

A Hand Up

By Glenn Currier

His hand twisted the two wires,
and the engine wondrously fired.

I yelled and cried when I broke my arm
he easily wrapped it without alarm.

Sorry son, I can't come to your game,
the overtime list had my name.

Boy, there's gonna be a delay,
my big project is due today.

Your dad went out of town to speak,
can't play pitch and catch this week.

He picked up the phone and he heard me say:
"Daddy, the cops wanna take me away."

Tonight your dad'll deposit his check
then we can fix the car you wrecked.

Thank you Daddy for all you've done
"Don't thank me, your mama raised you, son."

I regularly tear up with both sadness and joy
seeing a daddy squatting, listening to his boy.

Father-son ties
mix long lows and splendid highs.
Yes, there are tears and yearning
for more than his earnings.
But now I see how my dad's hand
protected and provided,
how he taught me to take a stand,
and showed me how to be a man.

Author's Note: Happy Father's Day to all the dads out there. This poem is dedicated to my dad, Cameron Currier, whom I now see as just a man like me with his limitations and his great gifts. I no longer resent all the days he was not available to me as I grew up. He worked hard for us in the petro-chemical industry in Louisiana and Texas. We always had a house and home with plenty to eat and he provided for my education in more ways than one. Later in life we talked and hugged and he would shed tears of joy when I came to visit. My love and appreciation for him endures.