

# *Papa*

SCOTT WALMSLEY

His crow's feet walked a thousand miles  
His dark bags carried all his treasures.  
In his wrinkles hid the stories of a life lived well  
His white stubble brushed against so many pleasures.  
The calluses on his hands built a neighborhood  
His back carried stone.  
His aching feet walked the sands of Omaha  
Amidst dust and blood and bone.  
His once vibrant face now covered in a shroud  
His body beaten, yet somehow still proud.  
His last breath gone on the breeze of some far off shore  
I come to his death bed to kiss him once more.