

Reach

by Reza Murad* (January 2022)

When I was a wee lad
it was me and my dad
we would take long walks around the borough

He would pick me up
his only boy pup
when I fall and inspect me thorough

years gone by
I notice and I spy
his love seems to grow evermore

I would get into trouble
with a fit and a rumble
he would set me straight, shake me to my core

These days, I regret
and I hope I never forget
how I miss our walks and our encounters

Even though we are in reach,
of each other in which
I still fail to humour my father

I dread the day
when it is my turn to lay
him down for his final slumber

before that day is here
here's to many more cheer
and laughter with my old man...

...father

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