

The Anchor and the Storm

I am the anchor in her storm,
The rock, unmoved, steadfast, warm.
Yet even an anchor feels the strain,
As waves crash down and skies bring rain.

She looks to me with eyes of doubt,
As if to ask, Will we ride this out?
I nod, pretending I know the way,
While my own fears quietly fray.

She's a mirror, my shadow, my kin,
Carrying burdens I feel within.
Stoic she stands, chin lifted high,
Yet truth pools heavy behind her eye.

I want to tell her, Let it go.
We can't control the winds that blow.
The weight you carry isn't yours alone;
Sometimes it's strength to trust the unknown.

But how can I say that? How can I preach,
When I'm the lighthouse just out of reach?
I stand unmoving, as if I don't break,
Hiding the weight I quietly take.

Daughters don't need a perfect stone,
A father who stands, unmoved, alone.
They need to know the rock has roots,
That even anchors feel the truth.

For being her dad means being a guide,
To show her the strength I've kept inside.
To share is not to break, but to grow whole,
For holding it in only burdens the soul.




Thom Barrett