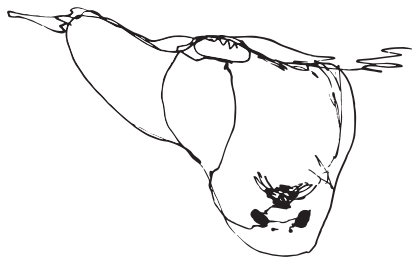


night
by night
i yearn for
your cold snowy slopes



respect came
but not before
everything else
was taken



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



warmth
it comes and
brings with it
harm
again

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



he's in a better place
now

paro and sorrow

- paro #7831

