

FOR MY DAD ON FATHER'S DAY

from Reed

*He's six-foot four minus one slipped disc,
Not known to take a culinary risk,
Acute political wit--no twit,
My Dad.*

*A man most generous with all his resources,
Buys dinners of six courses
For total strangers and loved ones near and far.
Would we begrudge him his cigar?
I think not--he's hot,
My Dad.*

*Raised a Hoosier, but born in Philly,
Loves ice cream from chocolate to vanilli,
Goes mad over fruit in season--loses his reason,
My Dad.*

*I love him, it's true.
He taught me much about being a Jew.
Pride, history, humor--it's all in his approach.
I hope I never forget the lessons he's imparted.
He's quite open-hearted,
My Dad.*

*Now it's once again his day, as with Dads all over.
It comes in June, with flowering clover.
The corn is rising in the Indiana fields
And strawberries and cherries augment his meals.
He loves life, and his children--and his wife,
My Dad.*

*Can anyone ask for a man as fine
To be on their side? He's on mine,
And I'm grateful--Thankful he's
My Dad.*

—Happy Father's Day 1991, Dear Milt!