

**Dad**

*by*

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My dad.

What can I say?

Other than that I wish that he were here today.

I wanted to write a poem today - a perfect tribute to my dad.

To my dismay, I can't express this swirling combination of fullness and emptiness.

It comes when a person has made you, formed you, taught you life - and the left before it could be shared.

What a horrid poem I've writ. Nothing rhymes, does it.

Sort of like my dad - a man of complimentary contradictions.

A genius of a man who valued family over all else.

Genius' are supposed to be rich and famous inventors.

My dad invented a family.

Others had done it, but there were none like his.

My dad.

What can I say?