For My Father

Amleto M DiGiusto
(1909-2002)

In Mid-Manhattan,
the Empire State still
stands pointing skyward
like a prayer.

Downtown, the ground
like a tongue searching
for an extracted tooth
gapes daily for its twins.

But he
slipped away,
one Sunday morning
Silent as a wisp of smoke.

In his stead,
the maple tree
his strong hands planted
points heavenward
in prayer.

Mary Ellen Bertolini (copyright 2002)