

“Pa Pa” by Omar Hammami

An old man with old stories of old time past,
Sits in a chair drinking ice cold water from his glass,
Chewing the fat and sharing laughter as he goes,
Talking about when he was young and everyone he knows,
He'd stop for a while and check on his hogs,
or go shoot the poop for all the dogs,
Then to the house he came to fix dinner with joy,
I'd sit by his leg and ask questions determined to annoy.

But he just smiled and answered me the way only he could

“Pa Pa, I'm bored”

“Go haul that wood”

I'd soon change my mind and in patience wait,
For all the family, for Sunday was the date.
The food was the best and the company too,
Pa Pa cooked mash potatoes and peas better than anyone I knew,
Yeah, I loved him a lot, but I miss him more,
Another second, a minute with him I'd adore.