

Circle of life

Pudgy legs kick the air
A little fist grabs my hair
Giggles and gurgles
In response I burble
To my new born child

Baby teeth and broken sleep
Crying frenzy makes me weep
Scraped shoes and grazed knees
Minor bumps climbing trees
A baby no longer, my child

Laughter and cuddles disappear
Empty tins of supermarket beer
Dirty washing and dirty plates
'Don't bother I'm with my mates'
My monosyllabic teenage child

A few years pass and now at work
Shorter haircut, good shoes, smarter shirt
Money in his pocket, pretty girl on his arm
No longer needed to keep safe from harm
My one and only child

He doesn't forget me and calls with news
Which one day chased away my blues
'I'm getting married Mum', he phoned to say
Get a new hat for this my special day
No longer alone, my child

Life moved on and there he stands
Welcoming with outstretched hands
A little bundle clasped close to his chest
'Oh Mum', he said, 'isn't this the best'
As he showed me his new born child