

## **Elegy for my father**

long ago  
before crayoned masterpieces  
turned into english compositions  
I used to walk here  
gripping my father's finger with all of mine  
because I was so small.  
the trees were tall enough to be forever  
and the crickets chorused for the  
deep blue of a summer's evening.  
my father walked near the water  
so I wouldn't have to ever be afraid  
of falling in.  
now it is winter  
and I am walking here again, alone.  
the trees have gotten small, somehow,  
but the water  
the water crashes against the sea wall  
and there is no one to walk near it  
but me.

**Kathryn Solms Wheeler**