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To a Son who Lives Far away

*Your first ever cry
Made me so proud
tiny pink feet
I kissed fanatically
So elysian was I
To see your half-sleepy eyes
To touch your chubby cheeks
After humming many tunes
To lull you into sweet dreams
After getting up and crawling
Then started to tread a few
Feet, shambling
Falling and rolling
After seeing many sketches
On the wall, I was happy
To see a letter in your writing.
Sitting on a mat with patches,
Still waiting for another letter
Years have come and gone
Even the phone waits yearning
For that long lost call
I still wait to see
Those balmy eyes just once*

