

Dear Dad,

I've labored, reflected and reminisced
in a futile effort to compose
the perfect poem.
This challenge is unachievable,
perfection is not realistic.

An insightful man taught me that,
along with patience
and the art of exploration
and how to think—rationally,
and when to stop . . . or start.

This incredible man also
showed me truth
and dedication
and faith
and faithfulness.

So, I've been shown
all these virtues, and still
words escape;
the ones I need to write
the perfect poem.

Perhaps words of enduring strength
do not exist.
When I think, meanings
disappear and perfection remains
illusive.

Thoughts swirl around me,
absent of definition
and exactness.
Comfort from memories saturate
my vague knowing.
The wordless comfort from
my childhood
is my perfect poem.