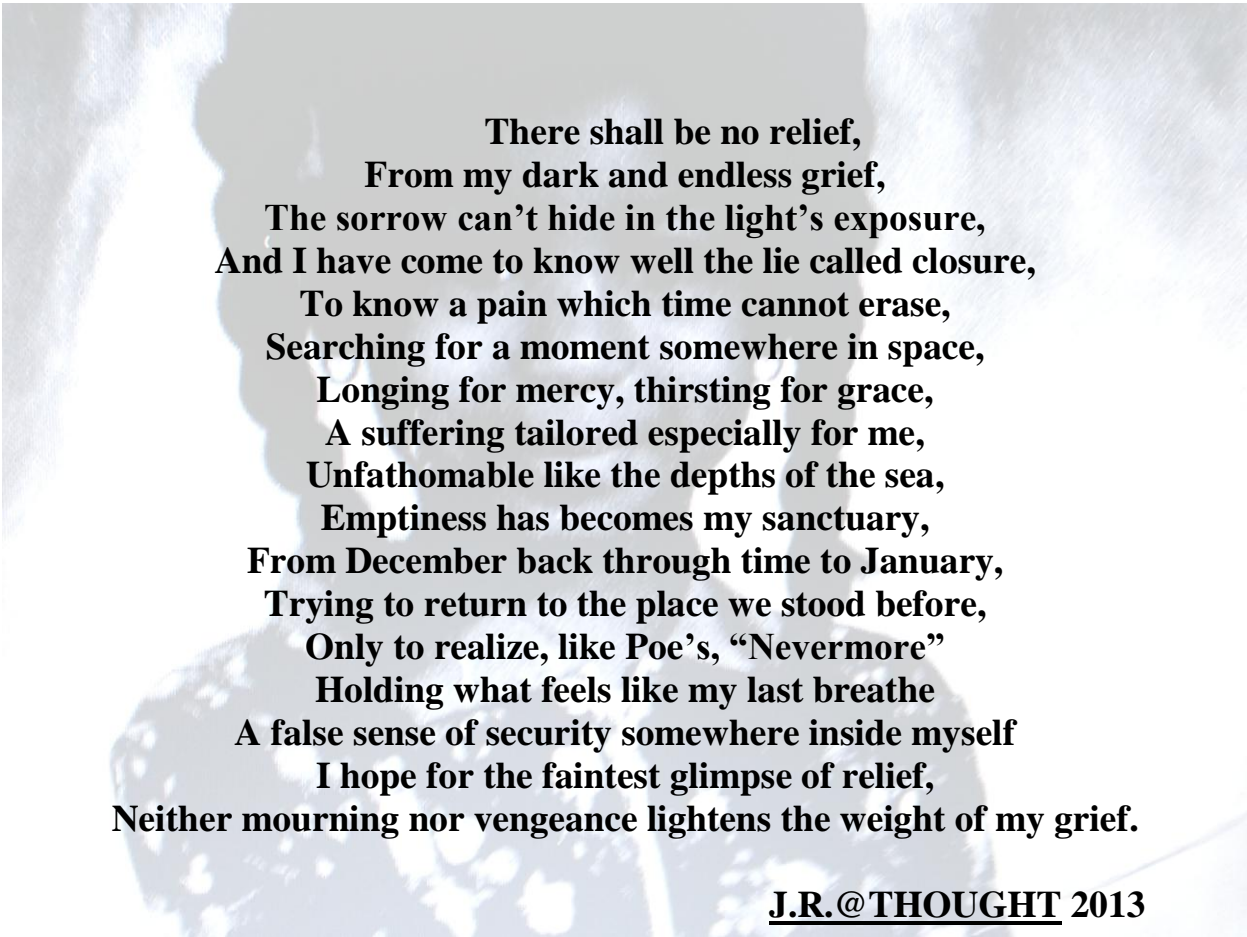


Father's Day for Me!



**There shall be no relief,
From my dark and endless grief,
The sorrow can't hide in the light's exposure,
And I have come to know well the lie called closure,
To know a pain which time cannot erase,
Searching for a moment somewhere in space,
Longing for mercy, thirsting for grace,
A suffering tailored especially for me,
Unfathomable like the depths of the sea,
Emptiness has become my sanctuary,
From December back through time to January,
Trying to return to the place we stood before,
Only to realize, like Poe's, "Nevermore"
Holding what feels like my last breathe
A false sense of security somewhere inside myself
I hope for the faintest glimpse of relief,
Neither mourning nor vengeance lightens the weight of my grief.**

J.R.@THOUGHT 2013

Some hurts are so great that time can't erase, I would spare you this sorrow. Peace!

Proverbs 1:5

**A wise man will hear and increase learning,
And a man of understanding will attain wise counsel.**