

- At age 13 -

She said

I think you should do it.

Record him

as he calls you names

questions your manhood

rants and raves.

The stink of my fear

mixes with cloying scent of beer and cigarettes

on his breath.

crying as he rips up my baseball cards and self-esteem

I didn't do anything to deserve this

He becomes a dull eyed monster

after downing green bottles of anger.

once he passes out

I leave a gift of my own at his door

a pile of ripped up baseball cards.

In my tape deck

a brutal reality to show my Dad

Every night he becomes a monster

who scares the shit out of me

Roland

4/29/14