

My Farewell Note to 2018

by Brian Lane Jr.

Fuck off 2018 and I don't really know what to expect of 2019, I just hope that I make it through sober.

I'm probably over-pessimistic, but if I've learned anything from this brain injury I've learned that I focus too much on the negative. So the one thing that I am proud of is the fact that I've started to develop a real relationship with my mother, or at least one that is not centered on drugs, and for that I'm proud. I lost my grandmother, but I'm sure that she understands why I had to come here.

Now the things I look forward to in no particular order: staying sober, getting the help that I need particularly the physiological and emotional counseling that I know that I need so that I can figure out how exactly I'm going to live the rest of my life with the brain injury. I wouldn't mind finding some kind of employment, because being unemployed and living on a fixed income is a challenge. And maybe a dog. Other than that my biggest obstacle is figuring out how to be sociable and not isolating myself, but it's like lost luggage at an airport that no one is claiming and it's just sitting there. The only difference is it's my life, and I can either step up to the counter and claim it, or else I can sit there and deal with it because it is not going anywhere.

Also maybe getting stable housing would be nice.

My Father

by Mary Daniels

My father was the light of my early childhood
before life changed him.

He never spoke to me of art

(what does a kid know from art?)

But he called me his Beautiful Darling Betsy
in a tone that said for him was true

and he taught me how to write my name

light-years before I went to school.

Later he told me A's were special;

that the best A's were for original thoughts.

This was my motivation behind every A I got.

On payday he always bought us treats

Five chocolate kisses in a cardboard tray

Or special, crispy Slim Jim pretzels

That only one store in Philly sold.

Home from work, he'd sweep me up

for a big Hello, and safe in his arms

I could touch the ceiling, then see the floor

a thousand miles below,

where my sister, impatient to burst

waited her turn – the only time she was never First.

My father was a giant to me.

My father loved history and told me tales

Of Pompeii buried under Vesuvius's ash

and the Roman Legion disappearing on a quick march into

Britannia's mists

Two thousand years ago, mind you,

But so real when he told me, and alive and true

about people who walked this same earth as I do

My degree is in Art History.

My father loved books and valued all knowledge

and had an enormous sense of fun

My father was the light of my early childhood

before life claimed him, drained him, changed him

and dimmed forever the light of his sun.



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