



The Gold Star

In memory of my son Billy (William Fossett) Nivin, who went down with his ship, the USS Serpens.

A GOLD STAR hangs in my window

For passers-by to see—
To them it means so little,
Yet—that star is killing me.

“Missing in action,” we regret to say,

That fatal message read,
Then followed, like the hour of doom,

The report, our son was dead.

My heart is full of pain, my son,
As I cry out for you:

Yet, it seems I hear you say,
As you were wont to do:

“Now please don't worry, Mother,
For I'm quite all right today,
And with any luck at all
I'll soon be home to stay.”

You dreamed of home that awful night,

Your “leave” had just come through—

Not ever dreaming, my dear one,
There would be no dawn for you.

Where your body lies I do not know—

Or does it matter where?

Because you see, my darling—

My own heart's buried there.

They say the war is over,

There's peace—so dearly won—

Yet to me this war will *never* end

Until I meet my son.

