

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.

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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Volume 2 Issue 1 - 2016

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Received: February 15, 2016 | **Published:** February 18,
2016