

TO MOTHER TURN. . . .

Our time slips by and when we turn:
Another year, and then another.
But memories within me burn
Of past sweet days gone by, dear Mother.

Oh, long we watch, and wait, but turn,
And while we turn, the moment passes;
And somehow through the years we learn
That we are nothing in the masses.

But ties were made—to them we turn,
And joy and sadness, laughter, tears,
And memories of past days churn
Within our hearts throughout the years.

My Mother, I will ever turn. . . .
Your chains of love will not be broken.
The softest care, your dear concern,
To me are an eternal token.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/4/1971*