

Unforgiven

I can't recall my father.
He died when I was five.
Too much fuss and bother
Hanging here alive
Raising all those babies,
Soon to number three.

No regrets? No maybes?
Did he think of me,
As he took his brother's
Shotgun from its pegs,
Drew it from its covers,
Braced it on his legs,
Put the muzzle to his head
And pulled the trigger?

After he was dead,
And I grew bigger,
I tried to understand it,
Tried to make sense of
How he could have handed
Those he claimed to love,
How he could have given us
Such a bitter pill.
By all my hope of Heaven,
I believe I never will.