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Upon Inheriting My Father's Library

Michael K. O'Malley

When a man dies
His son gives a judgment; he must
Balance the weight for life:
My father Wore a Bit of Green in March.

I was on the plane when he fell
While preparing a welcome meal.
There were no sails for me to change:
My father Read about the Presidents.

I heard the news through a glass of booze
Back at my sister's house:
My father could Quote Plutarch.

And the grief of Theseus settled
I stretched myself out and tried to laugh
But sighed. I grow old:
My father Drank Whiskey on St. Patrick's Day.

The sea within is renamed
It looks out from me and digs in too
Memory-judgments visible in leather spines:
My father was an Irishman and a Historian.