

# 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.

