

Father's cane

by Angie



He grasps it with a firmer hand
As if it helps him understand,
He peers and leans with emphasis
Yet oft times fails with even this

For trials below are never trite
And mistakes may have a special bite
An old man limping here and there
Shows why such rules are made with care

Father's cane is Father's prop
With emphasis, it signals 'STOP'
He taps and shuffles, keeps it near
What tales that cane could tell it hears

It waits, it rests - as he cannot
As patriarch, his words are fraught
He weighs each secret as it's wrought