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Each Day A Little More

Jo Ann Wolf

My father dies each day a little more.
And those of us who love and are his friend
Live it with him, hold our tears, ignore
His gruffness, frailness, and approaching end.

In sorrow's throes, I grip myself, demand
Control. But memories engorged with raw
Emotions crush my hope and will, expand
My prayers to all who wait in fear and awe.

A man once proud now bears his pain alone.
I watch him walk the narrowing way toward peace
And done. His time will soon be marked in stone.
His purposed energy will seek release.

"Do not go gentle, Rage. . ."* I want to cry,
But, grieving deep, can only say, *Good* and *Bye*.

(*Dylan Thomas, "Do Not Go Gentle")