

## Daddy's Hands

They swung me up above your head  
and always held me tight;  
in the roughness of your hands  
I also felt their might.

You held mine less and less, it seemed,  
for a long while as I grew,  
but when they reached back out to me  
then I was reassuring you.

They always spoke to me of strength  
and your unbending will.  
It cut right to the heart of me  
to see them lying still.

Tradewinds ®

Some days I don't think about you at all.

Some days fly by, and the people who are still here are big enough to fill the hole you left,  
or at least they fill my vision with color that hides it.

On those days, it almost doesn't hurt.

But when one sip of the green tea you liked

(we were the only ones, another taste we shared alone)

punches as hard as this upcoming Father's Day is going to

and I realize I'm sitting in the house you decided to die in

the hole is all I can see, and

I am stuck in everything I should have said

and the days I didn't reach out

and the times we fought

or more often, the times we didn't talk at all.

On these days,

I can't look away from the hole

I can't see how life has just kept on going

(how can anything go on with such a big hole in it?)

and I think about your darkness and I wish I had fought it for you

and I'm afraid it is going to swallow me too.

## The Stand

I am not a leader. This is not a statement  
about my personality, but my status.

A certain kind of leader, the kind who follows you  
and therefore, can be given full trust, faith, esteem.

You deemed them unworthy, of both your time and mercy,  
and cut them out of the group, the team, the community—  
and our lives, or at least, you would have if I had let you,  
but rejecting your ultimatum and your judgment,

I took my own control. This intolerable stance  
earned suspicion, and demotion, and enough cold shoulders  
to build a wall so high I could never return,

but who said that I wanted to? The joke's on you,  
because this act all in one

determined that I would not be a leader,  
and made me exactly the kind you need.

## Yahtzee

Your eyes,  
alight with fun,  
sparkled with humor as we started to play.  
It could have been dull,  
just five dice and a cup,  
but your set was Charlie Brown  
and boring was not in your vocabulary.  
We played and we laughed,  
every night of that Florida visit spent around your big dining room table  
with ice cream, of course, and the game,  
and the sound of your joy ringing in our ears.  
I thought then that I was happy we came,  
but I didn't know glad until a few months later,  
when we had flown home  
and the stories had been told  
and the cancer had jumped in for a turn against you.  
The doctors took our places,  
shaking the cup desperately and spilling the dice again and again.  
But it won,  
five of a kind before the summer was over,  
and the 'Game of Chance' was the last we ever got to play.