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## From the Ghost of Your Dead Father

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*College of DuPage*

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## **From the Ghost of Your Dead Father Bee Bishop**

Felonious deeds flow through our bones.  
Ultimately, we aspire to  
Live in a world  
Filled with  
Inquiries that require  
Lazy answers,  
Lost in the grave of an old jester.

Yesterday stands as a reminder of what  
Opposes the very structure of justice.  
Unfazed and unafraid, march forward demanding  
Repentance from those who have hurt us.

Man calls to fate, fate calls to man. But their calls  
Evade each other in a skilled game of  
Avoidance. The dance created to  
Never recognize the struggle  
Internalized by us all, the laying in the  
Night.  
Galaxies lose themselves in her eyes, swirling into a  
Liquor most foul.  
Eventually, the maiden must drown  
Suffocating  
Surrounded by her own floriferous nature.

Pause.  
Underneath the pain  
Remains the reasoning for it all.  
Pray to the  
Ones who fill your hopeless dreams of  
Security. The beginning has  
Emerged as the worst part of our story.

Sweet Prince, Good Night.