

The Parent We All Wish For But Often Fail To Be



The sun rises for longer each day. As the days lengthen so this means our time together shortens. "What's that noise?" a little voice asks sitting snugly on my feet. "My belly calling for your mummy," I respond lifting my voice in case she is nearer than I think. I never tell him how I give my deepest reserves of life for his. He will know how this feels one day. Each year I trust that as I wait here starving on the ice incubating our child she will not forget me. "Where are you, my love?" I cry into the rising sun. Even when we recognise each others calls still it is this small creature at our feet who comes first. As the journey across the ice gets shorter every year we know, even in this uncertain world, we have to put our trust in the future of our children. Never the thought of "I" or "we" but always "them." We can do no more than feed them, prepare them, then release them to make their own journeys into this changing world. Always preparing for the future generation. [192words]