

## My Birth

I was a preemie  
not ready for life outside,  
or so I was told

siblings were stronger  
my frail five pounds weighed on Mom  
she'd practiced on them

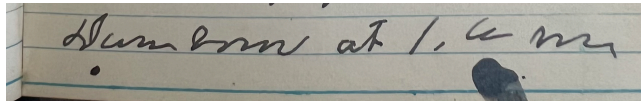
somehow, I made it  
earned farm-boy immunities  
Nature's bugs give up

long before the Pill  
I was my dad's eighth and last  
spanning five decades

thanks, Mom and Daddy  
for giving me life to live  
I might have not been



November 1945



Great-grandmother's diary entry 23 September 1945: "Dan born at 1 am"

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