

Morning Again **"Minus One"**

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for the child. torn from discipline, laws recondition.
behold the family born of vengeance. spilled my flesh
and blood, forced setting son. I am the parent in the
shadows. seeping. crawling. boiling. I am blood, I am
minus one. chained to a law that keeps me down, I'm
tied to my affliction. the rope's been cut as family
portrait turns to incision. your day has come, the wait is
done, for every child that has succumbed to the force
or lure, the twist in your remorseless mind. so he's not
yours. need he be to see the sense? reassess these
morals. it's all circumstance. so easy to take stand till it
affects you. spilled my flesh and blood, forced a
setting son. I am the parent in the shadows. torn from
discipline. laws recondition. unleash a family born of
this condition. you know your laws could stand some
correction, this action is more than worthy of exception-
correction-exemption, maybe next election we'll bring
the masses to a moral inspection. mend degeneration,
spark rejuvenation of values in this deception of a
nation. I cannot fight the urge. my personal justice
wells up in me, as I sweat these please for your end. I
sleep at the foot of your bed, with tearing eyes, and
no, I cannot forget your face. I cry for him. he has been
stolen from me. a youth imbedded in soil. forever
stolen from me, this brand that sears my heart.

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