

## Family Album

The boy stood cocky on his mother's knee:  
Opaque image distilled in silver eye.  
He knew as none did what it was to be.

Poised in elegance of infancy,  
In folds of cloth and flesh, and gazing high,  
The boy stood cocky on his mother's knee.

Worlds of chairs and sofas were his to see;  
Warmth, motion, light, all mastered by his cry:  
He knew as none did what it was to be.

What was his mother? Her vague history  
Hardly recalled in sorrow, ravished by  
Boy standing cocky on his mother's knee,

She knew the guarded yards outside, crazy  
Dogs and hearts, mind locked behind sigh.  
He knew as none did what it was to be.

Unlikely met, the lonely figure, she  
Turns her half-face, bliss, suspicious eye,  
While boy stood cocky on his mother's knee,  
Knowing as none did what it was to be.

SHIRLEY LIM