

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,
Maine Poet Laureate*

Here's a poem to honor fathers and the life-long influence they have on us. In the piece, the late David Walker of Freedom, Maine, writes of his attempt to reach his father, visible yet always in the distance.

The Crossing

by David Walker

At the far edge of the field, just in the shade,
my father waves; the heat cuts us in two
as I walk towards him. The stubble bleeds
yellow, then nearly white; it crunches like snow.

Into the sun I stride, erect in my cause
and body straining towards the other side.
Hands on his hips, my father watches me cross
calmly. I am revolved in the season's eye.

The sun leans in the distance, drawing a cloak
of pines slowly over its head; and still
he is waiting. Every year that I walk
his smile grows nearer. And I begin to smile.

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