

## ***My Father***

*My father,  
nothing but a life's toy.*

*Angry man inside a little boy  
the boy who will never learn that he cannot only earn*

*He smokes and he works  
he sits and he thinks  
he will always do what he thinks that he needs*

*He yells with anger like the screaming bells  
he's sorry after crushing all of my petals*

*Too late father my petals have been broken  
they cannot be fixed for it was already spoken*

*He doesn't know my way, he wants me to obey  
he has its own way of spending his day*

*He is but a crumble of dirt  
with nothing but work*

*Unlike my sister who gave me a pearl  
one of a kind that he cannot just earn*

*I pray that he learns  
but he only turns  
after a second his cigarette burns*

*will he ever learn  
or just always turn?  
Will he just go  
and become my foe?*

*Perhaps,  
the poet will know.*