

Losing Daddy

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She comes home and sits on the couch
Definitely waiting for her father, no doubt
Who always comes home at three,
To say hello to his little bee.
The phone rings with its normal tone,
The poor little girl, only nine years old,
Reaches for the future she shouldn't know,
Shivering, but not from the cold.
Her tiny frame collapses to the floor,
Waiting for the dad she doesn't have any more,
Then the door does open, but her mother is there,
But the little girl, she doesn't care.
Now she understands death,
But doesn't know why her daddy's left,
She screams out, "It isn't fair!"
To say more, she doesn't dare.
Tears run down those little cheeks,
It seems she's lost the ability to speak,
She searches for something to ease her pain,
Anything, just to keep her sane.
Cutting with a razor Daddy no longer needs,
Her breathing ragged as she bleeds,
Then her mother rushes in,

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Crying, "Oh my god, look what you did!"

And she's crying as she rushes her little girl up the stairs,

But the little girl's wondering why, when she needs him the most, her daddy isn't there.

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