

## **Fa(r)ther From Home**

The adult you, he walks while you crawl.

The adult you, he's gone while you're small.

A man he is not and absent from birth.

A man meant to guide yet passed on my worth.

The adult me, he is yet to step up

to a plate so big: this vendetta it cuts.

Hell-bound indeed, but I'm not sure you'd get in,

with your actions controlled by the allure of the sin.

And sure as we're born, we evolve from a youth

who's forced to grow quick to dissolve all dispute.

The adult you, is you as father and son,

where I play both to a tobacco-sick mum.

A small vice it is, though it pales to compare

to that of a quitter who failed to repair,

leaving his child in toe to survive in the nest.

Is he too far gone to hear my cries from the west?