

Mom

They broke the mould when they made my Mom
There'll never be another
With her curious nature and wanderlust
There'll only ever be one of my mother

So full of advice, she always knew best
Making sure she was heard loud and clear
Shoulders back, cut your fringe, grow your curls
Are you listening? Yes Mom we can hear

Who'll ever forget raspberry vinegar & olive oil
Made to gargle when your throat was so sore
Coughing and gagging you just had no choice
"Get it down yer, else I'll give yer what for

And then there were Sunday teatimes
She'd Sing Something Simple and bake
Peaches or pears make your minds up
Half marmalade, half jam home make cake

On school days she'd shout "Are you up yet"
"Not yet Mom, just give me 5 minutes"
The radio went on full blast on the stairs
Out of tune. I got up. That did it!

Out all the time she could never sit still
Bingo or gadding about
Even sat down her legs would still fidget
Plotting her next big trip out

A ride on the bus, timetable all in her head
Bilston, Dudley & all
All Saints for hymns every Sunday
We'd wait for the 1 o'clock call

Her phone messages were simply just priceless
She never really did quite catch on
"Hallo? Are you there? You sound better"
"Hallo? Are you there? No – you've gone"

For her 80th she came down to Eastbourne
We're off to Paris the very next day
Got your passport Mom? She said "No"
It's in Sedgley, in a drawer tucked away

She loved to sing as part of the choir
Helped her learn "Fields of Gold" words off pat
"Too raunchy" they said and they dropped it
She had plenty to say about that!

We never quite knew what she'd come out with next
Straight out of her mouth it would come
"You've put on weight" or "I don't like your hair"
There's no way that should would keep mum

Ironic I guess now is her favourite phrase
When you moaning and life is a chore
"Plenty in the cemetery would like you chance"
She'd be first in the queue that's for sure

Throughout later life she still stood her ground
Stubborn and strong come what may
She's still managed to have the last word as always
She told us she'd do it her way

They broke the mould when they made my Mom
A one off. She said "Don't grieve for me"
I can hear her right now singing out, like she did
"Que sera – What will be, will be"

Bye Mom

xxxx