ANNIVERSARY

It has been more years than I can remember
And more years than I can forget
Since Diane, a four year old girl,
Ran up Spring street shouting," Daddy, daddy!"
She was running as swiftly as her little tanned legs could
And she hurled herself into my arms.
She was crying and I stilled her childish tears
And promised her everything was going to be all right.
She clung to my neck and said,
"I was crying for you, daddy,"
And I replied, "I was crying for you too, Diane."
She shook her head making waves with her hair.
"Oh, no, "fathers don't cry," she said.
I am thinking of this on a bus coming to the United States
From Mexicali,
Three thousand miles from where she is buried.
The bus is crowded and little Mexican children
Are climbing all over me
And they are welcome.
I look out the bus window and I see
The desolate desert and the dead dead Salton Sea.
"To hell, they don't,Diane," I whisper,
"Fathers do cry."
And I did.

Michael Largay