

LOST SON

Am I easily forgotten?
Because I am out of sight, am I out of mind?
Do you feel my absence?
Is my love not necessary for your life?
What kind of man leaves a child,
To grow to be a father without a father to guide?

How much would a mother guide?
It seems to her, I too am forgotten.
Even in my growing age I am still a child,
Trying to be a true man like the vision I have in mind.
How do I bring about new life,
And learn to be a father, and not feel your absence?

I vow that any child of mine will never feel or see my absence!
In all things, I will be their guide.
There are many things I have yet to learn in this life,
But the few lessons from my father will not be forgotten.
I know the weight a father holds in a babe's heart and mind
And would never treat one as my father treated his child.

I still feel as if I am a child,
Still longing for you, only to feel your absence.
I try to put you from my mind,
And tell myself I am better off without you as my guide.
That it was better to be forgotten,
That I will have a better life.

And is this a better life,
That sees me blessed with child?
To think that I was the one forgotten,
Yet made a better man by your absence.
My brothers had you for a guide,
And here they stand badly mistreated and of bitter mind.

You, Father, are forever on my mind,
Even if you are nowhere in my life.

But it was a blessing that you were not my guide.
I am no longer the hate-filled child.
And though I still feel your absence,
The need to have you in my world has been forgotten.

How innocent still is the mind of a child
Even when his life is filled with absence
Of a fatherly guide now forgotten.

CHANGELING

Like a needle stabbing me
Burrowing under my skin
Injecting your hateful pain
Infecting me with poison
Toxifying my body
With disgust and petty rage
Transfusing your dark spirit

Jealousy cocooning me
Layers of constricting greed
Rubbing and tearing at me
I shed my skin and become
Just the creature you made me
I hate now,
I scream now
I love the scars I leave behind

I am not me but now you.

NATIVITY

Something's wrong...

The faster I run to her, the farther she gets.
The floor wraps its teeth around my ankles,
The walls stretch and laugh as I reach my hand out.
Blood races from between her legs as her mouth hangs open in a quiet cry.
My stomach drops out as my heart reaches my throat.
A door swings open behind me,
But I can't move,
And creatures rush to my girl.
Green scrubs, powdery plastic gloves, squeaking shoes.
Cries reach my ear,
But not the cries of a new babe.
Red runs in a river and rises to my ankles, hot against my skin as it rises higher.
I wade through, but the ocean slows me.

Something's wrong...

Everything is quiet.
A blur of motion as everyone clears out, leaving my girl on a table.
The ocean of life disappears and I can move.
The room is pristine, the walls back where built.
She lays there, her quiet whimpers reaching my ears.
I move closer, more scared than I have ever been.
A lump lays between her legs, unmoving, silent.
Time to wake up, she says,
Time to wake up.

THE 30th OF JANUARY

I've never seen an uglier face
Rivers of frustration and pain run down her neck
Hair clings to her forehead as she bares her teeth
What wonderful work she's doing
How beautiful is that ugly face

"Push!" I scream
Hatred burns in her chocolate eyes
But she pushes

Once more
Twice more
There's a cry

Life is pulled from her
Noise erupts from a tiny mouth
Small and pale as blood runs over skin covered in white fluid
A little person is placed on her chest

My heart breaks its cage
My tears find the light
I reach for the bundle I helped make but couldn't help grow
A miracle, I think

The most disgusting thing I have ever witnessed
I loved every second