

ED

By Robert D. Lyons

Ed's tight blue veins are flowing like rapids with cheap street brewed heroin.
White Lady flirting with his split heart,
As he drives through poorly lit suburban side streets at seventy five miles per hour.
Taking safe haven in another realm.
With LSD in his head his eyeballs bleed tears.
He is just a shell.
Shedded skin left behind in the murky urban wood.
Everything he once was,
Everything he could once become,
Died in his father's track marked, OD'd pale white arms.
Brian has this theory where the drugs are just his strongest link
In the chains him and his father share.
A father who wasn't there.
It's all he knows.
It's all he has left.

He wants to be taken away.
A place where he can find the father who went missing in action.
All he can see is a shapeless figure
With a familiar voice hovering heavy in the air.
The only remnant of his father.
That he can barely recall from a cellular phone,
Distant, and obscure, as his last dreams.
He screams into his steering wheel,
"WHY'D YA LEAVE ME, POP!?"
But he smiles as he takes in a deep breath.
He knows he was what was flowing through his father's veins.
The guilt was the Dragon foaming from his father's mouth.
It's more than revenge:
It's solace.
Dying was the most adoring confession his father could ever make,
It replaced the words he never said:
"I Love You."

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