

PJ JOHNSON, Y.P.L.

dandelion seeds

One of the most powerful forces in existence is the bond between a mother and her child. It's one that extends from the cradle to the grave, and some say beyond.

But life is far from perfect and sometimes there are problems that separate us as families. Situations beyond our control, such as the heartache once faced by mothers of 1st Nations ancestry who watched as their children were taken away to another life in the mission schools.

The mission school: Very often that was a place a child entered with a pure heart and left with a broken spirit. But the bond. The bond between a mother and her child is never really broken. This song is for the mothers.

Somewhere in a rundown part of town
she sits and softly strums an old guitar
and her face is lined and wrinkled
and the wind is at the door
and she thinks about the past
and then she sings:

O little boy please
don't cry in the night
don't cry in the night for me
though i cannot be with you
god knows how i miss you
i'm lost in the wind like a weed



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blown away like a dandelion seed
I remember the day
and the sun and the sand
and the chill of a cool northwind
and the weed gone to seed
that you plucked from the reeds
to clutch in your little boy hands
O the glow in your eyes
as you sat by my side
with your treasure held high in the wind
as the spores soft and white
in the breezes took flight
and never came back again

O little boy please
don't cry in the night
don't cry in the night for me
though i cannot be with you
god knows how i miss you
i'm lost in the wind like a weed
blown away like a dandelion seed

And somewhere in another little town
he holds a faded picture in his hand
and his face is lined with raindrops
and the wind is in his hair
as he looks across the mountains
and he says:

Wherever you are
please don't cry in the night
don't cry in the night for me
for god knows i've missed you
someday i'll be with you
blown home on the wind like a weed
i'll fly home like a dandelion seed

yes, i'll come home on the wind like a weed
i'll fly home like a dandelion seed

pj johnson, the Raven Lady, was invested as the Yukon's first Poet Laureate on Canada Day 1994. She is a lyricist, playwright, musician, and poet but, first and foremost, she is a storyteller. A collection of her poems and stories "Rhymes of THE RAVEN LADY" will be published this fall by Hancock Press in Vancouver.