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Ted Fields, Sr.

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What can one say about a human life?
Seventy-five years on earth, three children,
Overcame pain and tears and years and strife,
Their joys celebrated, their fears hidden --
Isn't that what the good eulogies do?
Yet pen and paper are hollow nods to
The root-deep memories of a man who
Died of stubbornness, held my young hand through
The miles between the East and West Coasts, who
Grew anything in his garden for you.
No, this father of my father was far
Too special for that, I find even these mere words too
Paltry to describe his immense value,
Unless you were to him what I was, his star