

2-8-2013

Her Daughter

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Recommended Citation

Vance, Bob (1978) "Her Daughter," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1978: Iss. 1, Article 27.

Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1978/iss1/27>

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HER DAUGHTER

sometimes has the same displeased wrinkle
a silence across her brow;
can be the child wishing
for small sparkling things
to be put on shelves and dusted.

Her daughter has dark skin too,
olive and mediterranean.
I read her stories of wizards
flying in huge sailed schooners
and she thinks
I must be one: "Where's your mooned hat?"

But it is only this chair I say
you could feel kingly too
the captain of some fleet
of water wavered angelfish.

No, she would much rather
roller skate or take long walks
for ice cream when leaves
pull down in night heat
and I find speech hard

because of rhododendrons
bits of glass on the walk
a cooling breeze, yes
her daughter

knows about earthen hands, thinks
I am tall enough to touch
another sky and I shake my head
rolling the cigarette between
my fingers thinking about

...

HER DAUGHTER (Cont'd)

her daughter
watching waves from some light-craft
her sails blushed orange
billowed with wind.

/ Bob Vance /

This is a lonely office

I turn presidential,
taking polls,
returning again and again
to the day's papers.
I worry over a union
of small states, knowing
by how slight a thing
I could lose them all.
With even one minor
defection more
my party founders,
mail stops,
old allies hang up the phone,
& I bend down to shoulder
great defeat.

/ Richard Stravers /