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A Father's Loving Touch

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A Father's Loving Touch

Amanda Hurley

Stolen moments are lost to my memory
The urge of a jaded past floods my soul,
Tormented with grief, I sit still
Beaten by my own will to live,
My life becomes a charade.
Exhausting myself with blameless shame,
My conscious begins to fantasize
Of times that were, of times that should have been,
Of times that never come.
Eaten alive, my soul begins to corrode
The difference between wrong and right
Dissolves into thoughts of love and hate,
Drowning in a sea of your lies I scream for help,
Help that will never come
You ripped a tear into me,
One that will never be mended.
A scar will forever have your mark.
A putrid guilt is bestowed upon me,
You have given me the ability to hate myself.