Vorld turns fuzzy. While the YenoH olequT Your voice; si ₍t9te2

γdεlluJ

.9m s9seds Ilit2 noom sht bnA You gave me that smile, 9zil697 l All these years later And your smile. On endless drives home Being chased by the moon l remember

What you gave me

Described by them To ever be Bid oof evol 6 bnA Are these few words But all I have And then the world. Ay life Because you gave me Something good uoų svig oT l really want

What I'l give you

.shov me latel eldsinebnu si fl puosas e ueus ssas That may have lasted fine mom s ni bnA Or the sun. sselge9s tO Or a profound appreciation Α τοτηγ joke, In the mirror. Ahe right angle , elime A ʻuguel A

eldsinebnU

Faith

These poems are written for my father. Alou is for you, for us, and forever.

If there is Anything in this world I truly and wholly Believe It is your promises.

By Erica Knowles

Dad-E

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