

WHEN I HEAR YOU SING

Daughter, when you sing
the clear notes dance
into my thoughts and caress
my ego. When the spotlight
announces your presence
I remember my visions,
a father's fantasy
of blue-skied tomorrows.

I dreamed of Little League
and ballgames and giving advice,
and then you were here
and we danced
and we tumbled
and we toyed
with dolls and soccer
and spelling bees.

You took my dreams
and changed them
from a masculine fantasy \to a reality of you—
a reality not anticipated
but reality bursting
with reaching and finding.
And never am I reaching farther
and finding more than
when I hear you sing.

*J. Paul Holcomb
Lewisville Poet Laureate*