Here’s a poem to honor fathers and the life-long influence they have on us. In the piece, the late David Walker of Freedom, Maine, writes of his attempt to reach his father, visible yet always in the distance.

**The Crossing**  
by David Walker

At the far edge of the field, just in the shade,  
my father waves; the heat cuts us in two  
as I walk towards him. The stubble bleeds  
yellow, then nearly white; it crunches like snow.

Into the sun I stride, erect in my cause  
and body straining towards the other side.  
Hands on his hips, my father watches me cross  
calmly. I am revolved in the season’s eye.

The sun leans in the distance, drawing a cloak  
of pines slowly over its head; and still  
he is waiting. Every year that I walk  
his smile grows nearer. And I begin to smile.