

## **“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.

strong was father,  
battle wounds, he stood tall,  
war, anger, grief, strong through it all

i remember his words,  
“my size dont let no one  
nor no thing take me down”  
his love protected mom and me

It grew.

father, picked up others,  
until he needed others to pick him up

and It grew.

father, who was so strong,  
it pained me to see him so weak  
and frail

i blamed the doc,  
how did they miss It

i loved father  
they missed It  
they missed It

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