Minus One

Morning Again

for the child. torn form 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 food 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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