

My Son's Whistling

Miriam Manglani

My son is a beautiful whistler,
often unaware he's whistling,
as if it was as natural as breathing.

If I listen closely and close my eyes,
I can hear my dead father whistling
the same tune
as if my son was blowing
the same decades old air
from his young lungs,
kissing it warmly with his grandfather's thin lips.
In those moments I don't ever want him to stop.

