

## To a Son

You'll think it strange a Wolf might have a Cheetah for a son  
Through many times of stress and strife we tried to have some fun  
As first we met in different form, to me this was not wrong  
We shared our feelings, thoughts, and souls and helped you grow so strong  
The distance brought us times without a word that we might cling  
Together as we talked of life and that which life might bring  
We challenged each as time has passed with moments meant to cure  
I only hope you know the time you asked of me was pure  
Of any doubt that you might have as I do call you friend  
To closely hold you as a son, your pain I'll help to mend  
Your pass through time has always been one tour of blatant haste  
To calm you as you raced ahead, to show you of your waste  
I only hope that looking on this wolf might give to you  
The greater thoughts and hopes of life for you to carry through