



## Daughter (April 17)

From the miracle of birth  
She came into my world  
A tiny precious bundle  
For me to hug and hold

I recall the very early days  
When I held her in my hand  
She snuggled on my shoulder  
Truly feeling like a Dad  
Protecting and supporting  
To cuddle her off to sleep  
Engorged with such emotion  
So proud with eyes in weep

I thought I knew the feeling  
To be a parent, Dad in role  
Little did I know though  
Of the emotional toll  
Of a daughter from my own spirit  
Made from every part of me  
That called on every cell and mote  
Of my mind and energy

And so the years roll past  
So, so fast it seems to me now  
And now she's grown and off alone  
I count the furrows in my brow