

## My Old Man's Words

this day\* I'll equal\*  
Dad's breathing of this Earth's air  
'til final silence

Viceroy and cancer,  
doing the work of killing,  
took his breath away

at nine, his absence  
a void aching to be filled  
—my Old Man was gone

as curtain rises  
for life's next act ... where's my script,  
since he left the stage?

each day I listen,  
while fumbling through blank pages,  
for my Old Man's words

\* January 31, 2026—29,350 days



circa 1948

26 October 2025



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