turned down a game when suggested
She beat us, and beat us, and beat us, some more
And we never said thank you for keeping the score

Our Mum was a carer, a giver and sharer
Making soups, mopping brows, a people's repairer
She made us feel better, whatever was wrong
I may still not have thanked her, after so long

Our Mum's beautiful and she sings like a bird
She speaks the queen's English pronounce every word
It's like living with royalty, which can sometimes be tough
But I still never thanked her for teaching me that stuff

Bella was shy, with guarded emotions
Protecting herself with a shell of devotion
To her family, her husband, to her friends and her home
And I never said thank you for the protection she's shown

So thank you Mum, thank you a million times over
For every meal, every stitch, every nursing through fever
Thank you for teaching and thank you for listening
Thank you for playing and thank you for singing
Thank you for caring what happens to us
And for being there any time, and for making a fuss
Thank you for making me who I am
and thank you for being my Mum

With all my love
Rest in Peace
Your son Mark

