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As I Gaze Upon My Father

In the brownish photo, my father
Sits up straight
Like a wooden board,
With his knees crossed
And his hands folded gently over his knee,
But the sheepish smile gives him away
Like a pen trying to be a pencil.

He wore a white oxford
That was perfectly pressed
And smooth as a newborn's flesh.
As a second layer he wore a wool sweater
That was rough as sandpaper,
As if to show his life.

--Maren Stuart,
Eighth grade, Tampa Preparatory School,
Tampa, Florida

Merlyn's Pen

“

All good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings:
it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.

”

-Williams Wordsworth