

A Parent's Dream

“*P*rotect my children from my secret wish
to make them over in my image and illusions
Let them move to the music that they love
dissonant perhaps to me.” (*Nissim Ezekiel*)

We have raised them, sculpted them, schooled them
Exposed them to our ways
Who can blame our parental conceit
Imposing our dreams on their heads?

Give us the courage
To sever the incestuous ties
Free them from the bondage of mimicry
Not in our image are they created
Extensions of our ambitions
Duplications of our aspirations.

Let them imitate God, not us
Let them be freed of servitude to any model
Give us the wisdom to let go of them
The only way to hold them close.

