

FOLLY OF THE FATHER

My baby girls pulled me from the abyss,
their eyes, and hearts, wide open.

I was young.

My sons too, yearned for me.

My fatherhood to them a failure--

My worst of myself. Days became weeks,

weeks to months, months to years,

years ... to ... a lifetime.

All passed. Time with no relevance,

my life outside of time.

Watching. Feeling.

Forever to see, to know, that which

is beyond reach. Beyond repair.

I was young, the abyss strong.

I was

Not yet myself.