On My Son’s Prom Night: I Think of Fiddler on the Roof

Edwin Romond
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On My Son’s Prom Night
I Think of *Fiddler on the Roof*

after Maria Mazziotti Gillan

by Edwin Romond

I need to speak with Tevye
and tell him I know now
how our children get to be
so tall, how I don’t remember

growing older - when did they?
I see my son, Liam, stunning
in his tux, on his way to dancing
all night at the prom, his time

of SpongeBob and Barney
a fleeting decade ago. I wish
I could sit with Tevye and
ask him what to do now

to be a father to my son
in his beginning manhood years
certain to be laden with happiness
and tears. But maybe wise

old Tevye would just shrug
his milkman’s shoulders,
pour us both some vodka,
raise his glass and say

the only words a parent can say:
“L’chaim, to life!” and wherever
it takes our children
between sunrise and sunset.

**Edwin Romond** is the author of eight collections of poetry and has been awarded writing fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and from both the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Councils on the Arts. In 2013 he received the New Jersey Poetry Prize for his poem, “Champion.” Garrison Keillor has twice featured Romond’s poetry on National Public Radio and his memoir, “The Ticket,” appears in Tim Russert’s *New York Times* bestseller, *Wisdom of Our Fathers.*