**To Christina at Her Graduation**

*1994*

My heart swells at this morning hour.

The joy flows calm and warm. For you exist.

A seed these twenty years and three has flowered,

From babe to child to woman. Souls have kissed.

Passion's gift from womb to world's first breath

How can one capture birth's sweet sound or sight?

Only with the love. One knows not death.

Fears not the pace. As issue spawns new light.

Although it seems you take a step in time.

Beyond the hearth, the feathered nest, the home.

Only in the flesh. Not in the mind.

These shells we sail as through the void we

No more than momentary ports. Respite.

You and I are father, daughter, life.