Gavin

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss2/4
RAQUEL THOMPSON

GAVIN

HE stands before me
22, 6 foot 2
In a crisp button up burgundy n blue
Arms open to embrace me saying in a sing song voice
The words I love to hear...woman I love you

A fine black man raised by a strong black woman
He learned early... you take shyt from no one
Motivated, educated, dedicated, fully authenticated

The sight of him brings joy to my soul and tears to my eyes
No words exist that describe his greatness
The sound of his voice is true bliss
The pride I feel for him is priceless

He grew on me, grew in me, grew with me
Taught me patience, showed me love
He was God sent, God meant...
For him to be dynamic

His creation was symbolic
Of a re-birth of souls
He put ends to my means and means to my ends
He is one man I would draw blood to defend

He and I are one and for now
All I can do is call him sun
And pray that he never learns to hold a gun
Pray that he learns to be a man while he's young

Pray that he faces his battles
singing we shall overcome!!....
I look forward to the day I can hold him in my arms
Kiss his tears away and make every day better than the first

All too soon he’ll be 22
6 foot 2
In a crisp button up burgundy n blue
Arms open to embrace me saying in a sing song voice
The words I love to hear...woman I love you

Looking down at the hands that raised him
Loved and nurtured him
Enclosed in a warm embrace
I'll be wondering where time went.

"It is better to raise boys than to mend men"

I love you