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

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.