

**IN MEMORY OF BOBBY DIGAN**

**A FATHER'S THOUGHTS**

By Bob Digan, Lee, MA

A child's gaze through windows mask,  
Laughter and song as others play.

Tears fall to earth's domain,  
Near to be is his wish.

Yet he staggers for better view,  
To partake through windows haze.

Child held captive by dysfunction,  
Knows the anguish of desires thirst unquenched.

A prisoner in his own body be,  
How lonely, how arid, how long - WHY - must he?

So involved are others though,  
Not knowing the torment of his heart.

Through rain, sun, storm or hail he'll endure,  
to gain a friend his quest goes on -  
While piercing through window haze.

What anguish, what loneliness, he asks not,  
To be touched by an others hand.

Love, Dad