

Everything Has Changed

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Today I saw my father, standing in the graveyard, looking very somber, looking for his mom. When he finally found her, said that it was different, everything is different. Nothing's really changed. My brother would *remember?* sitting in the hallway, waiting for my father, both of us were scared. When the door knocked in, we took off for the stairway, looking for some cover, trying to get away. *When the guy that can't deserve?* The road that you would not let, the mother of your children, ever really play. The office was a dungeon, where you hid your fears of what would really happen, if no one ever came. And I wonder if you blamed yourself for when she left you for closing up the garage door, and turning on the car. Your father must have lost it; your sister couldn't help you. Dad if you were lonely, you had no where to turn. (Oh father, can't you see the pieces that have fallen on the ground, you and mom decided nothing could be saved inside this house.) Everything has changed. Everything has changed. Everything has changed. Repeat. Last night I had a dream, I was in the graveyard, looking at my father, buried in the ground. Swear that I could hear him, tell me he was sorry. And everything has changed.