A Mother's Tear

By Amy Peterson

There's more to the story,
than what just appears.
A war written story,
from blood and from tears.
My son went to war,
a very proud man.
He fought in Iraq,
on the hot desert sands.
He witnessed his buddies,
his comrades, his men,
bleeding and dying,
he witnessed their end.
Where is Pvt. Tommy?
He's blown up all around,
his comrades spent hours,
picking him from the ground.
Sleeping in holes,
dug in the sand,
dreaming of home,
but it's become foreign land.
He can't tell his enemy,
from family or foe,
as he watches his friends sent out,
with tags on their toe.
He knows his Mama,
is sleepless like him,
and he tries to send word,
whenever he can.
He tries not to worry,
his family at home,
the horror that he faces,

he faces alone.
His mission is over,
he's sent back to me,
he fought for our freedom,
but he'll never be free.
He yearns for his buddies,
that died over there.
He's caught with the living,
in a doubled looped snare.
He screams in the night,
for the battle still roars,
as he lays in his bed,
he re-lives all the horror.
Nobody heard the fight,
he still fights,
except for his Mama,
who comforts him every night.
He never will be,
the son I once knew,
the war killed that part,
for freedom, for you.
Great Nation, Great Leaders,
and all those who will hear,
Freedom began
on a mother's first tear.