

'Dad'

-by Rich Butnotfamous

My Dad.

He's a soldier in an HGV,
At scrabble doubly a fiend,
Triples as a motorbike nut,
Taught me for the warmth to keep doors shut.

My Dad.

When as a kid I asked him a question,
He taught me to quest on,
For myself for information.

My Dad.

One Christmas year made a Scalextric track for me,
Not any old circuit but from the ceiling,
Suspended that could pulley,
Up and down with ease.

My Dad.

Played Queen,
Pink Floyd,
Genesis,
And ELP,
Gave me a taste for progressive,
For music with meaning,
And lyrics for gleaning,
A glimpse into life's mystery elusive.

My Dad.

Stuck by me and mum,
As her body went numb,
From multiple sclerosis and yes Dad I realise,
And hear that grammar Nazi inside,
You,
But poetically it didn't fit just then 'mum and I'.

My Dad.

Unplanned third pregnancy of my Grandpa and Granny,
The former having to go back to work,
To my Dad it was made clear,
'You ain't welcome here',
Throughout all of his life since his birth.

And because emotionally men are taught not to be,
He unconsciously passed that to me,
Though with all of his heart,
Wanted me as a part,
Of his life not another enemy.

All he wanted for me,
Is what he didn't receive,
The love and affection denied him,
I couldn't learn from his experience,
It just ended up making me resent,
The man in myself all those years from way back when.

I'm sorry Dad,
I didn't know that you were simply trying to show me how to survive,
I wish I'd listened about money, teeth and cars,
But if I had my own life would have been lies.

My Dad's had so much surgery,
Ripping out his parts diseased,
As he's worked himself into the ground,
For an ungrateful son,
And ailing wife,
Not much fun,
For him growing up nor settling down.

But he's ploughed on regardless,
Of how much of him it made a mess.

He's hated his work,
But never yet once shirked,
His duty to his family.

Even coming home from earning his work's still not done,
He cooks food and then lifts the inert body of my mum,
From toilet to wheelchair,
To bed and just about everywhere,
In spite of the fact,
His back's,
Cracked.

When I was a teen I should have helped more,
Not shut my door,
In angst and depression,
If I could go back I would,
Insist helping the blood,
Of my blood,
And appreciate the sacrifice my Dad shouldn't,
Have had to make.

I can't thank my Dad enough for how,
He brought me up now,
I give thanks to that fear, anger and pain,
Appreciating how,
Triggers projecting for now,
Dominate the self, I'll gladly bow to his reign.

I love my Dad,
A grafter and crafty wordy man, committed to his wife and son.

I love my Dad,
I wouldn't change you at all for any other bloke under the sun.

I love my Dad,
It's hard for him to hear this but I mean every word jotted down in this verse.

I love my Dad,
In the sea of all my memories I thankfully immerse.

An Angel's chariot an HGV,
A Devil's vengeance when angered he be,
A God moving mountains for family.

My Dad.