

You Waited

He went off to war and left you waiting here,
With the heartaches, the worries, the pain and the fear.
Not knowing if you would ever see him again,
You stood bravely as he boarded his plane.
You held him close as you said your goodbyes,
Then averted your face to hide the pain in your eyes.
You returned back home with heart of lead.
Not wanting to face that cold empty bed,
Where, in his arms you used to sleep.
Then you broke down and began to weep.
You anxiously waited for the postman to come,
With that letter from your dearest loved one.
Waiting each day, slowly going insane,
Wanting his arms to hold you again.
All through that wait, you endured the pain,
Hoping 'gainst hope that it wasn't in vain.
Finally he returns and is safe at home,
Promising you never more will he roam.
Back in your arms and safe at last,
That awful waiting is now in the past.
Now the waiting is over but the memories remain,
And every so often they haunt you again.
All you who waited, stand tall, walk proud,
You too are heroes, standing out from the crowd.
You stayed faithful, loyal and true,
So here is my tribute, just to you.

28 July 1998

For my dear friend Sharon (TShooters) and all who like her endured the agony of waiting for their man
to come home from war.

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