

Father of the day

By Andy VanSlyke

*Father of the day when shines the sun
Father of the night when day is done.
Father of children four,
Father of love, kindled within a thousand hearts,
Arid were those thousand as never before.*

*Father of many a wizened word
Spoken aloud and often heard
Sung by the moon herself
Father of dreams, mentored with a thousand minds,
And on those thousand paths he winds.*

*Embodied as soul with a given chance,
The lives he changed without a second glance,
Never expected back did he.
But nonetheless a thousand fold,
Returned he was in sacred gold;
Love from young and such from old.
T'was love he gave and love he got
And never more had he besought.
Endeavor counted not for fill,
For Jerry the old run of the mill,
Trickster, jokester, liver, lover.*

*If history were to question proof
That existed did a Jerry VanSlyke
In a century to come
Evident may not be dispute
But for his fellow folk with angry words...*

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