Tender Touch

Peter Wasamba

How we long for happiness
Distant like stars in the sky we think
Doomed to loneliness and sadness we moan
Abandoned we feel and wonder where God disappeared to

Hopeless
We fall back to our old ways
Complaining, cursing, drinking, stealing
Settling scores with Him, we think childishly
And still, morally dry like a desert stone we remain

At sunrise
Looking into myself
I see, gradually emerging
A handsome baby, his infectious smile disarming
Innocent, determined, tender, trusting in man's kindness
He stretches his arms, eyes glowing with happiness unimagined

Slowly
I open up my heart
Face beaming with smile he comes
Tenderly he touches me and I feel contented, hopeful
A true friend, and true self: innocent, gentle, simple, kind -
The Makers' very image - noble.

1 Dedicated to Timothy my son, July 2004