

Prom

I read about a soldier killed before his son was born.
He'd written letters to the boy in case he died.
The story was poignant and clear cut
in a way that my son's and mine isn't—
no opening a letter marked PROM
and reading a dead dad's counsel.
Rather, I knew of the girl he took,
but hadn't met her
or half the kids
they shared a limo with.
It fell on a weeknight
and I couldn't miss work
to make the five hour drive.
You could say I had a heart
half in and half out
of the experience. His mother
rented the tux,
took the photos,
put one in an envelope
and sent it to me.