

Thanksgiving

It was a snowless Thanksgiving
But you can not imagen what feeling I was hiding

I realised that my father was sober
My friendship grounded like tears in October

I missed how Rowdy protected me
Like we used to be

I knew I had to be brave
I drew something to get him out of his cave

I thought it wouldn't be a success
But no failure never the less

I realised he still respected me
So I took my hope and LEFT.