

PWY YDW I'N MEDDWL
OEDDWN I?

1914

WHO DO
I THINK I WAS?

1918

Janet Strangis, Dowlais Visual Art Group

Mother Sits Downstairs Alone

Mother sits downstairs

Alone.

I hear her silent tears

And know her thoughts,

Her mind,

Many miles away.

The letters arrive,

All too few.

Obliterating

Their words,

Their lives.

Telegrams come and we sit

And we wait.

And we thank God,

If there is a God...

We are not alone,

There is no comfort in numbers.

We smile our empty smiles.

Days drift into weeks,

Drift into months,

Drift into years.

And mother sits downstairs

Alone.