

## **My Father's Long Crawl to Freedom**

The plate hit the floor.  
The shit hit the fan.  
The blood hit the brain.  
The mind hit the wall.  
My father hit his end.  
My mother hit the phone.  
The doctors hit the meds.  
Dad hit the roof.

For two and a half years,  
Trapped in a mind that  
Malfunctioned,  
And a body that  
Wanted out;  
For two and a half years  
He raged and screamed,  
Shatted and peed,  
Fought and struggled;  
For two and a half years  
He planned his escape,  
He dug his tunnel,  
He scrapped and clawed,  
Heaved and burrowed,  
At the relentless, unforgiving, unforgetting,  
Confines of his being.

Day after day,  
In the dark of the light,  
In the light of the dark,  
He calculated his fate  
Down to the very farthing  
On the corner of the torn serviette -  
This door and that,  
This egress or that.  
Follow the signs.  
Follow the signs.  
Double-doors, doubly barred,  
Search tower always searching,  
The guards with orders -  
"Capture or kill!"  
"Capture and kill!"

Centuries upon sentries  
Keeping him in,  
Tied to his bed  
Crippled -  
Toeless, feetless,  
Legless, mindless,  
Straitjacketed while crawling  
Down his narrow constraints.

Maybe tonight?  
Maybe today?  
Maybe?  
Please...

Wheat field ploughed,  
No escape allowed.  
Keep digging.  
Keep digging.  
Keep...

Until that day,  
That selfsame day  
That the earth's mouth was forced open  
To receive the blood of my ancestors,  
That clear winter morning,  
With the light upon the sky,  
That longed for day  
When freedom beckoned  
From the forests beyond -  
"Down the hole!  
Down the hole!  
Go!  
Go!  
And never look back."