

*I will You, in all, Myself, with promise
to never desert you,
To which I sign my name.*

*Walt Whitman
"Souvenirs of Democracy"
Leaves of Grass*

SALUTE TO MY SONS

I am warmed by our brimming
And enduring comradeship.
I exult in the shared laughter
That brightens the darkest of my days.
I draw a special strength
From our togetherness
And my fatherpride is boundless.

Today my years are sixty-five
With more roads yet to travel,
And when I reach my journey's end,
My sons, let no tears be shed
But pass on to your children
My bits of song, of hope, of love
And sometimes rage, but always hope.

And at the final doorway
I shall take your mother's hand —
I shall dismiss the ordained
Ambassadors from Heaven
Who promise passage to Paradise.
My dues are paid; my game is won
Because you are my immortality.

So also for my grandchildren,
As you unfold new worlds of books
And clowns, gardens, kittens, pups —
My presence will be noted.
And like old Walt, beloved bard-father,
I also promise never to desert you —
To which I sign my name.

Max Huberman

September 23, 1986