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## **Radioactive Fart**

A dad tries

to hide his pain

with silent lies.

The weight within him

never dies

as his heart

slowly fries.

Before the sun

he leaves his bed,

his hungry son

needs to be fed.

When he returns,

with steps like lead,

he holds his son

intertwined like thread.

They buzz and fuzz

with eerie light,

toxic green

in the dead of night.

Charged by work,

radiating bright,

a father's heart

now being fried.

He wonders

as his son releases a fart,

"This way of life

is breaking my heart.

Why can't this toxic glow

dispel the dark?

My work and my love

are worlds apart."

The tears fall in the dark

against his life

extinguishing the spark.

Yet as dawn breaks

he must embark,

"Where is Engels

and where is Marx?"

An explosion

at the factory,

an overloaded battery.

In the mirror there's a scream.

And there's never enough morphine.

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