

Contemplation on ~~his thirtieth~~ ^{thirtieth} birthday
It ~~has~~ been so long since you were
last heard from son.

Your family and I have wondered what
kind of a man you have become.

Ten years is a long time to think
of you with tears,

But ^{where you know seem to} mothers have so many fears.

We all know God will take care of you
Sometimes ^{this comfort} it seems that will hardly do -
and I would like to know instead if
you're alive - or dead.

Where can you be? Can't you see leaving
all you owned - leaving without a trace
Made a void in our life - an empty space

Have you found yourself? - as was your
need?

Or could you possibly conceive - after our
holocaust -

That I am the one that's lost

God bless you son where ever you are
On earth - or on a star.