

My Father

That man! Standing there,
Smiling and Waving,
Inviting me to walk,
Cheerfully clapping –
He was my father!

That man! Sitting there,
Reading and Writing –
Ignoring my presence nearby –
Thoughtful and vanishing –
Yes, he was my father!

That man! Walking there,
Thousands following –
He is singing and shouting –
Expressing words of human suffering –
I recognize him, he is my father!

Here we are, all together,
Family, friends and neighbors joining –
Sharing, talking, dancing and clapping –
He is in the middle there –
O' I belong! He is my father!

I wake up in the night –
To a voice so sweet –
“My boy, how are you?”
Speechless, I look to the east –
I discern a shape in the mist,
Is it my father? Or just a twist!

Who is my father?
He lives in me, he breathes in me,
He moves in me, he smiles in me,
He speaks in me; he is in my mind's net!
My father is here, he is a poet!

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November 23, 2014
Lincoln, MA.