

Daughter

by [John Leax](#) in the [April 21, 2009](#) issue

I don't remember. I was twelve, not yet
aware of how a parent dies before
a child's bewilderment. I lay beset
by fever, lost to life. I will not bore

you reconstructing how they called my name
and wept. They were perhaps more deeply stricken
than some, my father's leadership a claim
on God's beneficence. I've forgotten—

I don't remember anger. What stays
with me is waking to voices about
my bed, one voice clear in the haze
of wonder, and Father's joyous shout.

So long ago now! I live bound by that surprise,
and long to hear again that voice "Daughter, arise."