

TRIBUTE



From whose fertile loins did I spring?
In whose womb was I conceived?
In whose eye was I once a glimmer?
From whose soul did I once breathe?

Wherefore this head, this nappy hair?
Whither this mouth, this nose too wide?
(The muse that haunts my soul at once
Belies a truth that none can hide.)

That when I look at you and see
Myself reflected back at me,
I know that in this great wide world
There is no greater thrill than to be daddy's girl.
And there is no greater pride or joy
Than to be my mother's baby boy.

Durwin, Gail, Eric, Yolanda, Victor