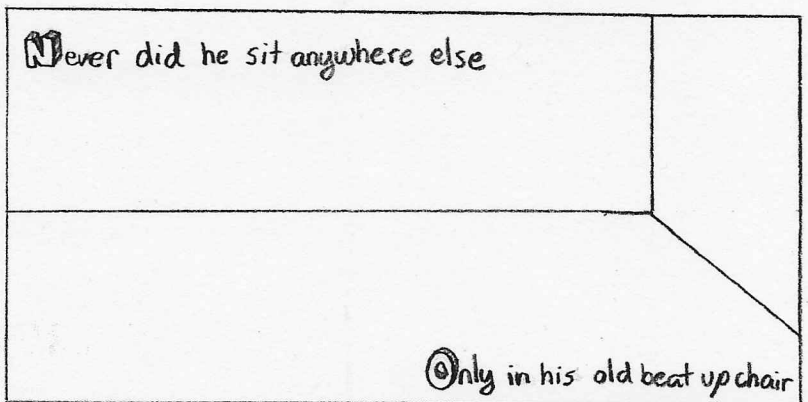


My Father's
Chair



Never did he sit anywhere else

Only in his old beat up chair

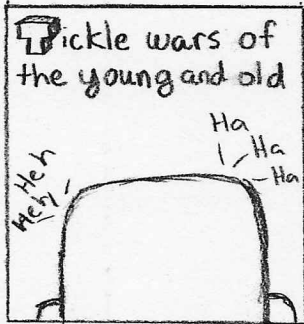
Now I sit there remembering

The heavenly and the hellish times



The nights I fell
asleep in his lap

ZZZ

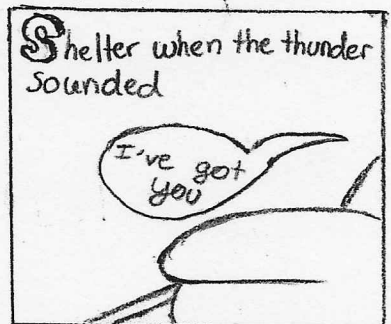


Pickle wars of
the young and old

Heh Heh
Ha Ha



Gift of a ball glove
I still have



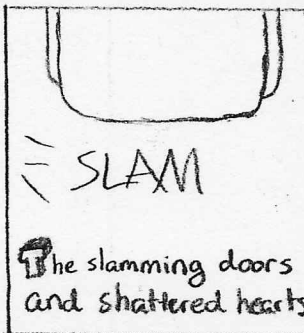
Shelter when the thunder
sounded

I've got
you



@!#?!

Screaming echoes
into my room



SLAM

The slamming doors
and shattered hearts



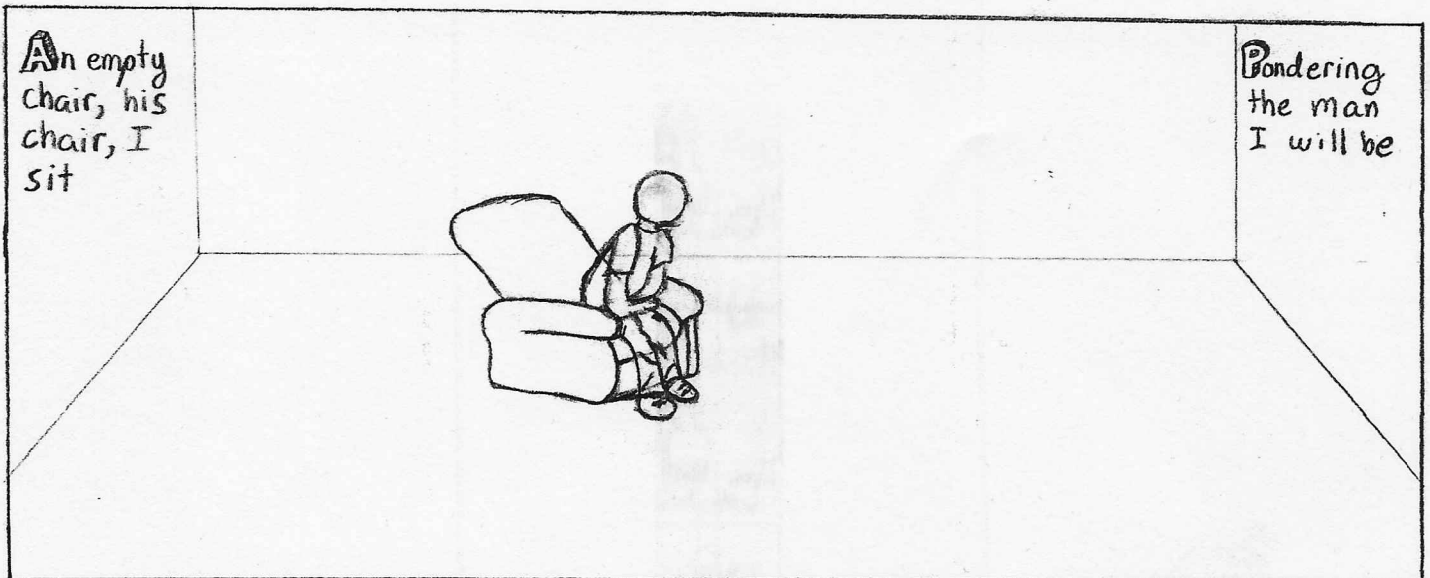
God has a
plan for everything
Mom.

Tears of my mother
on my shirt



Creek
creek

Satan rocked in
that empty chair



An empty
chair, his
chair, I
sit

Pondering
the man
I will be