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“For My Son”

What’s the use of faith or devotion?

You ask while still a teen.

It’s all morale. A type of morale.

For what? What for?

For life. For living.

Then what’s the use of that?

You sigh and I fall silent.

I had invited you out to this park on this day

in hopes conversing would console you,

and am instead quickly discovering

myself to be

inadequate, small,

lacking in all the right

answers that would heal.

Mum, we sit and watch the squirrel

with seeds stuffed in its cheeks

scurrying up the tree, watch the swans

in twos strut out of the pond

to harry a couple for bread chunks, see

the brown throated sunbird sipping
out of the yellow trumpet flowers.

It should be

so simple, like that, I think

to myself, the answer.

It should be as though apparent

that the living was enough.
