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FOR HER OWN GOOD

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I

His hands were conjoined,
eyes filled with expectations.
“Oh Gawd, why am I deprived?”
It was her fifth labour.
There heard a shriek.
The midwife whispered, “It is a girl.”
He walked right away in a hurl
for it was the fifth girl.

II

There was a pot filled with milk,
undiluted, the next morning.
The priest, after the chants, uttered
“Let the rituals be completed.”
The child was held up.
Only this time, the father did not
want it to show the world.
The bubbles stopped; YES! put to silence.
“It’s for her own good” the women sighed.

III

A year passed by.
The wife again, was at labour.
The ‘father’ wished not to hear
the news he most feared.
The midwife came, with joy.
Dear Lord, it is a boy!
Only this time, there
was not any Pot or Fear.
But colours on faces, smeared.
There was a smile appeared
as if he had something achieved.

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