The Reason

Isschar Howard

I awake to visions of your face

I fall asleep to those same visions

My dreams are filled with being the best father God could offer

And my nightmares are filled with frightening sights of you embracing a man as your father who does not have my face

I envy that man; I thank that man, “I HATE THAT MAN”

I lose track of what is important

Filling my mind with nonsense that will never elevate my happiness

I fear speaking to you, but yet I long to hear your voice

I become tongue tied by the intellectual questions you ask me

I have come to realize I fear you because I know in my heart I failed you

I never lied to you, but then again I was not around to tell you much that was truth – Was I?

It horrifies me to think how you must feel I betrayed you

How could I call you my princess – when our bond is distant?

I swear I wish I could conjure up the strength to be what you need me to be

But every time I begin to build up the faith, thoughts of failing you once more destroys what little will I have left

I hide your pictures from my eyes, for when I see those photos I see my eyes

They say I am weak, a coward, and a sorry excuse for a father

What is sad is I have come to accept it

I do not write because you said my letters make you cry

And the thought of me hurting you more than I already have kills me

I do not see myself ever being able to make it up to you

So I run

I run Knowing one day you will catch up to me, and ask me why I do not love you

And I will cry harder than I have ever cried before

I always knew you would one day demand answers

Just like, I did with your grandparents

I was once a broken man – but you fixed me

The only reason I can ever give for shutting you out is –

I love you so much princess

I would rather have lost you than to fail you again

“FORGIVE ME?”