

✓ To my lost children -

Even though sticks and stones

keep me

from where I belong.

The days sleep

my thoughts remain with you.

love

I wish I could share

with you

keeps me grounded.

Saying

I'm sorry

could never kiss you goodnight

or

Send you off to your first day of school

but in my own way

knowing I failed you

keeps me

from being the man

I used to be

Roland 6/16/13