

THE WEIGHT

One needs it, doesn't one: the weight
Of responsibilities to keep one earth-bound
From flying away into the stratosphere
Difficult to understand? Confusing?
Responsibilities are a measure of importance
Being needed; they are not age-bound
But seem to multiply as one ages
Amasses time. Families grow and go their own way.

The parent or parents say, are we needed?
The response, depending on mood or temperament
Can go either way: K'off or yes, all my life
Something I've learned; they're yours through the storms
The calm, the rain and the sunshine; the good or the bad
For better or for worse, richer or poorer. Does relating to them
get easier? Yes, no and who-are-you-kidding. They enter the world
Of challenges, and soon learn to present some of their own

A parent can ask, "Am I needed?" Is the answer obvious?
Need emotional insurance? You were responsible for remembering
Their birthdays? Yes? Can't stop doing that. Can I? Can I stop worrying
About them? What was your promise? To love and hold this day forth
Until I meet eternity? Something like that. Yes. I need weights
To keep me earth-bound, from flying into the stratosphere, and wanted
And needed; to be a person of importance to someone else.

Leslie D Bush
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