A Father Is Born

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For Nikita

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Two thousand years after a son was bequeathed to man,

A father, arriving with the first winter's snow, was born,

Destined to follow the footprints in the sand,

And to lead those weary of body and spirit to shore.

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Quickly this babe grew into manhood,

A gentleman like no other to be found.

Often he pondered the foundation upon which he stood,

And his respect for his fellow humans was humanely profound.

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A quest he then did take to in spirit and mind,

Searching lands far and wide for a lady he deemed fair,

To give to her a gift of love so fine,

In hopes that one day a child of his she would bear.

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Finally after much questing he did find her,

The one that he had loved since he was conceived.

He looked into her eyes, and his heart did stir,

And he sang: â Prithee, fair one, willst thou marry me?â

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With heart and arms opened wide she graciously accepted,

And upon his white horse away they did ride,

Into a future of loving memories, cherished and respected,

And to the golden castle he had fashioned for them in the sky.

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Not long after their ceremony of marriage,

She transformed into a radiant butterfly, heavy with child.

To him she had become a jewel most precious,

And his touch upon her was exceedingly patient and mild.

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Soon, accompanied by the season of giving,

In the early hours before the first light of morn,

There came to him the sound of a new babe's singing,

And to the father's pride and delight he was reborn.

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