

Dedication

you can't comprehend
how precious you are to me
I was your age, once

filled with future's dreams:
goals, adventures, loves, hatchlings(?)
yet to be made real

Nan felt what I feel
reaching out, yet holding back
her love ached, like mine

I watch from afar
your special stars beckon you
you're on your journey

you're Papi's vectors
to future's remnants of me
this book is for you



Photo: Puerto Vallarta, 2010

This haiku was written as the dedication for my e-book *Haiku Quintets*. See dandana.us/fivepalms