

# From Coffee Skies

*by Saltfish*

The 'forgettable' is impossible to forget. This, my second poem, was a very quick write in response to a particular situation.

## one-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The 'forgettable' is impossible to forget. This, my second poem, was a very quick write in response to a particular situation.

You are still here  
You did not let go  
Your father sent you here  
but his blood is now a stain  
on that muddy field you fled  
Coffee evening skies  
Fires from the hole  
Rich man's flames  
over that same muddy earth  
blackened with char  
Do you miss it?  
Do you miss them?  
Do you miss that endless bonfire  
No longer Caribberie  
No longer family  
Now that I have seen

Now that I have seen you  
How can I not hold you  
now that you are here?  
I will not let go  
Coffee evening skies  
light the horizon beyond  
But you must know  
your light is inside  
You don't need to be anything  
You don't need to be anyone  
You're special just because  
You just are  
Your father sent you here  
but he's no longer  
I am sorry to have to say  
But your blood will always remain  
with that stain on muddy ground.