

"Hello Mum" by Mark Trichet

It's not what she hears that day
No. It's what she sees,
The image very nearly killed her
The neighbours say the scream was heard two blocks away
Though she can't recall hearing what was said

No. It's what she sees alright
Even to this day, she can feel the envelope
She can see the "WESTERN UNION" through the milky window
She can see the "THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO
EXPRESS..."
What she doesn't hear, is what the Telegram Boy had to say

She still has the Telegram
Its yellow parchment a little brittle, the typed words
"HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR SON..." a little smudged, tears she
guesses
Though she doesn't remember any tears, they came later
Along with the pain of not knowing, and the sorrow of knowing

Then almost a year to that day, it's not what she hears
But what every mother would want to see
What every mother would want to feel
And every mother would dearly love to hear
"Hello mum, I'm home..."