

Generation Gap

That day, after your stay in Mom's sickbay,
while watching you back out the drive, alone,

returning to your home away from home,
(to that remote "outpost" well suited for
oh, so much more than academic growth),
as we both waved goodbye, I'd hoped you knew
that my well justified, paternal pride
would follow you most anywhere you'd go;
that I'll be satisfied with further gains—
yet wished they'd be attained with lesser pain.

But I dare say, although you had grown wise
beyond sophomore years, the wealth of my
invested pride, and too, the private tears
you weren't privy to, with which I'd washed
and purified that pride, from their wellspring
flowed real-life fears you'd often trivialize,
or laughingly deride, "Oh, Daddy," when I,
your senior by, some thirty-seven years
(which falsely intimate we've separate lives)
to you my ingrained fears for you apprized.

Need I point out, it was not I, but you
who flew (with judgment seriously remiss)
from that quit gravel-pit's high precipice,
to land knee-deep in its abandoned scree,
too near untimely death, and missing that,
debilitating injuries, —almost.

A host of other dangers still exist
of which you seem oblivious, and thus,

are vulnerable and prone, due to your youth,
I fear, my dear, dear, driven youth, alone.