



## My Father Who Art

By Elayne Adamczyk Harrington

I loved my father before I was a twinkle in his eye.  
He maketh clean and lovely the place of my birth which hath dirtied me.  
My father, with resemblance of Christ.  
My father, with nicknames for rascals.  
My father, original renegade and doted upon.  
A father who forgets to smile in receiving a gift and stays mesmerising.  
My earthly father  
Heaven sent  
Shortcomings and all.  
If it's good enough for the Messiah to hail from a kip, for us it'll do quite nicely,  
All the better to share and argue over with this father to me,  
Break heart I prithee break.  
He either is or is not – just – like – God.  
David of our time  
Celestial bread and butter  
Prince of my pulse,  
King of his own Psalm.  
Father of dreams, both man and master.  
Father, bedtime tales, too soon to happy ever after.  
My father, who puts on the whole armour.  
My father, renewed all the time, will not let history rear its piteous head.  
Oh father, do not go gentle  
Oh Father  
Cornerstone  
Homestead

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