

FATHER, PLEASE

LYN LANE

You taught me love was just a word
A hollow sound that no one heard.
Your hands, your voice, your bitter eyes—
Each one a lesson wrapped in lies.

You built a house of shattered glass,
Then cursed me when I dared to ask.
I learned your rage before my name,
A fire I feared but couldn't tame.

I watched you tear through love and trust,
Turn gentle hearts to ash and dust.
A storm no soul could dare to fight—
We held our breath. We cried all night.

You hurt the ones who dared to dream,
And I just watched, too scared to scream.
A child should shout, should beg, should run—
But silence kept me cold and numb.

Your fists, your words, your fucking rage—
A nightmare inked on every page.
I watched you break them, make them bleed,
Fed on power, drunk on need.
You saw the way I looked at them
And lit your hate up bright again.



Said I was sick, a fucking sin—
And tried to beat the truth back in.
Now when voices rise, I still freeze.
My lungs go tight. I cannot breathe.
The space in heart, a hollow chest,
The fear you left, a phantom quest.
I walk through life with careful steps,
Afraid to speak, afraid to test
The ground beneath—in case it shakes,
In case another monster wakes.
You're fucking gone. At least that's true.
But tell me why I still see you.



Still hear your voice, still feel your hands,
Still follow all your dumb demands.

I should forget. I should move on.
But trauma's not a fucking song.
It lingers, poisons, digs in deep—
And steals the dreams I'll never keep.

