

Red on White    Written by: Norma Windle – McCreary, MB

Red on white, red on white

She watches from her kitchen window as the empty swing sways back and forth -

A splash of colour against November's first snow

Where did the child go who just yesterday -

Wasn't it yesterday that he learned to hold on all by himself,

To pump his chubby, little-boy legs so he could fly?

“Look at me, Mom! See how high I can go?”

Red on white, red on white

The stamp on the corner of his letter home from the front

Where he flies mission after mission after mission

“Miss you, Mom. See you soon.”

Red on white, red on white

Reflections of Christmas lights dance against the windows spill out onto the snow.

Parcels wrapped with love and hope and prayer

Wait in silent anticipation beneath the tree. Maybe this year?

Red on white, red on white, red on white blood on snow.

He flies no more, grounded for eternity

And the swing slows, slows, stops.