

DONALD LEVERING

My Only Son—Relapse

A father has to treat his sons the same.
You're like his twin, but he is not so thin,
his pupils aren't the size of poppy seeds.
But I'll not tell I think you're back again.

You'd be his twin, except you're stick-man thin.
I've guessed what happened to your missing car,
will not let on I see you're back again,
assume you need a loan till he gets paid.

I won't reveal they've repossessed your car.
You're nodding low with heavy-lidded eyes.
I'll act like I believe I'll be repaid
and blame your craving on your parents' genes.

I see you nodding, heavy-lidded eyes.
I can't allow my son to be deprived
and have to blame your habit on your genes.
Ashamed to hear you had to be revived,

I won't permit my son to be in need.
Your pupils squeezed the size of poppy seeds,
I fear next time you might not be revived.
A father has to love his sons the same.