

90 Syllables of Love

Five haiku plus five more syllables,
in honor of Dad's 90th birthday

July 25, 2006

J. Milton Yinger:
A gentleman and scholar.
A fabulous Dad!

Emma¹, a poet,
Taught a deep love of language.
Milton: a punster.

Honnie²: number 7.
How he revered the others,
And what great stories!

Time to play tennis.
A high lob; ball hits the line?
No questions, "your point."

Winnie, his true love.
A southern rose with allure.
They conquered the world.

I love you! Nancy

¹ Emma Bancroft Yinger, my father's mother

² My father's childhood nickname

Five more haiku, to reflect five more years

January 7, 2008

Soft snowfall, grey sky.
Just small pleasures left: meals, hugs.
Winter for my dad.

June 23, 2011

Dad, old and addled.
I had thought I was ready
To wish him godspeed.

Quiet summer green
In Westwood Cemetery.
Mom's headstone soon twinned?

Belabored breathing.
We gathered to cry, hold hands.
Instead, shared laughter.

July 28, 2011

A hot July night—
The phone transforms cricket dreams.
My father just died.

Memories become memorial.