

Sip

The stool I mount
Has several rungs
To reach a level bar.
His face, a polished
Expectation,
Awaiting my call.
A long drink, I think
For savouring,
to chase away my fears.
Widely smile, hair collar crisp
Fingers deftly skip the shelves
To choose ingredients.

This fruit to satisfy the sweet needs
Of youthful surging palate.
This to kick adolescent punch
without lasting regret.
This to temper the sharp
Astringency of knowing all.
This to earth high rise
To later climb and fall.
And now a mellow note to
Butter middle age.
Finish with an olive
Of acceptance final stage.

He slowly turns
Presenting shakily
A careful blend complex.
His hands , like mine
Grained wonderfully
With all our days requests.
White locks waisting wavily
His keen eyes keep their shine
Stare into me most lovingly
Daughter , slowly sip this life.

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