

Poem Factory ?!

Whenever I go on a long tour abroad
My son, Mihir, makes a wish rather odd
“Dad bring me lots of toys,” he starts to tell
And adds, “And send in a new poem on me as well!”

As if writing a poem can be something so easy
Where you can manufacture ‘lines’ without being choosy
Why do I agree to that, I don’t know
Whatever he asks, I try not to say no

I’ve written a dozen poems on him till now
Yet my mind finds something, I don’t know how

Topics, I always manage to find
Is it because, with me, God is kind?
Or because Mihir-though left by me behind
Is really never out of my mind?

Conceived during the boat journey (Macau - Hong Kong) December
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(Poem conceived during the journey, not Mihir!)

-Prasad