

## **MY THREE SONS**

### **To Ian (October, 1989)**

Sometimes I think  
Manet was right  
(unconnected souls look out  
with solitary, solemn eyes  
the vision of humanity)

Yet you and I are partners  
one seven, one forty-one  
You grow not orderly  
(but always up  
and further than before)  
unexpected and  
strange to me, yet intimate.

On night, age five,  
You asked of me,  
“if god made all the people,  
who made god?”

I thought  
(with pride, respect and love)  
our partnership is full.

We both know wisdom’s bounds.

### **Alex (October, 1988)**

Now I have a new generation.

He walks with purpose  
small steps  
(little miracles)  
unsteady, self-proud  
pure joy.

A providence  
world’s hope.

He has my father’s name.

### **Michael’s Poem (July, 1990)**

If Frost took pen today  
He might have changed

My favorite poem  
A holocaust produces nuclear ice  
Ozone loss a global fire  
Yet Frost is right  
Desire and hate  
Are great.

What will be your future, son?

I only know  
My job is to protect,  
First years,  
While you explore

I know that you will make  
A future that you see  
Through your own eyes  
Not mine  
The wisdom that I’ll try to give  
Please don’t forget your needs  
Stunned by the greatness  
Of all Life.

Our future?

I wish that man had made  
A better past  
Upon to build  
But you can make your  
Private world  
If not the public one.

One month of age,  
Your squirm within my grasp,  
Digestion is the major task  
At hand, my voice’s  
Rhythm (brook’s babble to your ear)  
What I convey

Behold!  
I see your first true smile  
Not up at me  
But at the light  
Above my head.

