

# Poppa

by Johnny Dantonio

a redeye flight to your home  
maybe i have a remedy  
father's crying, grandpa's dying  
and Christ, you're weak  
but there's hope — you're a fighter  
should've died the day you wandered in  
i feel defeated without help to give  
don't mourn in front of you  
what can i offer?  
stroke your hair with love,  
said a lot to the Lord, but I lost you  
it is deep, it is done  
such a calvary  
must've came and kissed your soul right in front of me  
spread news on the phone  
such a tragedy  
and now kept inside is everything you've said to me  
the last days, they weren't awkward  
didn't mind the shallow breathing bits  
said you loved me  
told some jokes  
aren't you dying?  
i lifted your head for a washcloth  
i hope your as comfy  
at rest in your coffin  
heavy Wednesday  
but your love was the stone  
foundation of our family  
and after you will be the hardest its ever been

