

Parent's Perspective

Being A 'FATHER' Is Not Easy!

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It's just another morning, I'm sipping my tea
The cynosure of my eyes – my daughter
comes to me

A normal conversation starts – it slowly
becomes a debate

I want to end the discussion – but alas, it's
too late!

There's a clash of opinions; she has a lot to
say;

I tell her to stop – it's enough for the day

She grumbles, she's half way out of the door

I'm thinking about what happened; She's not
a kid anymore!

My mental picture is fuzzy, there's a cluster
of memories in my head

I remember eighteen years back when
I picked up a tiny blob of flesh from the
hospital bed

I promised her then – I'll give her all the
happiness in the world

All her wishes are fulfilled; I've successfully
kept my word.

I remember how she used to run to me after
a working day

How she climbed my back, how she stamped
her feet to get things done her way

How she thought I was a 'superhero' and
could fix almost anything

And how her greatest gifts would be all the
chocolates, I'd bring....

And so on, the flashes continue, she's no
more the same now

Books have replaced toys and debates have
taken over rhymes somehow

But I know she loves me unconditionally and
she respects me too

I'm still her idol and she adores all that I do.

I've instilled in her the values so she grows
up the way she should

I'm sure she knows all the scoldings are only
meant for her good

She's still a kid to me, I'm scared for her she
knows

It's difficult to live with the feeling; guess
that's how it goes.

A difference in views exists, the situation's
really gritty

From being known as my daughter, she's
developing her own identity

The transition's not easy, I know the world
is too bad

She tries to comfort me by saying; "I can
handle it Dad".

I'm proud to be her father – she knows it
really well

She's the reason of my being, she's my angel.

But I hope she understands – it's a father's
heart after all

There's a strong feeling within, don't know
what it's supposed to be called

The fact that she'll leave some day makes it
all the more uneasy

It's difficult to deal with it - Being a father is
not easy!

Every second of my being – I pray she gets
the best

I'm doing my duty and have left to God the
rest.

