

FIREWOOD

Hey, Dad, where were you
when those two kids and a drowsy dog
filled the back seat all akimbo?
While we told stories,
you kept your eyes up the highway.
From a long way off,
aspens looked like marigolds
but you only heard them rattle winter.

I listened for running water
but you couldn't find a fishing pole.
I even brought the pocket knife
you bought me.

"Getting ready for winter, that's what's hard,"
you said and we never carved our initials
in the fall trees
when you cut your saplings. --Tom Miller