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A Trope for Learning

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A Trope for Learning

To my father on his 80th birthday

by Linda Chown

All little, my patent leathered feet pad to meet your stride.
Your long powerful legs unreachable,
I flutter in an intensity
to keep the pace you set.
Now, pictures show us, me,
all skinny with bobbed hair
and a crookedly intense wince of a frown
and you, all long and fervent
with lanky motion, intermittent twinkle.

Somehow this groping towards has marked me well.
In this striving to join, to meet,
to walk apace,
is a trope for learning shared:
we hold our own in the present,
being completely there.