

My Dad
14 December 1874 - 22 April 1955

on this Father's Day
you're one-hundred-forty-nine
your last child salutes

totem of my youth
aspirational model
pedestal figure

dwindling few of us
remember your twinkling eyes
what thoughts stirred your mind?

when I reach your years
who'll recall my twinkling eyes?
some aging poet?

meanwhile, life goes on
I'm busy living each day
just as you were, Dad



J. W. Dana circa 1919

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