

99 WRITING

Where I'm From

by Charles, 826 MSP

TYPE
POETRY

I'm from a place

Where knowledge is bleak,

Where you looked like a fool,

If you even tried to seek,

Little to none.

This is a place

Where life is as dull as rocks,

Same thing every day,

Just watching the clocks,

But now things are a little more interesting,

Now I have a car,

And everything . . .

This is a place where my father went against

stereotype,

He was there in my life,

But now he's gone . . .

But most people would assume,

He was murdered in the night.

But it wasn't his fault,

He lived almost like a nomad,

Always moving,

He never had a steady home,

My mother told me this sometime after his funeral,

And I wondered, why?

He was perfectly capable of living a great life,

But he chose otherwise.

Ya'know, I had a dream of his passing,

A few days prior,

And I think my aunt had the same dream,

As she was also worried.

She told me to call him,

But younger,

Less caring me

Thought nothing of it,

But now,

I must live with it,

As he lies six feet under,

I'm scared of my dreams now . . .