

# Daughter

by [John Leax](#) in the [April 21, 2009](#) issue

I don't remember. I was twelve, not yet  
aware of how a parent dies before  
a child's bewilderment. I lay beset  
by fever, lost to life. I will not bore

you reconstructing how they called my name  
and wept. They were perhaps more deeply stricken  
than some, my father's leadership a claim  
on God's beneficence. I've forgotten—

I don't remember anger. What stays  
with me is waking to voices about  
my bed, one voice clear in the haze  
of wonder, and Father's joyous shout.

So long ago now! I live bound by that surprise,  
and long to hear again that voice "Daughter, arise."