

## Excerpt from a Letter to a Son

**You remember those women who have buried their children.**

You do not forget them.

It is not cinematic sadness or a manner of speaking

it is something else.

There are people in the world  
who stand like trees

It is as simple as that.

There are people in the world  
who stand like trees.

Even in dying  
they stand up.

I do not know enough about dignity to call it that.  
It is something more.

You will know it when you find it.  
It is the bird beating its wings just before it soars,  
it is strong like the roots of trees.

when you find it  
(and I know you will)

love  
love  
and defend it.