**To Phillip Robyn Thor Weidner**

**On His Seventeenth Birthday**

*May 13, 1994*

Six thousand suns, two hundred suns, and nine have dawned and set.

From breast to field to stream to love you've roamed.

Since that precious day your breath began. Our eyes first met.

That gift of life itself. A son was home.

How can it be? The babe is now a man.

Is what I've seen more than a fitful dream?

Yes. Seconds minutes hours and years, the shifting, sifting sands

May take me with the tide but you are what life really means.

My pre before and his own sire have wandered down this road.

From time's first light to final note we flow.

It matters not the songs of man nor hoarded specious gold.

The only tracks we leave the only joys we taste and know

Are those like you my blood my son. Your own span on this earth,

A moment's chance to love your spawn. To find your own true worth.

Your Father,

Phillip