




Father to Son

Elizabeth Jennings



House


**I do not understand this child
Though we have lived together
now In the same **house** for
years. I know Nothing of him, so
try to build**



Up a relationship from how
He was when small. Yet have I killed
The seed I spent or **sown** it where
The land is his and none of mine?

Sown: to put seed inside ground






**We speak like strangers, there's no
sign Of understanding in the air. This
child is built to my design Yet what he
loves I cannot share.**

Sown: to put seed inside ground





Silence surrounds us. I would have
Him **prodigal**, returning to His father's
house, the home he knew, Rather
than see him make and move His
world. I would forgive him too,
Shaping from sorrow a new love.

Prodigal: spendthrift





Anger

Father and son, we both must live On
the same **globe** and the same land, He
speaks: I cannot understand Myself,
why **anger** grows from grief.
We each put out an empty hand,
Longing for something to forgive.



Globe and house

Long : towish