

Neonatal fatherhood

Poetry

From the farthest worlds of heavens above, sees a father then and now five long years of wait consummates; he reincarnates, and the world relishes.

Remembers a promise made to his son palliatively, Boxers day sparkles a twinkle within Father of father is born as a neonate; roller coaster ride; passage so thin.

The joyous sight of stool arriving, pleasant burping and a healthy cry,

The sleepless nights and sleepy days, The post feed milky white tongue Constipated father decided to retire from the hospice Perhaps suspecting a nosocomial lung.

Cough and breathlessness took his lady's toll in-spite,

Cracked nipples were a sorry sight

Episiotomy stitches were threatening to gape,

Papa' prestige and virtues were at stake.

No formula, water, sugar, gomutra*, panchakavyam**,

Dare you feed me any, Ill suck only mama's milk,

Supportive stare, a wishful father's treat,

The stubborn duo was very tough to beat.

Paracetamol before and after dosages seemed to work,

Routine immunisation and pulse polio at government facility; a fit of sulk,

Sacrifices of immense nature do a father make; a thousand miles of separation were truly a bulk.

All is well with me papa, don't you bother,

Your emotions i understand are tough to gather.

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Amazing regular and easy signals to interpret I will give you one or the other,

I might be tiny, but you too are just an inexperienced neonate's father,

* Cows urine in local vernacular language

**preparation made up of cow dung, urine, and milk, curd and ghee.

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