

STOCK OF KISSES

Since I left my home, it's been a fortnight
I still remember that moment when I bid goodnight

My son Mihir came to me and said,
"Baba, let me give you a travelling aid!
Since you are going on a trip two months long,
Why not take some of my kisses along?
I'll give you several kisses on your cheek
In the ratio of fourteen times per week
Put them in the pocket of your pant
And when you miss me, move one to your cheek & plant!"

Each day I tend to take out many more
As many times as I miss him, I have lost score
So, Uruguayos & Brasileiros, please help me restore
My quota by hugging & kissing me more and more

So that I can imagine when you give me a kiss
That Mihir is kissing me and feel the bliss

-Prasad Sovani

Spanish Poem written on 9th May 2006 in Treinta Y Tres, Uruguay.

*English Translation written on
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