

## **Tender Touch<sup>1</sup>**

*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.

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<sup>1</sup> Dedicated to Timothy my son, July 2004