

Books

she texted, “thanks, Dad,
for reading me books back then,
when I was a kid”

surprised tears welled up,
spilling on my iPhone screen
between heaving sobs

what hunger is this?
what deep longing has been touched
by her gratitude?

I’m a gray old man
wondering what good I’ve done
with my eighty years

five decades later,
she’s a librarian now,
a lover of books



Photo: 1973

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