

Andrew

Andrew instills in his children
this love of nature...
more than that, its equilibrium,
how blade of grass and deer
are one,
how winter is a healing
as much as any spring.
He impresses on them
the provisions, the demands,
of all around them.

He strums an old guitar
that's tuned to his good ear,
sings of the past,
that other threatened ecosystem.
Despite distractions from the newness,
the children take the time
for what is old.

And then there's night sky,
the clear bright introductions:
Cepheus and Draco,
Lacerta and Cassiopeia.
He points
and children ride his finger
to the stars.

Andrew's to be listened to,
to be wondered at.
He's fathered children
and they've fathered him.