

Poem for a Son

By James Beldin

Mom and Dad, you always say,
“You’re always getting in the way.”
When things you want to do seem right,
To you maybe, but they can’t treat light,
Those things that to you seem quite all right
They know what can happen.
If they should be nappin’
When they should be holding your hand
Why you’d go off like a rocket unmanned,
And who knows where you might land.
So, have faith in your parents and what they do,
They are doing what’s best for you.
And when off down the road you plod
They will wave with an approving nod
And say you were right by us, and you are right by God.