

# John & Jackie

*by* Johnny Dantonio

By the time I learned how much I loved my family, I was 3 years and eight-hundred miles away from them. Why do we do this — wander from the ones we love most in search of self? My current state of individuality can't help but speculate what must be the pacified desolation of my never-complaining parents. Only from that assumption can I begin to construct the definition of a father; a mother — someone who willingly forfeits their entire world to a child they know is going to grow up and leave them forever.

