FIFTEEN (Naomi)

You did not ask to come into this world,
but, frankly, I am happy you are here.
Frankly, it is you
who holds the glue in me together,
sometimes.

Sometimes I look at you in wonder,
a ship at anchor in the harbor;
me, a lifeboat blown about on the open sea.
You, only fifteen, but much wiser;
me, feeling like fifteen, but much older.

Your youth, your wisdom,
keep me in tow on the stormy sea.
I follow you around in the harbor, me the ship;
it should be the other way around;
you are the ship at anchor, I am the boat afloat.

Even though the order reversed,
I relish being your dad
and having you my daughter,
that solid ship at anchor,
allowing me to tow you around.

In the great scheme of things,
it probably does not matter
who tows whom around or in what order.
It does matter to me that you exist,
a major part of my life,
a solid ship at anchor.