

# Father

The word father, I have not heard it.  
And I fear that word may never cross the lips of one I love.  
Hatred and indifference are my enemies;  
Where are my children?  
Worlds away; they are hidden from me.  
I long to hold my daughter in my arms,  
For her to see my eyes and how they glisten  
When her voice echoes that word -  
Father.

I wish that I could teach my son the things  
My father never thought to teach me.  
I want that he should know no pain like mine.  
Where are my children?  
They are not in my arms;  
The Nephilim have assured that for me.  
Where are my children?  
They are worlds away, but  
Nothing would I keep if I could hold them  
In my arms and teach them how to live  
Without the pain I have endured  
These many years that I have fought for that one world -  
Father.

*By Glenn Long*