

A Father's blessing
(for Jacob)

We cast these children
Like fledgling falcons
Into the winds of the world.

We nurtured them,
Prepared them the best we knew,
Taught them to fathom and to feel.

Oh Sky, Father, help them to survive.
Help them know joy, oh Earth, Mother
And move them to visit often.

Bless them! Bless them!
Hail to the young warrior children!
May they have great good luck.

(Before we were parents,
Now we're observers.)

(Note on the poem: it is not dated but it surely comes from the time when Jake graduated from high school which would be 1999 making it one of the last "poems from another century")