Our Fathers

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He'll miss the time he steals third base,
and walking with her in white lace.
With wings of gold, I would fly
and ease the dreams that make them sigh.
So she could feel his scratchy face,
and once again his strong embrace.
He could watch his son grow tall,
and teach her how to palm the ball.
There are no wings to spare today,
so comfort finds us in a way.
A future blooms fresh and new,
although it holds a different view.
Signs of him on their young faces,
eases the pain in empty spaces.
As dreams awaited begin to come true,
I find myself wishing, if he only knew.

--Carol Ferguson