To Kris, My Son



1.
My son, my first,
my heartbeat from the past,
I saw you born, strong, whole,
and I knew: I would forever be a dad.

2.
But life, that river which gets lost,
twisted the paths between us,
sometimes leaving your pain in the fog,
and my love, too discreet, almost blurred.

3.
You were never second
in my heart, nor in my thoughts.
Even if distance, too often,
made you doubt it.

4.
I saw your steps as a man,
proud and upright,
I admired, even from afar,
the father you became,
the smiles of your little ones,
those sweet reflections of you.

Chorus
You are my son, my essential,
my blood, my strength, my spark.
Even far away, you beat in my heart,
not less loved, not less in colour.
My love for you is always whole,
like a sun that never goes out.

5.
Forgive my absences, my silences,
they were not a lack of love,
just the clumsiness of time,
and the echo of our paths.

6.
You are my son, unique and precious,
my pride, my blood, my fire.
And even if we see each other less,
you are always there, deeply, all the time.

7.
On this day, when you turn forty,
receive these words, simple but burning:
You are loved. You always have been.
I am here until the end of my days.

8.
You arrived in a tumult of life,
in a time when everything was changing, fleeing,
and I did what I could, between dreams and survival,
but not always what I should have… and I know it.

Chorus
You are my son, my essential,
my blood, my strength, my spark.
Even far away, you beat in my heart,
not less loved, not less in colour.
My love for you is always whole,
like a sun that never goes out.

9.
I did not always know how to tell you
what my heart wanted to scream:
that you were my North, my future,
my beloved son, even when I was far.

10.
The years flew by, like hurried birds,
and the wind carried us each our own way.
I saw you build, often without me,
your path as a man, your family, your present.

11.
You in turn sowed life,
and your children — my little treasures —
are the living proof of your love,
even if I don’t hold them tight enough.

12.
I love them, too, deeply,
even from afar, even in silence.
And I tell you today, simply:
love does not know distance.

Chorus
You are my son, my essential,
my blood, my strength, my spark.
Even far away, you beat in my heart,
not less loved, not less in colour.

My love for you is always whole,
like a sun that never goes out.

13.
I have been more often with your sister,
not by preference, but by circumstance.
She lived closer, believe me, without resentment,
it was a path dictated by evidence.

14.
But never did I compare,
nor put one heart above the other.
A father’s love is multiple, whole,
and each of my children is proof of it.

15.
If I hurt you through my absence,
if you believed, at times, to be only a shadow,
then I ask you for forgiveness, without defence,
for my heart has never counted.

16.
You are my son, my blood, my voice.
A man I admire, whom I love without hesitation.
And even if gestures are sometimes missing,
the feelings, they endure.

Chorus
You are my son, my essential,
my blood, my strength, my spark.
Even far away, you beat in my heart,
not less loved, not less in colour.
My love for you is always whole,
like a sun that never goes out.

Post-Chorus
There is no "second", when one loves,
there are only ties sometimes entangled.
But today I write you this poem
to tell you everything, and never let you doubt again…

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