

# paro and sorrow

- paro #7831



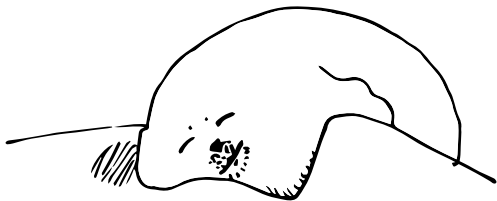
warmth

it comes and

brings with it

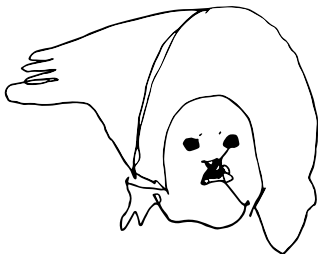
harm

again



i know my home  
like the back  
of my flipper  
a shining white

now a dull brown



respect came

but not before

everything else

was taken



night  
by night  
i yearn for  
your cold snowy slopes



the look on my father's face  
grave, **sunken**.



he's in a better place  
now

