

*For My Daughter*

It's funny how I never saw you grow.  
I seem to miss what's nearest as a rule,  
far too preoccupied — a busy fool  
blind to the way the seasons come and go.

What shall I give since now you're going too  
and will be gone a while? Although you're brave  
and self-assured, I know I rarely gave  
a sign to show how proud I was of you.

I give it now, with love; but love's no gift:  
it's yours by right. Because you're going far  
I'll give a gentle light to be your star,  
and all my hopes to hold when life's adrift.

I'll give them all, though all I have would be  
no gift beside the gift you were to me.

