

Maybe It Would Be Better

My daughter once told me
Maybe it would be better if
I was dead, then she
Could mourn me, get over it
And get on with her life.

With her father serving life
In prison, the pain never ends,
The loss, the loneliness, the
Wondering if dad - now grandpa -
Will ever watch his grandson's
Track meet or come to Sunday dinner.

How many years does it take
To heal a bleeding heart when
Every day is a fresh wound,
A sharp, piercing reminder that
Her dad left when she was five
And hasn't been back since?

Harlan Richards