

the day my father died

the day my father died
I was living in rome
doing as the romans do.

the day my father died
I was eating carbon
sleeping on a rock
and mumbling to myself about the old days.

the day my father died
I was out in the woods
digging a big hole
to bury all my stuff.

the day my father died
I was writing him a letter
everything I ever wanted to tell him
all the good and all the bad.

the day my father died
I was lying in a hospital bed
waiting for him to call.

the day my father died
I was waiting and waiting and waiting
for him to love me
but it never happened.

the day my father died
I realized that I never even knew the guy
and I never will.