

## 90 Syllables of Love

Five haiku plus five more syllables,  
in honor of Dad's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday

**July 25, 2006**

J. Milton Yinger:  
A gentleman and scholar.  
A fabulous Dad!

Emma<sup>1</sup>, a poet,  
Taught a deep love of language.  
Milton: a punster.

Honnie<sup>2</sup>: number 7.  
How he revered the others,  
And what great stories!

Time to play tennis.  
A high lob; ball hits the line?  
No questions, "your point."

Winnie, his true love.  
A southern rose with allure.  
They conquered the world.

**I love you! Nancy**

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<sup>1</sup> Emma Bancroft Yinger, my father's mother

<sup>2</sup> My father's childhood nickname

## Five more haiku, to reflect five more years

**January 7, 2008**

Soft snowfall, grey sky.  
Just small pleasures left: meals, hugs.  
Winter for my dad.

**June 23, 2011**

Dad, old and addled.  
I had thought I was ready  
To wish him godspeed.

Quiet summer green  
In Westwood Cemetery.  
Mom's headstone soon twinned?

Belabored breathing.  
We gathered to cry, hold hands.  
Instead, shared laughter.

**July 28, 2011**

A hot July night—  
The phone transforms cricket dreams.  
My father just died.

**Memories become memorial.**