

## **Save the Babies**

Sue Masters

I'm drowning, gasping, can't breathe, can't see

A voice close but indistinct

Then as the fog lifts, I focus on his face

And the words he is saying, hit home

I am sorry, he was a credit to you

You should be proud

The fog descends again

He's gone

The laughter of the factory haunts me

Hope for the future crushed

In the cruel hard reality of war

The dreams of after the war

All gone

The doors we imagined for us, slammed shut

My boy, killed by a shell I filled

Gone

The Graphic open on the table, mocks me

National Baby Week, Save the Babies

Too late for mine