

My Grandson

Rushing, he came
My time to claim
He changed my life
And left nothing the same

Laith made me a grandpa
Happy with unbounded love
And gave me a new fame
He called me Jiddo
And changed my name

My daily life was rearranged
To give him the attention he loves
And help him establish his reign
And ensure that his wellbeing
Is everyone's duty and aim

All that I have
Is now his to have
Without having to have
A password
Or a valid claim

Whenever I see him
He gets excited
I get excited
I hug him and kiss him
And keep calling his name

Take him around the house

Go with him places
Carry him on my shoulders
And play his favorite game

It's rather a shame
That I must travel so often
And miss so much of him
As he grows to become a boy
Without anyone but myself to blame
It makes traveling less enjoyable
And largely insane

Loving and missing are the same
Two faces of a passionate feeling
That wouldn't die or wane
A wintry fire you can always enjoy
But can never tame

A grandson is a sailing love boat
That inspires you to relive life
And gives love a new name
It reawakens passion in the heart
Excitement in the eye
And makes your life
Never, ever the same

Amman June, 2007

