

A father's apology

-Jasmine Arneja

I am sorry, my child.
As you bake the father's day cake for me
I see your eyes glimmering with glee
Singing to celebrate how wonderful a dad am I
Deep down silently, I cry
I cry because I've failed you
As a parent, as a guardian
I am ashamed at the kind of world I've brought you in
A world where you'll be judged by the color of your skin
Where your life and death will be contingent
On how more or less pigment
you're blessed with
A world where you will be judged, and looked at, and disrespected
And compared and suspected
Just because you look different
A world where you will be restricted
from loving whomever makes your heart flutter
You will be bound by the gender roles of the so called normal
The way you dress, the way you look, the language you speak and the gender you love, will decide your
destiny
Not your education, your knowledge, your wisdom, your grit or your integrity
You'll be scared of every police van, every siren, every strange look and you'll not know why
How much ever you try.
So my dear child, as run my fingers through the "Happy Father's Day, papa" scribbled on a card you so
lovingly made
I apologize, for leaving you amidst the ruins of hate
For not being the father you deserved
For the lies I told you that it's a beautiful world.