

Second Family Portrait

Radical Face

My life started slow in a town of idle minds
Our daydreams filled the space between our simple drama
And my mom was strange, but she'd always liked to sew
And all my clothes smelled like the room I was born in
My dad was calm, never used two words when one would do
And my brother's hands were mischief-
bent with no will to stop 'em
And on the whole we lived simply and day to day
Our fears were trivial, they always died with every sunset

When I was twelve my affliction came to light
And I was told that some things I heard were only there in my head
But I couldn't tell which were real and which were not
And the question loomed over all I did whether i could trust it

And I guess over time it became too much
And I was sent away at my mom's behest because she'd grown to fear me

Now I live up north in the house full of broken heads
And my father comes and visits me whenever he can afford it
Sometimes at night when the voices quiet down
I find a hope that I'm missed and that they haven't forgot me