

Ode to Parents

A poem,
though its words may rhyme,
leaves insufficient room and time
for every sentimental glance,
but I think I'll give this one a chance.
What follows here,
my parents dear, is but a small reflection
upon those years that make it clear:
I owe you some respectin'.
And college has a funny way
of bringing back the past,
reminding me of all its blessings,
how it wasn't all that bad.....
From Popham Beach to Breton shore,
From Gus and Gus to fairs.
From Halfling jokes to Christmas morning,
waiting on the stairs.
From Rose des Vents to Rusty Rudder,
Oh, the good food I have known.
From RFK to La Beaujoire,
Oh, the memories that we've sown.
From morning chats and midnight hugs
to castle on the hill.
And thanks for all long distance calls
(and sorry for the bills!)
From Landrovar and Dad's guitar,
to Maman's gentle song.
From basement shows to studios,
you've been there all along.
For all the times I kicked and screamed
when forced to make my bed...
Mom, you should know this task's become
A little joy instead.
And Dad, your fascination with
the ripples in the water
has shown me that there is no doubt:
I truly am your daughter.

So thanks again for lessons learned,
though some with tears and frowns;
In the end, they always kept
my two feet on the ground.
I know for every memory,
there's a thousand happy more;
I know these years are just a start,
a sign of what's in store.
So while this road goes ever on
please look back on this truth:
For every time I sing a tune,
I heard it first from you.

- 2003 (upon graduation from the College of William and Mary)