Lydia

Slaid Cleaves

Lydie lit a cigarette today,
Ancient fumbling fingers in her way
From a forty year old coffee cup she sipped a bit of gin,
Closed her eyes and let the memories in.She lives in the old place all alone,
Keeps in touch with neighbours by the phone,
Grows herbs on the graves of her firstborn and his father,
And the coal trucks never bother her.Oh Lydie, let him go. the boy is gone,
Her mother struggled as she tore him from her arms,
Oh Lydia, your tears are heaven's rain,
But she never was the same.A cotton dress and satin shoes,
Indian summer sun, dressed in amber hues,
Spending time with a coal miner's son,
To an old time fiddle tune,The months went by just like a breeze that year,
They wed in June, and by the fall the boy was here,,
Word come down from big stone, there's a fire in the mine,
And eleven men they couldn't find.Oh Lydie, let him go. the boy is gone,
Her mother struggled as she tore him from her arms,
Oh Lydia, your tears are heaven's rain,
But she never was the same.She watched them pull him from the hole,
The overalls he wore were blackened by the smoke,
Lydie twice had had this dream and twice it had come true.
And when she saw his father's boots she knew.Oh Lydie, let him go. the boy is gone,
Her mother struggled as she tore him from her arms,
Oh Lydia, your tears are heaven's rain,
But she never was the same.Lydie lit a cigarette today,
Ancient fumbling fingers in her way
From a forty year old coffee cup she sipped a bit of gin,
Closed her eyes and let the memories in.

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