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

_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.*