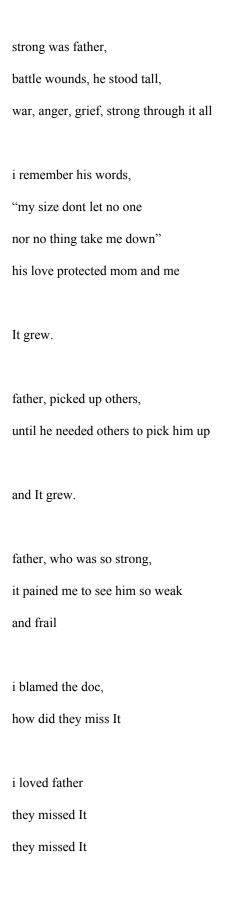
## "Memory's Tragedy"

```
climb the stairs quickly,
up, see the stars
cool breeze brushes my skin.
close the door.
city skyline beneath me
man on the other side of
the sealed door.
knocking,
like my father's
the sound of rough knuckles
against the smooth, dark door.
father had thick, rough skin,
strong muscles, and hair
as dark as the night sky
gentle man he was,
the most gentle,
never laid a finger on mom or me
father was big,
sometimes scared the children but
he played with the kids
like they were lifelong friends
```

father had thick, rough skin, but the softest most loving heart.



the knocks intensify,
growing more urgent
how i desired the knocks
be yours, father
but It took you
father
a year ago.
i lived a year
of guilt and suffering.
knocks too similar
to yours, father
i miss you father
the urge is too strong
nothing here worth it
jump,
i'm coming father