

Four Little Eyes By Milan Jagatia

Almost a quarter of a century
how the clock ticks, days and years whizz by!

Two pairs of eyes, sparkly and new
stare up, bewildered, when not in sleepy dew;
four flappy arms and legs, lost in oversized baby grows,
two little rose bud lips, searching for the newborns' elixir.

Two perspex hospital cots lined up near the bed,
one exhausted mother, an incubation unit
to ripen twins born in the night, with
black bouncy ringlets, framing chubby cherub faces.

Memories almost lost,
return as the clock strikes 12
and chimes in the new year,
24th birthday and much much more.

Two Instagram and TikTok queens with
make up, bulging wardrobes and stiletto heels,
First Class degrees and First Class jobs,
also world wide travel and blogs.

And yet I see....

Four little bright and hopeful eyes,
set in glorious faces, lighting up for me
with belly laughs and broad smiles,
mini-me's.

Two beautiful innocent souls, who healed me.