

"For Donald Lewis Jones" by [Ashley C. Ford](#)

Dad, every blade of grass wears your name,
on the wind, you laugh in great swaths of air.
Now, the days feel more like years because you're gone,
only memories hold your voice
and the crack of your knees stretching in the night.

Listen, I want to tell you about a man who was deliberate,
delicate in his loving. Complete in his care.
Let me show you my skin, my blood which is his.
Even the sunrise I hold with his eyes,
Which are my eyes. My heart which is his.

In the quiet times, we wonder where you are.
Sometimes, feels like your truck will turn the corner
just in time for dinner. Your keys chiming up the stairs.
Out in the garden, your plants still grow.
Now, we will give them water and time,
every season, a harvest started by your hands,
showing your love, all-encompassing, forever.