FATHERS’ DAY

What is this thing called Fathers’ Day?

It has no history in the Church;

Is it just to follow Mothers’ Day,

When Dad’s left feeling in the lurch?

Perhaps it’s when the Pope feels kind

And lets his priests enjoy a bit of fun.

Or when a man is pleased to find,

And hold, his firstborn daughter or a son.

We must be careful when we say ‘father’

We don’t mean ‘farther’ meaning ‘further’.

Tomorrow never comes, however long we wait

In that case, then, there’ll be nowt to celebrate!

No! wait; day six, did not God create

Man in all his glory, or so they say;

Well then act, before it gets too late;

Let’s make every Friday, a Fathers’ Day.

For card producers it’s a Gravy Train.

What’s next: an Elder Siblings’ Day?

A Favourite Aunty? or yet again

A Mothers’-in-law card? No way!

But Fathers, men, whose hair is mostly grey;

Whose teeth are showing signs of mild decay;

Though, fȇted year by year along the way,

Yet dread the coming of that - next birthday.

They’re proud their way of life is deemed passé

But still have lots and lots and lots to say:

In my time we made hay, but that’s O-kay

We never went astray; we learned to obey!

I know, I know – that hoary old cliché.

The child is father to the man - some say;

We had our day – a glorious hip hooray

We took her to our hearts in our naïveté

It’s useless asking us to ‘act our age’

‘All aboard’ come, mount the Deadwood Stage;

Release that Secret Love, without delay,

She’s every growing lad’s phantasmal fiancé

Whip-cracker, hip slapper, swinger, singer,

Lederhosen, ne’er forgotten,DORIS DAY!

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