

Preschool Days

Dogwood

All the things I've seen, couldn't prepare me, for what I was about to experience.

As a little boy, growing up in a world, made for all the big kids and the big toys...

Sometimes, I'd sit around and wait, play with my toys cars, until the wheels would turn no more, than I'd think to myself..

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Is my dad's car coming home or will this be another night, my mom, brother and I, tucking ourselves in?

I learned my alphabet to spell dad, how quickly dad turned to sad,

in my preschool days and the rest of my life.

My mother did the best she could, my brother stayed as strong as he stood,

a father figure to me, my preschool days.

I remember all the times mom cried, my brother stayed strong by her side,

and I would stand and wonder why there was three when there should be four.

Maybe my dad got lost driving home and then again it wouldn't make sense. I feel alone.

So where has he been?

He's running out of time. I haven't heard from him.

I hope he's doing fine.

Money cannot buy years of missing them.

Daddy gave it up, the kids forgave him.