

Gather Together the Flowers Mum

For Lilian Lawson – Written by David Lawson in January, 2021

Gather together the flowers Mum
Be the little girl picking seaside pinks from a chalky hill
And running from the bus to get to the school gates
You were wartime Lily, uprooted and moved from place to place
Waiting to be planted in safer soil
But safer soil would have to wait until the bombs and sirens stopped



Gather together the flowers Mum
Be the young woman, full of hope
With a wedding bouquet full of the deepest red roses
Still looking for a home when the house that was promised
Was stolen away from your young married life
The red petal trail leading to a different door



Sow the seeds of flowers Mum
Be the young mother with sweet peas to brighten the cradle
And freshen the air as you nurse your children
While mopping the brows of the elderly, the sick and the dying
Few pennies in your purse but a currency of love for you
Within the community that finally welcomes your roots

Sing a song of flowers Mum
Voice as clear as a woodland bell and brighter than the greenest leaf
Filled with the light of spring and summer
From church to chapel and village choir
Bringing people together like strings of daisy chains
Lifting hearts and raising spirits with adornment



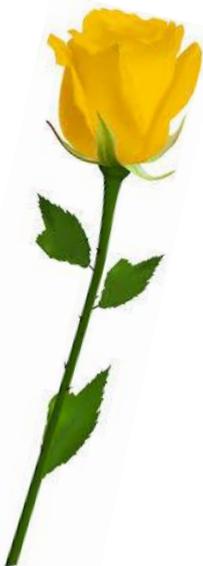
Gather together the flowers Mum
Work pink and white carnations into button holes
Early in the morning while your children sleep
Keeping flowers fresh and cool
As you teach yourself to make bouquets that would brighten
The special days of others and give them hope for uncertain futures yet unknown



Tend the flowers in the garden Mum
Watch your children grow and play
Grazing knees and bruising hearts, as talents blossom from your care
Yellow jasmine against ironstone walls
And beds of snapdragons, poppies and begonias
Provide a backdrop to your mothering



Paint the pretty flowers Mum
See the beauty in the world around you
Shapes in purples, blues and oranges
Like your Mother before you, colour the canvas and the paper
As you provide a listening ear to friends and strangers alike
Pouring oils on troubled watercolours to bring peace



Gather together the flowers Mum
Be the Grandma you always wanted to be
Taking delight in children again at the heart of the family you created
Your roots firmly planted now and golden roses celebrate your marriage
While your own foliage turns from green into burnished ochres
The flowers of late summer arranged with autumn leaves

Leave us a trail of flowers Mum
So we can follow you when you go
Lifting your roots from the earth again
After all this time, this life, in this place
Walking through the meadows and the fields beyond
Disappearing into the horizon as your fragrance and colour is carried away by the breeze.

