

My Dad at 150

Birthday: December 14

We're getting up there in years, you and I, Old Man. You are who I've strived to be, in fatherless dreams. Dwindling few of us recall your twinkling blue eyes as thoughts stirred your mind. When I reach your years who'll recall my twinkling eyes—some aging poet?



1874 - 1955

30 October 2024

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