

In Her Wake

She left for the coast,
The girl with the most
Fabulous father I know;
A month and a day,
What can I say,
I hated to see her go.

An adventure in fun
With girl number one,
Bent by philosophy's ways;
Through the woods walkin,'
All the time talking,'
Lighting the path of our days.

It's hard to believe
A child I'd conceive
Would grow to a confidante, friend;
To have and to hold
In time would unfold
And the story of me would append.

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